THE ANTIPODES

AND

ROUND THE WORLD.

JAPANESE BETTOE (HORSE KEEPER).

From a Sketch taken in Japan by an English Artist

THE ANTIPODES

AND

ROUND THE WORLD;

OR,

TRAVELS IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CEYLON, CHINA, JAPAN, AND CALIFORNIA.

BY

ALICE M. FRERE (MRS. GODFREY CLERK).

With numerous Illustrations.

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TO

THE DEAR FATHER,

WITH WHOM

These Wanderings

WERE UNDERTAKEN AND ACCOMPLISHED,

I OFFER THIS

RECORD OF THOSE HAPPY DAYS.

A. M. C.

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THE ANTIPODES AND ROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

'A 'SPOSE whun ye gut hom', *like all foolish people,* y' intend t' write a buke?' was the half-questioning remark made to me in Pekin by a young man fresh from the wilds of Scotland, who was hoping, in the course of years, to grow into a diplomatist! He was one of those Scotchmen of whom Sydney Smith used to say, that 'it would take a surgical operation to get a joke into their heads,' and seemed on this occasion to consider his little joke a great achievement, and that he had said something 'very funny.' I thought so too!

At the time I had no intention of classing myself among that vast multitude generally designated by my friend under such a complimentary title. On returning to England I was, however, persuaded to do so by the advice of friends, who, finding interest themselves in the accounts of our wanderings—regularly and *lengthily*

sent home for the amusement of two 'old aunts'—thought that others might likewise find pleasure in their perusal, particularly as many of the letters contained descriptions of places, and people, but little known and rarely visited.

My letters had been carefully preserved, but they were in the form of diaries. As such, judging by my own feelings in reading the published diaries of others, they would be tedious and uninteresting to all except immediate friends. Not to mention the 'slip-shod' style which is, I fear, only too commonly employed in letter-writing, and which it is almost impossible to avoid, when the letters are written under the circumstances, amid the scenes, and in the positions, in which travellers in out-of-the-way places often find themselves. At the same time, I wished to leave the substance of these letters, as much as possible, in the original form, so as to fulfil the original intent, viz. to convey to the mind of the reader the impression left upon that of the writer, by things seen, heard, and felt, in the course of short visits paid to comparatively unknown parts of the world.

I am aware of having been very minute in some descriptions,—unnecessarily so, many may consider. But, having often found myself at a loss when reading books of travels, by the mention of things which neither I nor others to whom I applied could recognise by name, though the author seemed to take it for granted that every one would do so, I have studied to prevent those who may peruse the following pages from suffering in this respect.

This is all I wish to say in the way of explanation.

The conventional apology, so mercilessly treated by critics and reviewers, for publishing 'what was never intended for publication,' I do not attempt to offer. That the original letters, of which the following pages are the substance, were not meant for the public is true; but their present form has been given to them solely on account of that worthy body. If any of its members find interest or amusement therein, I shall feel pleasure in thinking that the troublesome and ungrateful task of rewriting and rearranging has had some good result. If not, I shall feel regret, but shall console myself with the thought of having done my best, and that, as a philosophical old woman in our village used constantly to affirm, 'We can't do no more than we can do—can us?'

Saying 'good-bye' is always unpleasant, even if those to whom it is addressed are not the dearest friends one has in the world, and if the place to be left has but few associations to render the leaving it a regret. In our case, we were bidding farewell to those nearest and dearest to us, some of whom, alas! we were never to see again; and we were leaving a country in which, from having lived in it, and held responsible posts in its government, for five-and-thirty years, my father's best affections and interests were naturally centred. It was, therefore, with sad and melancholy feelings that we parted from the many relations and friends, who had come to take leave of us, when quitting Bombay, on the 15th of April, 1865.

For fear of its proving impracticable, we had not said very much about our cherished scheme of visiting Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, and California, on our way home; and I do not think that many of our friends believed in the reality of our intentions until they saw us on board the 'Jeddo,' bound for Point de Galle, whence radiate P. and O. steamers to all parts of the globe, except direct to England. So it was, however; and in one more hour we could no longer distinguish the figure of the last of our friends, who with the pilot quitted us at the outer light, leaving us fairly on our way.

Our party consisted of my father, myself, and an Indo-Portuguese servant, 'Lucien,' who, from having been one of our table-servants (*i.e.* footmen) in Bombay, was now promoted to be factotum. He was lady's-maid, valet, boots, cook, groom, messenger, barber, carpenter, tailor, in short, anything and everything as occasion required, and performed his various duties as only a Goanese, or one of those rare treasures sometimes met with in the South of Europe, can perform them.

Four days' steaming down the coast with a calm sea, brought us to Point de Galle. What a change the lovely green of luxuriant vegetation—that in Ceylon, more than in any other place I know, realizes one's ideal of tropical scenery—was, from the parched, burnt-up appearance of Bombay, where, for the past month, all green things had been growing browner and browner, till it was hard to believe they ever had been, or ever could resume, their natural colour.

Though it must be admitted that the harbour at

Galle is not well sheltered, it is very pretty, with huge green waves continually rolling in, and making the vessels rock in a way that they certainly have no business to do in harbour. The land surrounds it like a horseshoe. The garrisoned town, with its walls and ramparts, is at one end; at the other, a promontory, on which stand houses belonging to some of the P. and O. Co.'s *employés*, a mission-house, school, and a few other buildings, almost hidden in a mass of cocoa-nut palms and dense undergrowth. On casting anchor, we were surrounded by the crowd of natives in their picturesque canoe-like boats, with enormous outriggers, who always appear on the arrival of steamers, ever ready to carry off any luckless wight, who is weak enough to trust himself to their tender mercies. We found that the Australian steamer was waiting for the English mail, and would not leave for two or three days, so we had plenty of time to become acquainted with the beauties of Galle, which, as far as concerns the town itself, are soon exhausted. We took up our quarters in the Pavilion Hotel, a clean and comparatively comfortable boarding-house, close to the sea, at the extremity of the horseshoe. The sea-breeze, so longed for, and courted in the damp heat of the sea-board, was shut out of the lower rooms by the city ramparts, but blew refreshingly into those of the upper story nearly all day. The city is very small, with narrow streets, low houses, and bad shops. As soon as a steamer arrives, all the hotels (which are numerous) are besieged by natives, offering for sale bad tortoise-shell ornaments, bits of glass called by the names of the precious stones of the country, lace, and all manner

of trash besides. Certain things are pretty, such as basket-boxes, cigar-cases, &c., made of a very strong though fine grass, and coloured in different bright shades of red and yellow. This is called Kalkura work, and is supposed to be all made at a place of that name between Galle and Colombo. At Galle *may* also be had very well-made furniture of ebony, beautifully carved, and inlaid with coloured woods in perfect taste. The best specimens, however, are not produced for those whom Don Simon, the largest furniture-dealer in Galle, characterizes as 'those fools of passengers!' and the hucksters and pedlars, who haunt every dwelling wherein victims may be found, provide themselves with the refuse only, of what the large dealers consider good enough for those who appear and vanish like figures in a magic lantern.

The one drive, which it is deemed essential that everybody who remains an afternoon at Galle should take, is to Wâkwella. This is a little 'rest-house,' about six or seven miles off, standing on rising ground, overlooking the Baddegam river, and the rich green plain through which it flows, bounded in the distance by hills, and showing valleys, groups of trees, picturesque foreground, and, in short, every accessory required to render a view of the kind perfect. The drive itself is pretty. On leaving the town, the road almost immediately enters a thick cocoa-nut grove. Cocoa-nuts being the chief source of wealth to the inhabitants, the palms are carefully cultivated, and present a far finer appearance than do those in the neighbourhood of Bombay. Growing amongst them are many areca-palms, the most graceful

of that graceful tribe, with slender white stems, gleaming like pillars of the purest ivory, among the dark, drooping leaves around. The highroads are of a rich, red colour, and are in admirable order. By the roadside, under the shade of the cocoa-nut groves, are, at very short intervals, picturesque cottages, surrounded by creepers and shrubs, bearing brilliant blossoms. 'Spicy breezes' is here no mere figure of speech. Outside the city, the air is laden with delicious perfume: only too much so, for one cannot help fearing, that fever and malaria must lurk in the recesses of those dense groves, and amid that wild tangle of tropical loveliness. Small boys succeeded each other in running beside the carriage, almost continuously from Galle to Wâkwella, offering for sale bunches of flowers, and (so called) precious stones. When we reached the 'rest-house,' those who had taken up the running for the last stage set to work to weave split cocoa-nut leaves into all sorts of curious and ingenious little toys. A good deal of imagination was necessary to enable one to perceive the resemblance; but the cleverness and ingenuity with which the small fingers split the leaves, and twisted them into representations of birds fluttering inside a cage, or dangling like fish on a hook, were most remarkable.

Another place, which it is deemed the duty of every one to visit, is 'The Cinnamon Gardens.' As gardens they are a delusion; but the drive to them is pretty, passing through the same kind of scenery as that on the way to Wâkwella. Far more interesting as gardens, are those attached to the house of a gentleman living in the immediate neighbourhood. They are situated on

the top of a high hill, so steep that the horse in our light American waggon seemed to find it almost insurmountable, notwithstanding that we got out to relieve him. On the slope of the hill-side nutmeg-trees were in full bearing. I had never before seen the fresh fruit, and had no idea of its beauty. The tree itself is something like a young orange-tree, and the fruit externally resembles the nectarine, both in size and colour. When cut the interior displays a greenish-yellow pulp, in the centre of which stands the deep, rich, brown-coloured stone, laced over with mace, which when fresh is of a brilliant crimson colour, instead of yellow. The nutmeg used as spice is a kernel, found inside the shiny brown stone. There were also many cinnamon-trees here; and the gardener assured us that three oils, viz. of camphor, of cloves, and of cinnamon, were all made from one and the self-same tree. Whether this is a true statement I had no opportunity of ascertaining. Near Wâkwella are large fields of 'lemon-grass,' from which is extracted lemon-grass oil, said to be very efficacious for curing sprains, rheumatism, and similar ailments. The scent is powerful, and unpleasantly resembles bergamot.

During the four days we remained at Galle, we saw a good deal of the country round, in the course of early morning and evening drives. The mornings were delightful, and we used to get out of the waggon, and wander into the jungle to gather bouquets of lovely flowers: Ixora, Gloriosa superba, Bignonia velutina, the fragrant Plumeria from which frangipanni is made, and many others. But in spite of the beauties of Galle, and the profusion of floral treasures to be found there, the

climate is not pleasant to live in. It is always very damp, and remains at the same hot-house temperature throughout the year.

On the 22nd we were warned that our steamer would leave in the evening, the English mail having arrived. About sunset we left the harbour, and commenced our voyage to Melbourne; and a very long, weary voyage it proved. Not all the civility of the captain and officers could render the 'Northam' anything but most uncomfortable. Neither could the confidence, which every one ought to have felt in the captain, prevent a certain amount of uneasiness being experienced by those who found themselves on board an old steamer, the engines of which had proved out of order before she had left the harbour twenty-four hours. This uneasiness was not lessened, when, later in the voyage, the weather was such that the following entries were made in the ship's log,—'Terrific gale'—'Heavy squalls'—'Mountainous sea.' So bad, indeed, was it, that the captain deemed it advisable, on approaching the coast of Australia, to lay-to for twelve hours. I hope it may never again be my lot to undergo the same misery in such a sea, and when occupying one of the aftermost cabins. Two very small stern-cabins, in which the rattle of rudder-chains rendered sleep almost impossible, being all that we could hope should be given us to ourselves, and more than at first it seemed likely we should obtain.

For such a long run as from Galle to King George's Sound (3330 miles, without touching, or even sighting, land) we were obliged to carry 100 tons of coal on deck.

This made everything horridly dirty, and also caused the vessel to be so low in the water, that we were unable, even once, to have the ports open, notwithstanding the great heat of the first week. Our progress was very slow. The discharge-pipe of the engine, which had burst almost before we were well out of sight of Galle, was patched up, but burst again two days after. This hardly increased our mental comfort, when informed that we had run into the tail of a cyclone. Paradoxical as it may appear, our only amusement was that of listening to the lugubrious anticipations of a melancholy man on board, who was possessed with a fixed idea that every sea which washed over us would inevitably swamp the vessel. Under this notion he, on one occasion, when a huge wave came rushing aft, heroically regardless of aught but saving the ship, darted to the lee-scuppers, and tried to lift up one of the gratings 'to let the water out;' and, subsequently, asked one of his fellow-sufferers, who was speaking of typhoons in the China Seas, 'how, when a ship's going *down*, does she *begin?*' in order to be quite prepared!

The only break we had in the voyage was at King George's Sound (Albany is the name of the little village, or town as it wishes to be considered), which we reached in sixteen days. It is a dreary, dismal-looking place, but it was such a relief to get out of our prison, if only for a short time, that we were inclined to look upon it, and its inhabitants, with lenient eyes. The neat cottage bonnets and rosy faces of certain small children we met, trotting along the road on their way from school, were refreshing to those who had for some time seen nothing

but the sallow, wan faces, and dirty finery, of the few children of English parentage, who in India occupy a somewhat similar position in the social scale. There were gangs of evil-looking convicts at work on a road; and in front of the hotel, near the landing-place, many natives were lounging about, hoping to earn an easy shilling or sixpence by throwing the boomerang or jumping about, in what, for the benefit of the passengers, they call a 'corroboree,' *i.e.* the native dance; to which, we were told by those who knew, it bore as much resemblance as it did to a deux-temps valse! A wretched-looking set of beings they were, clad in kangaroo-skins piled one over the other, with the heads and legs dangling in a ghastly sort of fringe. Their faces were smeared with oil and red ochre, and their hair matted and knotted. I never saw a more painfully degraded appearance than these miserable creatures presented.

We climbed to the top of a steep hill, behind the village, to gain as extensive a view as possible, of this, our first halting-place on Australian ground. But the prospect was not cheerful. For the first time we beheld, in the distance, the apparently interminable forest of dull dead green, or rather greenish grey, gum-trees, with which, before long, we were to become so familiar. We found, however, that amongst the shrubs and 'scrub,' through which, in preference to the beaten path, we clambered to the top of the hill, there were many curious plants entirely new to us; and on returning to the village, we were shown a very perfect 'hortus siccus,' containing some very strange, some very lovely, flowers. They had been collected by a little old man, who, I

believe, *literally* 'for his sins,' had here spent the greater portion of his life, and, being a good naturalist, had chiefly occupied himself in making collections of dried plants, skins of animals, and other curiosities, which he sent to all parts of the world. He was well known to all naturalists and the curators of museums in Australia, and by them acknowledged as *the* person to discover or entrap any rare plant or animal. Looking landwards from the top of the hill, a dreary prairie lay stretched at our feet, a flat of stunted underwood, and waste sand. Seawards the view was rather less dismal, for the harbour itself is fine, and so land-locked, that it almost resembles a lake, with the whitest of white sand edging the little bays, and shining through the transparent water.

We required this refreshing run on shore to help us to contend against the miseries of the ensuing week. The temperature had become cold and raw, and the weather was very bad. One afternoon I was sitting at the head of the companion-ladder while all the rest of the passengers, who were well enough to be up at all, were at dinner; soon a loud report was heard, followed by a flapping sound; and then a hurry-scurry among the sailors announced the pleasing intelligence that a sail had been blown away. A little while after, I saw some sailors carrying a man forward, evidently much hurt. This was one of the three steersmen; he had been lifted completely over the wheel, after which four men at a time were considered necessary at the helm. Presently the captain came up, and recommended my going below, as he had made up his mind to lay-to for the night, and thought that while the steamer was being

put about, the chances were in favour of our shipping a good many seas, which proved to be the case. The waves continued to break over the deck all through the night, dashing down into the cabin in a way that, even in remembrance, is very unpleasant. Right glad, therefore, were we when we arrived at Port Phillip Heads; and yet gladder when, after a long steam up the Yarra-yarra river, in a dirty little steamer, with a thick drizzle constantly falling, and everything wet and muddy, we at last found ourselves in a comfortable but very small room, in the 'Port Phillip Club Hotel,' Melbourne.

CHAPTER II.

MELBOURNE.

I do not know whether, after visiting America, the manner of servants, shopkeepers, and persons generally in that rank of life in Australia, would strike strangers as being so extremely free-and-easy, brusque, and independent, as it appeared to us, who had but just left a country where a deferential, not to say obsequious, bearing prevails among the same classes. The patronising air of the waiter at our hotel, and his tone, which seemed to imply, 'Where can you have lived not to know that?'—when we asked for information upon any subject—was most amusing. No less so was the condescension of a young woman, who, on my inquiring for a workwoman, had been recommended by the head-chambermaid as a 'young lady' who would do all I required. Nobody, I imagine, could be found less like 'a young lady' than this impudent, wild, Irish girl, who, with her deft Irish fingers, seemed to have discovered in Melbourne 'El Dorado.' Having but few warm clothes with us, I set to work the day after our arrival to procure some, and suggested to this young woman that she should go to one of the large shops near and bring me

some warm cloaks, and woollen patterns to look at. This suggestion she met by a proposal, that I should put on my bonnet, and under her guidance go myself to the shop, as Mr. What-ever-his-name-was would be sure to produce the best of his goods for any one introduced by her! On finding that I did not approve of this measure, she then proposed that I should put on *her* cloak, to see how it became me, as, if it fitted, I 'might have one made just like it!'

The day after our arrival my father went to Toorak, about four and a half miles from Melbourne, to pay his respects to Sir Charles Darling, at that time Governor of Victoria, and an old friend. He immediately invited us to come and stay at Government House. This we were only too glad to do, remaining there for nearly two months, and, thanks to his and Lady Darling's kind hospitality, making Toorak our head-quarters all the time we were in the country.

How small the world is, and how few the inhabitants thereof! We had not been twenty-four hours in Melbourne before my father had met three old acquaintances, by chance, in the streets. One of these was the manager of the Oriental Bank, who invited us to visit the bank some day when they would be melting gold, though systematic people might consider our doing so as beginning at the conclusion of the subject. I presume that much the same process is used in the actual fusing of all metals. The gold-dust is put into small fire-clay pots, which are placed in a furious furnace. The gold soon becomes well fused, and powdered borax is thrown in to collect all the dross, which then rises to the surface; on

ground beef-bones being added, it becomes quite thick, and is easily drawn out. The molten gold (which is as beautiful as the skies that are so often likened to it) is then poured into iron moulds, varying in size according to the amount and quality of the gold. They are very particular in keeping each kind separate. Those we saw were about four inches long by two and a half inches wide, and one inch deep, and contained metal for about two hundred sovereigns. When the gold has stood for a few seconds, it is turned out of the mould, and the block is plunged into sulphuric acid. In a few minutes it is taken out, stamped 'Oriental Bank,' and whatever its number may be, and then a small piece is scooped off and put aside, with the number of the block attached to it, until the day for assaying the gold, when all these samples are produced, and most carefully assayed. I do not know what Brahmins would do were they aware that beef-bones are used in gold-melting; whether they would consider, as many who are not Brahmins appear to do, that *gold* purifies everything. All refuse from the gold-melting, and every vessel in which any process connected with it has been carried on, are carefully preserved. When a certain quantity has been collected, all is broken up, ground in mills with sand and ashes, and put through the same process of washing as the virgin gold. To show how much metal remains in the refuse, and works its way into the clay vessels, &c., we were told that, after this process had been thrice repeated, enough gold still remains in the clay and sand to make it worth buying, at 40*l.* per ton, for shipment to England, where, by the aid of finer machinery than is available in Australia, suf-

ficient gold is extracted to repay the purchaser. The dust of the best and purest gold is so fine, that it will float on water. While being washed, much of the valuable gold would be lost, unless great care were taken not to throw away as refuse any sand or mud which had not been subjected to the most careful and minute inspection. This was not known, or thought of, in the early days of gold-digging; and at Castlemaine, a town a few hours by rail from Melbourne, and one of the richest gold-fields in Australia, the Chinamen used to extract large quantities of gold from the sweepings of the streets and dust-heaps. This is now forbidden by Government. At Sandhurst, another very rich gold-field, farther off, but still in Victoria, houses were actually being pulled down, that the 'tailings' (as the refuse from gold-washing is called), upon which the houses were built, might be dug out, and the large quantity of gold contained in them extracted. The scales, in which the gold is weighed, are so delicate, that some of them are kept under glass cases, which allow only the lever to pass through, lest the assayist's breathing should disturb the air, and affect the balance.

Melbourne is a wonderful city for its age. When passing through its wide streets, and seeing the public buildings and institutions, large houses and shops with plate-glass windows, it seems scarcely credible, that in 1839 the whole space was a dreary swamp. At that time, the few settlers and Government servants used to shoot snipe and wild duck over the ground upon which the city now stands. It was bought from the aborigines for two blankets and a bottle of whisky.

The city is built on the plan generally adopted in the United States. The houses are built in square blocks, and all the streets, consequently, run at right angles. This gives a neat, though formal and unpicturesque appearance, and has the advantage of rendering it very easy to find the way, when the general direction and position of the principal streets are once known. One indication of the rapidity of its growth appears in the method of draining the streets. In such a 'go-ahead' region as this, the time and labour necessary to make underground drains could be profitably employed in so many other ways, and could produce so much more *effect*, that such unimportant matters seem to have been left for the consideration of future municipalities, who might be anxious to distinguish themselves by improvements and adornments when Melbourne shall have become an old city. At present, the drains on either side of the streets are simply deep, open, paved ditches, which traverse the streets at the end of each block of houses. A small bridge is built over them for foot-passengers. But when driving, the crossing is a trial to the nerves, if in a 'jingle' (as the light, high, hack-carriages, resembling Irish cars, are called), and to the springs, if in a carriage.

There was, at this time, no Government House, properly so called, at Melbourne. It was in contemplation to erect one on a site adjoining the Botanical Gardens. The latter promise to be among the finest in the world, and the building, to judge from models and designs which we saw, will be a grand palace. The gardens are under the charge of Dr. Müller, a gentleman who, in acknow-

ledgment of his botanical researches and discoveries, has received orders from every crowned head in Europe; and who is well known to most scientific and learned societies. The climate of Australia is particularly favourable to horticulture, and no trouble is spared in making the gardens perfect.

Toorak, where Sir Charles Darling lived, is a comfortable house for a private gentleman's residence, but by no means suited, at such a place as Melbourne, for a Government House. It stands in its own grounds, a little off the highroad to the Dandenong hills. This road, like nearly all those round Melbourne, is broad, well made, and almost perfectly straight. It rises considerably towards Toorak, and looks like a gigantic staircase; being a succession of short hills and levels, alternately, till it reaches the highest point, whence it descends in the same manner. At the time we arrived (about mid-winter), the unmade roads were perfect for riding, the light, sandy soil, having been sufficiently moistened by autumn rain to be firm, without being hard.

The English, yet essentially un-English, feeling one has in Australia, is curious, and quite indescribable. Looking at the little church at Toorak, from the garden of Government House, beyond which slope green meadows, bordered by trees not strikingly foreign, as many are, one might fancy oneself in England. But the clear, transparent atmosphere, strange plants, patches of brilliant flowers in the meadows, and, above all, the peculiar scent of the gum-trees, make one feel, that in spite of English faces, and English voices around, one is indeed far away from the 'auld, auld countrie.'

We spent two long days in visiting 'the lions' of the city. The Parliament House is not of particular beauty externally; but the Council Chamber, the chamber where the House of Assembly meets, and the library, are all fine rooms, handsomely decorated and well arranged. The day we were there, the Governor went in state to sign his assent to various bills which had passed in both houses. The 'state' kept up by a Colonial Governor here is very little, indeed, compared with that in Eastern lands. It consists principally in his one A. D. C. appearing in uniform, which is not considered necessary on ordinary occasions.* There is an excellent public library in Melbourne, which, as do almost all the public institutions there, owes its excellence chiefly to the exertions of one of the High Court judges. He had travelled much, and seen a good deal of the world, and was anxious that Melbourne, over the site of which he used, as a young man, to shoot snipe, should not be behind other cities of its age, whether in Australia or elsewhere. The library is a fine building externally. The rooms on the ground-floor are devoted to models of sculpture, and a good collection of china, glass, and other works of art, arranged much on the plan of the South Kensington Museum. Upstairs is the library: a large, lofty apartment, lighted from above, with rows of tables

* It may interest some persons to know, that to become a member of the Legislative Council a man must himself possess 5000*l.*, and can be voted for only by those possessed of 1000*l.* For the House of Assembly a man must belong (by a fixed term of life spent there) to the Colony, and possess in the Colony actual property to the amount of 100*l.* All men of age have a vote.

and benches down the whole length of it. The middle of the room is curtained round, to form the 'Ladies Reading-room,' and the whole place is comfortable, warm, and light. In the Trustees' room are kept, as being too valuable to remain in the public-room, an admirable collection of prints and photographs, all the publications of the Arundel Society, and a valuable collection of presentation works. Any one may see these on application to the librarian. In the same building is the nucleus of a picture-gallery; very small at present, but the few pictures there are, are good.

The University is another fine public building; but attached to it, and within its grounds, is a museum, built, unfortunately, in the worst possible taste, being of the class familiarly described as 'Cockney Gothic.' The collections within are, however, beautiful. The Professor of Natural Science, who accompanied us through the rooms, appeared to devote his whole life to the work of arranging and classifying. He was in a state bordering on perfect felicity at having lately set up a group of three gorillas—a male, a female, and a young one—the skins of which had been sent to him from Africa. They were the largest specimens possessed by any museum in the world; the male being a foot higher than the tallest described by Du Chaillu.

Colleges are eventually to be erected in the University grounds. They here follow a wise plan as regards their public buildings; viz., making the design and laying the foundations for such a building as will be necessary when the city becomes larger and more populous, but only finishing a portion for present use. They thus save time

and money now, and obviate the necessity for pulling down and entirely rebuilding at a future time. The present University is complete in itself, and has all the appearance of a finished structure.

There is a very fine club, which our friend, the energetic judge, regarded as another child of his own. He took us all over it, from the kitchens to the roof. From the latter we had a view of the whole city, and could see its plan, which resembles a chess-board. On entering the kitchen he was immediately attacked by the voluble French cook, and made to listen to an unmeasured denunciation of '*ce gueux de garçon*,' the butcher, or butcher's boy, who had sent him a kangaroo-tail for the soup when he had ordered an ox-tail.—N.B. Kangaroo-tail soup is by no means to be despised, and steaks from some of the smaller kinds of kangaroo are considered great delicacies.

Various places for out-door public amusement are being laid out in and around the city. Amongst these, are the Botanical Gardens, which I have already mentioned; the gardens of the Acclimatisation Society; and a large plot of ground, called the Royal Park, which adjoins a very large cemetery.

There are several theatres. We went now and then to hear particular pieces, or when the Governor was asked to be present, and were quite surprised at finding the houses so large, and the acting so good.

One soon discovers here the fallacy of the notion, that the nature of the Anglo-Saxon race is to 'take their pleasure sadly,' as old Froissart has it, and that they are incapable of enjoying simple, out-of-door holiday-making,

unless it includes riot and debauchery. I believe this to be entirely owing to the climate of damp, dull, foggy, old England, and not to the nature of the people. Here, under the influence of a bright, clear sky, and in the crisp, dry air, the 'people' are quite as ready as any foreigners to find enjoyment in spending a day with wives, and children, and friends, in the open air by the sea-shore, or in the fields and meadows. The strictness with which they hold to their Saturday's holiday and Wednesday's half-holiday, is a proof of this. On these days the shops are deserted, shut up, or left to the charge of an errand-boy, or maid-of-all-work. Their owners, meanwhile, flock out to some place of gathering, taking their provisions with them, and apparently enjoy their quiet, periodical holiday quite as much as the children themselves.

We were very glad that we arrived in time to be present at the festivities on the Queen's birthday, which is celebrated here with due loyalty and ceremony. In the morning the Governor reviewed the Volunteers, who then formed the standing army. All the English troops, with the exception of one small battery of artillery, had been sent to the seat of war in New Zealand. The Volunteers mustered 2500, and went through their manœuvres in a creditable manner. In the afternoon His Excellency held a levée, in a building which was originally erected for the purpose of displaying the articles sent from Victoria to the English Exhibition of 1862. Ladies were allowed to look on from the gallery, and a most amusing scene it was. The Governor stood on a slightly raised daïs, and the A. D. C. presented each in-

dividual, who, as he came up, made his bow. These bows in variety and grotesqueness were unparalleled, and but rarely bore a resemblance to anything one had ever seen before. The costumes, too, were not the least entertaining part of the show. Some appeared in rough shooting-jackets, hob-nailed boots, and no gloves; some in ordinary morning costume; and others, in swallow-tailed coats, white ties, and white gloves; but one and all looked *amusingly* uncomfortable.

The 'Birthday Ball,' given by the Governor, is supposed to take place the same evening; but, as the Exhibition building was the only one adapted to the purpose, there was not time after the levée to make the necessary preparations. It took place, therefore, a few days later; and I should think, that in Australia alone, and even there only on such an occasion as this, could a similar scene have been witnessed. Everybody who has inscribed his name in the visiting-book at Government House, is, as a matter of course, invited to these balls.

The Governor, Lady Darling, and party, arrived at the building about 9.30, and took their place under the alcove, at the end of the room. Before dancing commenced, every one passed in front of them, making their bows and curtseys, or what did duty for the same. Sometimes a whole family would pass like a class of school children,—holding each other's hands, tumbling over each other's heels, giggling, and turning their heads away from the throne where Her Majesty was represented. Even the *nods* they gave in passing, were directed to the other end of the room. It is difficult to describe the peculiarity of some of the dresses. The style,

apparently intended to represent 'elegance and simplicity,' consisted in many cases of a thick, dark-coloured, *décolletée* linsey-woolsey, made in the most antique fashion, hardly touching the ground, and trimmed with light-coloured satin ribbon. Those who appeared, on the other hand, to have determined upon spending an extravagant sum in honour of the occasion, adopted another fashion; that of putting on several distinct dresses, one over the other. I took particular note of one of these costumes, worn by a small woman, who had managed to heap upon herself the contents of an ordinary milliner's show-room. While standing still her dress appeared to be white net, worked in coloured silk, over a handsome blue silk trimmed with lace; but when she began dancing she held these up, after the manner of a person crossing a muddy street, and displayed a white lace dress, and under that, another complete dress of pink moiré-antique, with deep lace flounces! The *coiffures* were no less marvellous than the dresses. Flowers were worn *ad lib.*, many of which looked as if they had been bought at the grocer's, as they exactly resembled the little wreaths sold there for putting round candles. A favourite style seemed to be, the disposal of about a dozen of these little bunches, in a kind of crown, round the head. The bunches were connected by means of a heavy gold or silver cord, or a thick cable-chain of jet, or some composition which resembled Egyptian alabaster. The crown was in most instances chained to another little wreath or two, worn epaulette-wise on the shoulder.

As between one and two thousand persons were assembled in this rather small building dancing might

have been thought an impossibility. The floor, moreover, was no better than might be expected in the place where cattle and agricultural shows, as well as balls, were held. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the dancing was kept up all night with right good will.

Supper was laid in the gallery, but not half the persons present could be accommodated there. A great rush consequently took place to be among the first admitted; not only on account of the supper itself, but for the sake of hearing the Governor's speech on proposing Her Majesty's health. My father was following close to the Governor, with the lady assigned to his charge. A couple of fat old women, who were wandering about, espied him, and one of them exclaiming, 'Here's some on 'em going up! come along, come along! let's get in too!' hooked herself and her friend on to his disengaged arm. So dense was the crowd, that he found it impossible to get rid of them.

The following anecdote, given me by a lady some time afterwards, may show the kind of people who are present at this Birthday Ball. The gentleman with whom my friend was dancing a quadrille, trod upon the dress of a lady in the next set, who, turning round, exclaimed, in an audible and angry voice, 'Ah, la! there go my *gethers!*' Brilliancy of complexion was almost universal, and there were a few extremely handsome faces among those present.

CHAPTER III.

BALLARAT.

SOON after this we paid a visit to Ballarat, the great mining town of Victoria. We stopped on our way at Geelong, a small seaside watering-place, about two hours by rail from Melbourne. The view of the coast is pretty, but there is very little of interest in the town. A Botanical Garden had been commenced, and had made wonderful progress, considering how short a time previously the whole was 'bush.' Two hours more by rail took us to Ballarat, where we found the most comfortable hotel we met with in the country.

The morning after our arrival was sleety, and miserably raw and cold. They say, that if there is a possibility of rain falling anywhere, it is sure to do so at Ballarat. We had brought a letter to the warden of the county, who, with his wife, called soon after breakfast. He was unable to go with us to the mines, but she kindly accompanied us. We went first to the 'United, Great, Extended, Band-of-Hope Gold Mine,' which is the largest of the alluvial mines. Such a dirty place! everything and everybody were coated with mud. We first inspected the washing process, which goes on above ground. The 'dirt' (as the mud when brought up from

the mine is called) comes up the shaft in little square waggons, and is put into huge wooden tubs ('puddling machines'), in each of which is fixed what I can best describe as a wheel of rakes, which stirs the mud round and round, whilst water, constantly pouring over it, washes away the sand and clay. A man stands in the tub, forking out the large stones. So it goes on, until the 'dirt' has all been mixed with water, and stirred and stirred, till the gold has entirely separated from it and fallen to the bottom, while the refuse has been washed away with the waste water. There are many different modes of extracting the gold, but all on the same principle; water being perpetually made to run over and through the matter in which the gold is, whether crushed quartz or alluvial soil, washing it away and leaving the gold behind. Some of the machines are long, square, wooden pipes, with, as it were, steps in them, at the corners of which the gold collects. Others, again, are only enlarged cradles, *i. e.* boxes with a rounded bottom, in which the mud is put, and then rocked backwards and forwards, like a cottage cradle. The Chinese make use of the latter kind almost exclusively.

We were then taken into the manager's room to be equipped for a descent into the mine, and reappeared completely disguised. We were put into enormous boots, long Macintosh coats, with huge collars sticking up all round, our handkerchiefs were tied over our ears, and regular 'sou'-westers' put over them. The result being, that only the ends of our noses were left visible! By very close packing, the manager of the mine, another man, and I, contrived to squeeze into one of the little wag-

gons, which had just brought up a load of mud, and were trundled on to the 'drop' at the mouth of the shaft. My father and one of the directors got into another, and we were lowered four hundred feet. Before very long we found how indispensable were our boots, Macintoshes, and sou'-westers. As soon as we arrived at the level of the river, and all the way below that, we were in a regular shower-bath, which, on arriving at the bottom, we found turned into a mud-bath. The manager, an immensely tall, powerful Scotchman, took charge of me,

lifting me in and out of the waggons as if I had been a baby. Apparently he forgot that I was not; for, what with his height and mine, the top of my head suffered considerably from the wooden beams which supported the gallery. He put me at first on a plank laid across one of the waggons, as being somewhat less dirty than the mud-lined inside, and gave me a large tallow candle to carry, to show when a very low beam had to be passed under, or when the deepest pitfalls were to be crossed. He pushed me along, and we went comfortably enough for a certain distance. Sometimes the pressure upon the

beams supporting the sides and roof of the gallery was so great, that we had to crouch down as low as possible to get under them. Presently I saw some waggons standing on the line in front, and told my friend of it, suggesting at the same time that we should stop. But he, manlike, seemed to think that I, womanlike, saw, or imagined I saw, danger where there was none, and insisted, in spite of my assurances, that the waggons were on the other line. He soon, however, awoke to the truth of my statement, when, with a great crash, we ran into them, and he saw me roll over into a deep hole full of mud! After this, as my condition could hardly be made more deplorable, he put me altogether inside the muddy little waggon.

At the end of the first 'lead' they had just opened out a very rich bed of gold, and by stirring the mud about we could see the grains, which seldom happens in alluvial beds. In private mines the owners are generous, and if visitors go down generally give them a nugget, or some little bits of gold, to take away with them. But 'Companies' do not, and those in the employ of 'Companies' must not, do so. We went through two or three galleries, but they were all the same—very dirty, somewhat warm, and very dark. On returning to the surface, the light revealed us to each other in a most unrecognisable condition of mud and wet. But there was a good fire in the manager's room, wine and biscuits were on the table, and we were quite dry and comfortable in half-an-hour, by which time the day's gold was brought in to be cleaned and weighed. The cleansing process is very simple. The gold dust is placed in a shallow pan and

heated. The pan is then shaken, and the particles of mica, pyrites, &c. are blown away, as when a man rubs wheat in his hand and blows away the chaff. The day's work had been very successful, the amount of gold being 188 oz. 6 dwts., and its average value 4*l.* per ounce.

We were told that many of those working in the mine were shareholders, and very rich men. From our own experience we learnt how much truth there was in the almost incredible stories one used to hear of miners and miners' wives in the first days of gold-digging. Very few of these men have the slightest idea of the value of money, or of how to spend it. They live on in their little wooden houses, treat their friends to 'nobblers' (*i. e.* glasses of spirits) on every possible occasion, and when they go down to the nearest town, they buy the most expensive dresses for their wives that they can find. But the fortunes which they gain are so large, that however extravagant their expenditure on these items, it does not sensibly diminish the grand total. Very few of them have any higher idea of the pleasure, or the advantages, or even of the comforts to be attained by the possession of wealth. Many of those who can count their money by thousands, live on in the same little shanties which they erected on first coming to the diggings. I heard some amusing anecdotes illustrating the above characteristics. One gentleman told me, that on arriving at a port in Australia, and finding no one who looked like a porter by profession to take his portmanteau to the hotel, he said to a rough-looking man, who was standing on the wharf, with his hands in his pockets, 'Here, my man; if you'll take this up to the

hotel for me, I'll give you half-a-crown.' The man scowled at him, took a couple of sovereigns out of his pocket, threw them into the sea, turned away without a word, and marched off, with the most contemptuous expression on his countenance! Another gentleman told me that, in the early days of gold-digging, a relation of his, went into a shop where the wife of the then Governor of Victoria was buying some silk. A miner was standing near, waiting for the shopman, who was attending upon her, to be disengaged. The shopman was pestering her to take a few more yards of the silk than she wanted, offering it at a reduced price, and going through the routine usual on such occasions. The miner, at last, growing impatient of the delay, exclaimed, 'There, there, put it up for her; poor woman, she can't afford to buy it—I'll give it her; *put* it up and have done with it!' This same relation of my informant was on another occasion in a steamer with a number of these miners. At dinner-time he ordered the steward to bring him a pint of sherry, and upon being told that there were only quarts on board, said he would go without any. One of the miners hearing this, shouted to the steward, 'Here, you! bring me a bucket of champagne' —the steward (naturally) stared—'Did you hear me; bring a *bucket* of champagne! you have a bucket on board, I suppose?' A ship's bucket was produced, and bottle after bottle of champagne poured in, until it was filled. Then turning to the poor man who wouldn't go to the expense of a quart of sherry, the miner said, 'Now, then, mate, you can't afford a quart o' sherry, dip in your glass, I'll give you champagne!' Champagne, by

the way, is a beverage, the excellence of which these good people can by no means comprehend as compared with whisky or brandy. Shopkeepers must rejoice to do business with them, for they have no notion of the real value of anything, valuing it only according to what they have *paid* for it. Thus, often, when a man goes into one of the large linendrapers', and desires to see the handsomest silk or satin dress they can show him, the shopman will bring him one for 25*l.* or 30*l.*, which the buyer thinks far too little, and will ask if they have not something for 50*l.* or 60*l.* If one of the very same kind and quality be brought with the higher price affixed, he will take it, and go away delighted at being able to say how much his wife's dress cost, and that he had told the shopman to give him the handsomest in the shop. Even among more educated people, to value every person and everything by its worth in money is distressingly common! Often, if one remarked upon or admired anything in a house—a piece of furniture or a picture, for instance—the answer would be, 'Yes, I think it is pretty; and it cost so and so:' or, 'Well, I don't much admire it; it didn't cost more than so much;' and just the same with people, 'Don't you think Miss So-and-So very pretty?' 'No, I don't think I admire her very much.' '*Don't* you? why she has so many thousand pounds of her own!' These rough miners are, however, very good-natured, hospitable, and generous beyond anything. They give a great deal in charity; and if a 'mate,' or 'chum,' or his family happen to be in need, they are sure to receive most hearty and substantial help.

The same afternoon we went to see the largest quartz

mine, called the 'Black-Hill Mine.' A large portion of the hill has been cut away, and now the work is carried on in tunnels, whence the quartz is quarried, and brought down to the foot of the hill, where the quartz-crushing machines are established. The quartz is crushed by 'stampers,' *i.e.*, a row of very large iron bars, with wrought steel heads. These are raised by machinery, and brought down with great force upon iron blocks, on to which the quartz is continuously pushed by machinery. Each set of stampers stands in a wooden box, fitted with strainers, and through which water is perpetually running. At the outlet of these are other boxes, in which quicksilver is placed to collect the gold, which escapes from the first strainer. The dust, which is the finest and purest gold, is caught on blankets lining the wooden pipes, through which the water finally runs to waste. The noise of the stampers is deafening, which is not to be wondered at, the quartz being so completely pulverized, as to be turned into yellowish mud, of a pea-soup colour and consistency, in which form everything except the gold is carried away.

Ballarat is certainly to be admired for its fine wide streets, public buildings, institutions, shops, and churches, considering the short time it has been in existence; but who could describe the bleak desolation of the country round? Not a green thing to be seen, nothing but heaps upon heaps of 'tailings.'* Here and there a few stunted

* The refuse of either alluvial or quartz mines, in which the industrious, persevering patience of the Chinese, still find enough gold to make it worth while to establish their own little 'cradles,' or 'puddling machines,' which are dotted about all over the place.

gum-trees appear, which are never green, and only add to the dismal sterility. And here and there rise the chimneys and buildings of some of the large 'Company' mines, looking grim, and ghastly, and ruinous. Everything is of a dull yellowish white, or leaden colour, and seen beneath a grey snow-laden sky, in mid-winter, the effect was more depressing than I can describe.

The next day we were lionized over the town itself. The Benevolent Asylum pleased us much. Destitute, aged, and sick people, those suffering from chronic disorders, orphan and deserted children, are all admitted here, and are fed, clothed, nursed, and taught. It is a very fine building, and the whole of the internal arrangements seem admirable. There is a good garden, a dairy, and a laundry, which give occupation to many, who, though suffering from incurable disorders, are well enough to do a little occasional work; also to those children for whom situations have not been found at the age when it is intended they should leave the institution. The hospital, too, is a fine building, and well managed. With so many workpeople, accidents are of constant occurrence in the gold-fields; but companies, as well as private miners, are very liberal in their support of the hospitals. There is a rather fine Roman Catholic Church, and also a Mechanics' Institute, where are good reading-rooms for the subscribers, and a large room for meetings and concerts.

About twenty miles from Ballarat are some lakes, which are worth seeing. The mud of the unmade roads impeded our progress very much; but our carriage (a 'carryall,' as are named the light, large-wheeled vehicles

somewhat resembling American waggons, which are much used hereabouts) being light, and the horses good, in course of time, we arrived. Burrumbeet the larger lake, is almost an inland sea, and though it was bitterly cold, the day was otherwise favourable for seeing the views, the clouds making beautiful varieties of light and shade on the pretty slopes surrounding the lake. Learmouth, the other lake, is not nearly so large, being only about five miles round. It has a village of some size on its banks, and the views on the road to it are pretty. A great deal of the land thereabout belongs to a Mr. Learmouth, whence its name. There are immense numbers of kangaroo on his property, against which a war of extermination is waged, as, in the consumption of grass, one kangaroo is reckoned equal to three sheep. Mr. Learmouth told us, that that season they had killed 3000, but on the whole estate there were supposed to be more than 7000. On one of the farms a horse had been taught to skin them! This seems incredible, as Mr. Learmouth himself considered it, until he was taken to witness the performance. The body of the kangaroo was tied up, the horse caught hold of the skin with his teeth, and very rarely tore it! Kangaroo leather is much used; it is durable, soft, and elastic, and makes capital shoe-leather, besides being put to almost every other purpose to which leather can be applied.

The roads about Ballarat are unmade, though marked out and fenced. They are perfectly straight, and at right angles with each other, which is even more monotonous and less pleasing to the eye in the country than in a town. Being unmade, they are extremely heavy

after rain, though in the worst places, a few hundred yards are metalled, so as to keep them passable. They are all very wide, and will doubtless ere long be fine macadamized roads.

When returning to Melbourne we saw the country just outside Ballarat, which had been hidden by night when we arrived. It is very pretty, complete 'bush,' but with, here and there, sloping glades of green grass, and picturesque groups of the much-abused gum-tree, really looking graceful and pretty, while yet too young to have attained the hideous, straggling, untidy appearance of the older trees. The bark of the latter hangs in strips, in a helpless kind of way round the trunk, or blows backwards and forwards, still more helplessly, as the wind pleases. Every now and then, behind these, appeared glimpses of the bluest of blue distances—such a colour as I have seen nowhere but in the clear atmosphere of Australia. This only lasted a short distance, and we then returned to the flat, dull plains, with their straight, uninteresting fences, and hungry-looking sheep.

Two days after our return we set off for Sandhurst, originally Bendigo, another gold-field, about four hours by rail from Melbourne. There is a rather steep though short incline, carrying the line over a spur of Mount Macedon, after which it runs through the gold country. Here, as round Ballarat, the scenery is destitute of any approach to beauty.

Sandhurst is a regular 'digger-city,' and a very 'rowdy' place. There was but one hotel, to which, we had been told, it would be possible for us to go. When we arrived there the master insisted upon knowing our

names before he would admit us. I don't suppose he was much the wiser when he heard them, but he then condescended to take us in. We found the only rooms disengaged were three, *en suite*, with the sitting-room at the further end, the inconvenience of which is obvious. There being no others we took them, and could have put up with the inconvenience had there been any civility, or any attempt at cleanliness, on the part of the people of the house. There was neither, and very uncomfortable we should have been had not a gentleman, to whom we had brought an introduction, kindly taken us to dine and spend the evening with him and his wife, giving me also a room. They lived in a very pretty, little wooden cottage, the inside of which was varnished and fitted up with great taste.

The next day was very cold—bright, crisp, clear, and freezing hard. We were taken to see a quartz mine, a few miles from the town, belonging to two men, who, having begun by owning separate, though adjoining claims, had afterwards gone into partnership. By thus working their mine together, it proved to be one of the richest in the country. The net profits, after deducting workmen's wages, expenses of working, wear and tear of machinery, &c., amounted on an average to 500*l.* per week for each owner, they being just the kind of men I have already described as miners. They were both there, and most good-natured in going all over the mine with us, explaining and showing everything. We went down 400 feet at first, but worked our way back through the galleries till we had risen 300 feet. A quartz mine is pleasantly clean and dry in comparison with an alluvial

mine. In the counting-house there was a cabinet, containing specimens of some of the richest quartz that has been found in their mine, also of quartz containing other metals, of which no account is taken when found in the company of gold, but which, if found alone, or when all the gold is worked out, would be very valuable. Silver, iron, and plumbago, were among those pointed out to us in the mine. We saw the retorts in which the gold and quicksilver are separated; also the supply of gold then on hand ready for sale. It was rolled up with quicksilver into balls about the size of hens' eggs, which they also resembled a good deal in colour. We afterwards drove round the town, where there seem to be the same 'institutions' as at Ballarat, and then went to see the Catherine Reef Mine, the machinery of which is said to be more perfect than that of any other. Unfortunately, scarcity of water had for some time put a stop to work here, and we could neither descend into the mine, nor see the machinery in motion. A good deal of the quartz is quarried out of a hill close by, through which a tunnel is being bored. The strata are there very distinctly marked, and the quartz is said to be very rich. This mine is almost the end of the gold-field; beyond it, stretches away interminable 'bush,' hardly less dreary and dismal than the mining country, which is here even more desolate than at Ballarat. There is nothing near but heaps of refuse of a yellowish colour, with an occasional small canvas tent, or little wooden hut, looking more like a dilapidated dog-kennel than any human habitation. Close to these charming dwellings were a puddling-machine, a cradle, or (which

here seemed the more common) a small oblong hole, which looked exactly like a child's grave, and added very much to the miserable, heaven-forsaken appearance of the whole place. If there were any beauty at all in this part of the country it must be apparent with the help it receives from exquisite colouring; but even influenced by one of the most gorgeous sunsets imaginable, the dreary waste still looked dreary beyond expression.

On leaving Sandhurst we went by rail to Echuca, about two hours distant. Echuca is a township on the Murray river, which is the boundary-line of Victoria and New South Wales. This is the terminus of the railroad. The country through which we passed was essentially Australian in character. Almost the whole way it was either dense bush, extending for miles and miles, through which an avenue had been cut for the railway; or plains, which, with only slight undulations, stretch away for 1200 or 1400 miles! Such is the monotony of these plains, that one ceases to wonder, while passing over them, at the known prevalence of lunacy among the shepherds. The solitude and silence, the perfect absence of savage animal life, and the very small amount of animal life of any kind, must be enough to drive a man mad. Many of the shepherds, we were told, after enduring it for a few months, will come to their masters with tears in their eyes, begging to be put to work at anything, for any wages, rather than undergo such complete banishment from their fellow-beings. This intense silence, together with the extreme clearness of the air, may also account for the 'coo-e,' or bush-call, being heard at a distance of three miles.

Echuca is a clean, thriving, little town, with a comfortable inn. Here, in strong contrast to the way we were treated at Sandhurst, the master and mistress turned out of their own sitting-room, having no other to give us. There is nothing to see at Echuca; but we wished to go there for the sake of the country one passes through, and to see the boundary of the two colonies. After luncheon we hired a peculiar little vehicle of the gig genus, which appeared to have been intended for only one person; but into which, by great and careful management, we two contrived to squeeze, without upsetting either ourselves or our conveyance. Crossing the Murray river, we drove through about half a mile of 'bush' to the New South Wales township of Moama, not nearly as flourishing a place as Echuca. The Murray was very low and muddy; it seemed hard to believe, that in a few months the whole place might be flooded, by the rising of the sleepy-looking stream. We also drove over the Campaspe, a muddy, narrow river, on the other side of the town. A wooden bridge crosses it, where the toll for a one-horse, two-wheel vehicle, such as ours, is 3*s.* *each way;* rather expensive for those living on the other side. Our object in going there was to see the garden and greenhouses of a large farmer, living a couple of miles off, which had been described to us as very fine. We had no letter or introduction, but were told there would be no difficulty in seeing them. 'Just say you've come' (a self-evident fact, one would have thought)—so we did, and were at once shown into the drawing-room, where the wife, and some young women, who had come from Melbourne, to spend

a few weeks in the country, and a number of children, soon appeared. Cake and wine were brought in, and then we were taken over the garden, vineyards, and greenhouses. Some very beautiful flowers were in bloom, but even in Australia, where gardens are not so bare in winter as they are in England, that is hardly the time to see them to advantage. Finding that my father took an interest in colonial wines, the master of the house brought from his cellar some really fine old claret of his own making. It was in a small, *dumpy* bottle; and in the course of conversation it appeared that he had not above half-a-dozen bottles of it left. In England it would probably have remained in the cellar till the eldest son came of age,—certainly it would not have been produced to satisfy the curiosity of a stray traveller.

On our return to Melbourne, we went out one day with the 'Melbourne hunt,' after kangaroo, but were unfortunate. The morning was bad for the scent, and it was not until late in the afternoon, and when we were on the point of returning home, that a kangaroo was accidentally put up. As this occurred at some distance from the dogs, his huge bounds took him well out of distance before they could be laid upon his track. It was a pretty sight, however. There were some splendid horses in the field, and some good riders; and, indeed, both had need to be of the best, for the timber is stiff to a degree undreamt of in England. Even an elephant would have some difficulty in breaking the thick, solid, 'iron-wood' bars of the high fences; so that, among the best riders and horses, there were some ugly falls. Some of the coverts were of such dense 'scrub,' that when riding

through them, all that was visible of persons close by was the tip of a horse's nose, a bit of red coat, or here and there the crown of a hat. In other places we came upon open glades, with trees growing round them, and withered bracken on the ground, reminding one of December days in England. And again, in other parts, the soil was boggy, with stumps of trees and partially-hidden roots sticking out of it, in a way that was anything but pleasant for fast riding.

We spent another day in a visit to the reservoir which supplies the city with water. Those who have seen it declare it to be very pretty, and worth the drive of twenty-five miles from Melbourne. The native name of the place, Yan Yean, has been preserved.

We had ordered a carriage to come 'if fine;' therefore, when the rain came down in torrents, we did not expect it. But it appeared, and the driver assured us, that by the time we had been half-an-hour on our way we should find ourselves in lovely weather. So, against our convictions, we set off, but instead of finding any improvement, the misty drizzle grew thicker and thicker, and our view became more and more limited. At last, after plunging through lanes of sticky mud up to the axles, and bumping over bridges composed of logs, thrown in a promiscuous kind of way across streams ('creeks,' as they are called here), we at length stopped by the side of a large field or meadow. Here the coachman mercilessly turned us out, on to what resembled a wet sponge, and bade us follow what he termed by courtesy a path. We did so, and after climbing over and under various fences, and becoming thoroughly soaked in the

process, we came in sight of a large sheet of water, with low hills on the opposite shore, only the outline of which we could dimly discern. This was not interesting, and far from agreeable; so we paddled back to the carriage, and drove four miles on our homeward way to a small wooden hut, which represented an inn. Here, in front of an enormous log-fire, we steamed our wet garments, while the good woman of the house made ready some eggs and bacon; after partaking of which we returned home, feeling but little competent to give any account of the reservoir at Yan Yean.

CHAPTER IV.

SYDNEY.

We left Melbourne on the 10th of July for Sydney, in the 'City of Melbourne,' one of the small and not over-clean steamers, which run regularly between the various ports. We had a very uncomfortable passage, and bad weather, which threw us back eighteen hours. We were unable to get cabins to ourselves, and it is certainly an infliction to be compelled to share the very limited accommodation with such persons as are generally met with on board these steamers.

Our arrival being delayed till midday on the 13th, instead of the previous evening, was, however, an advantage in enabling us to see the coast near the entrance to Port Jackson, and the harbour, by daylight. For many miles the coast is magnificent, though terrible, with grand scarps and bold headlands jutting out into the sea. Mighty waves of a clear, deep green, were, owing to the storm of the previous night, rushing upon the rocks, breaking into sheets of foam, and throwing up clouds of spray, almost blindly dazzling in the sunlight. The entrance to the harbour is so sharp and sudden, that even those well acquainted with the coast might pass it

time after time, without hitting the exact spot. Dangerous, indeed, must it have been, before the second lighthouse was built, warning ships to avoid an opening in the rocks called 'the Gap.' It closely resembles 'the Heads,' but, instead of leading into the harbour, leads to certain destruction. There could be no escape! for the rocks rise perpendicularly from the sea, and the whole force of the Southern Pacific rolls in upon them. It was thus that the 'Duncan Dunbar,' and her crew of nearly three hundred, were lost. One man alone was saved, by being washed high up the face of the cliff, into a little cave hardly larger than a chink in the rock. There he remained, undiscovered, for thirty-six hours.

It is seven miles from the Heads to the harbour proper of Port Jackson and the town of Sydney, and very beautiful it is, the whole way. The slopes leading down from the adjoining hills are well wooded, but the colouring is of a somewhat dull, heavy green, relieved, however, by the white houses, which appear constantly, and at short intervals. They are built in the style of Italian villas, and have well-kept lawns, shelving down to the very edge of the water. There are numerous little bays and indentations, fringed by a beach of the whitest sand; and picturesque islets appear here and there, with trees drooping almost into the sea. At the end of the harbour the white houses of the town rise in terraces, with Government House standing conspicuously forward on a green promontory adjoining the beautiful Botanical Gardens, which appear as if forming a portion of its grounds. The *ensemble* would afford one of the finest views in the

world if the mountains in the background were not so far distant.

The town itself is prettily situated upon the hill-sides, but the architecture is not commendable, and the streets are irregular. The houses are mostly of white stone, and wear a substantial, settled, 'old-world' appearance; which is a relief after the excited, 'go-ahead' style of Melbourne. We took up our abode at the Royal Hotel, where, though it was somewhat 'grimy' and 'snuffy,' and at times rather noisy, we were comfortable enough.

All those to whom we had brought letters of introduction were very hospitable; but some of the colonial manners and customs are most peculiar. The children are something extraordinary. There are not, I hope, even among the most careless of English mothers, many who, if asked to let a little girl of thirteen join a child's party, would answer, as a mother here did, 'Well, really, I don't know whether she can or not; I will make inquiry. You know her engagements and mine are quite different, and I don't know what her plans may be for Monday!'

There were many riding and musical parties going on in Sydney. We also went once or twice to pleasant archery and croquet parties in the garden of one of the pretty villas outside the town.

The climate at this season is perfect. In summer it is very hot and dry, with hot winds blowing constantly; but in early spring it is delicious—cold enough in-doors to make a fire acceptable, and out of doors bright, dry, and very pleasant for either riding or walking. The flowers are exquisite; the camelias are perfect *trees*, and covered with blossom: indeed all kinds of plants, from

almost every climate, seem to grow and thrive in this light sandy soil and genial air. When begging a few flowers from a pretty place belonging to an old Indian friend of my father's, whom he found settled near here, the answer was, 'Oh, I'm so sorry that we have *only* camelias to give you!' These despised camelias being such as would make a fortune in Covent Garden for size, shape, and colour.

We were treated to an amusing specimen of 'colonial' manners on our way to this very place. Although only seven miles from Sydney, the road to it is so bad that people generally prefer going by rail to driving. At a station near the gates our friend's carriage was waiting for us. We seated ourselves, and were driving off, when a man, who by his black coat, neatly brushed black hat, and the immaculate condition of his neck-tie, seemed to advertise his profession as clerical, came up to the carriage, stopped it, and without a word to us, said, as he mounted the box, 'James, I want you to give me a lift up,' seated himself, and on we drove. Being an open carriage it would not have been very difficult, one fancies, to have given some explanation to us, or, at least, to have made a civil excuse. But he seemed not to consider either at all necessary; and when we came to the path he intended to take, he stopped the carriage, got down, and was proceeding on his way, when my father, taking off his hat and making a profound bow, begged, as a stranger, to be informed whether it was customary for people to take seats in carriages belonging to, and sent for, others, without asking leave, or making any apology. Our friend, perfectly insensible to the rebuke,

replied, 'Oh, well, really—a—a—a—I didn't know who the carriage was sent for, and I'm on such terms with Major and Mrs. F—— that I consider myself justified in making use of their carriage;' and without even raising his hat, he turned off on his road. We were told that he was born and bred a colonist, but also that he had been in England once upon a time, where one would think he might have learnt better manners. We could only conclude that he thought we were doing the same as himself.

One afternoon some friends took us to see the University, which stands on a hill a little outside the town, and will, when finished, be a fine building. It has a grand hall, with painted-glass windows, an open roof, and a picturesque oriel window, looking into the hall from what is temporarily used as the library. The walls are appropriately decorated with oil-paintings of the Fellows and Chancellors. The Principal of the University* has apartments in the building, with a broad oak or cedar staircase, mullioned windows, parquet floors, and solid, heavy, wooden furniture. The windows in the passages are filled with coloured glass; but, being chiefly blue and yellow, the effect is somewhat ghastly and disagreeable. There is a Museum also, but this is not to be compared with the one at Melbourne.

The drives and rides about Sydney are charming. The first time we set off for 'Botany Bay' (how little did I ever dream that one day I should actually visit it for

* At the time of our visit Dr. Woolley was Principal of the University. He was one of those lost in the 'London' on his way back to Sydney, a few months after this was written.

pleasure, when in the nursery I used to be threatened with being sent to 'Botany Bay, as the only place fit for the punishment of such enormities as tearing my frock or staining my pinafore!) our driver missed the road, and took us to La Perouse, a place about six miles on the other side of the bay. It was sailing out of this bay that the famous navigator, Captain La Perouse, was seen for the last time, and here that a monument has been erected to his memory. Excepting for this, and a pretty view of the bay, this place is not nearly as interesting as Botany itself, which we were more successful in finding on future occasions. The bay is, I imagine, in much the same condition as when Captain Cook left it a hundred years ago, and is well worthy of its name. The bush, which grows thick and low down to the water's edge, is one mass of flowers, of all sorts and descriptions. Plants of the myrtaceous tribe predominate, the blossoms of which are lovely; more like Cape heaths, both in colour and waxlike texture, than anything else I have seen out of a greenhouse. Covering the whole ground, and climbing over the shrubs, is a perfect network of sarsaparilla, with its beautiful purple blossoms and treacherous stems, which, unless one is very careful, entangle one's feet at almost every step. After a little trouble we got a couple of men and a boat to take us over to the other side of the bay, about four or four and a half miles off. Here there were no habitations, nothing but dense bush, full of flowers of all kinds; and, as the boatman told us, of wallabee, opossum, native bear, and such-like game. The wallabee resembles a small kangaroo, and is 'A 1 for soup,' as one of the boatmen

assured us. There are two good roads to Botany from Sydney; and on nearing the hotel (which is the only house as yet built there), you see numerous boards standing in the midst of dense 'bush,' with the names of streets, which are *some* day to be built, painted on them in large letters. The garden belonging to the hotel is a favourite rendezvous in summer for picnic parties; and here, too, people come to spend their honeymoon, and enjoy that judicious admixture of love, iodine, and solitude, which is deemed so desirable, if not essential, at that period of their existence.

Another charming ride is to the South Heads. One road there, on either side of which are pretty little country houses, with nice gardens and grounds, follows the line of the harbour nearly the whole way. The views are very pretty and extensive, and the road is good, making it a favourite drive from Sydney. The other road lies more inland, and is not good for driving, being much up and down hill, and there is less to admire in the scenery. But no one fond of flowers should miss this drive, so numerous and beautiful are the flowering shrubs and small plants growing all over the scrub through which the road is cut.

The view of the town and harbour, from the lighthouse on the South Heads, is magnificent, particularly at sunset, when the colouring is more gorgeous and varied than in any part of the world I know. The atmosphere is so clear, and in Australia there seems to be something different, from even the most beautiful, sunset lights of other countries. The formation of the cliffs, at the spot called the Heads, is very remarkable. While stand-

ing on the edge, it looks as if the rocks on either side had been cut *straight* down, and a huge mass removed, to make room for the sea to rush in between them. A fall would carry one sheer down without a break into the deep, green ocean.

A good many houses are built on the other side of the harbour, called the 'North Shore,' between which and Sydney steam-ferries are constantly plying. The sandy, unmade roads, cut through the bush, were far pleasanter for riding than the hard roads immediately round Sydney, while the scenery was equally pretty; but the inhabitants of the town did not seem to be of this opinion. We paid a visit here to an old gentleman, ninety-six years of age, who was said to be a nephew of Shelley's Mary Wollstonecraft. He was charming in manner, and with every faculty unimpaired, and as active as a man of fifty. He was full of anecdote, and possessed a wonderful memory. His house, garden, and orangery, were beautifully placed, overlooking the town, with the 'Blue Mountains' in the distance.

We spent a few very pleasant days at Camden Park, about forty miles from Sydney, the property of Mr. James and Sir William Macarthur. The railway running to Penrith, a small town at the foot of the Blue Mountains, passes through the grounds. The station is about three miles from the house. The country between Sydney and Camden is not very interesting, but I believe it is very productive.

The father of the above-mentioned brothers was originally in the army, and in the early days of the colony accepted the grant of land offered to settlers by Govern-

ment. Camden is now one of the largest estates in New South Wales, containing thousands of acres of cultivated and pasture land, farms, and vineyards. Large quantities of one of the best colonial wines are made here; and if wine-merchants and others could or would keep their stock as long as small quantities are kept by the makers for their private use, it would become quite as good as any of the Rhine or the Bavarian wines. Unfortunately, the colonial wines are as a rule drunk almost as soon as they are bottled, and consequently do not obtain the reputation they deserve.

We had some delightful rides here. Camden was formerly famous for the fine horses bred on the estate; but of late years people have ceased caring much for having well-bred horses, and even here they have deteriorated a good deal.

There are no striking features in the country round, which is principally covered with the dull, grey-green gum-trees, giving but little variety to the colouring. Nevertheless, seen from the top of a rather high hill in the vicinity, the undulating nature of the country, and the wonderful brightness shed by a gleam of sunshine on any patch of cultivated land, and the depth of blue in the shade of a valley, or bit of thick 'bush,' impress one with an idea of beauty that would certainly not be realized on either a dull or a perfectly unclouded day. No one, who has not visited Australia, can have any idea of the intensity and beauty of this blue. It was also very enjoyable to meet with such well-bred, and, as far as manners went, with such thoroughly 'uncolonial' people as were our friends at Camden. Good-natured and kind-

hearted as we generally found the colonists, that is, those who had made the colonies their home, and had brought up their children there, there was but too often a want of refinement amongst them, and a coarse tone, that was not only far from being agreeable, but had not even the merit of being amusing, which downright, honest vulgarity frequently is. Mr. Macarthur, an old man himself, possessed a perfect fund of entertainment and information respecting the aborigines, who, in his father's time, and during his own youth, were numerous in this neighbourhood. A collection of his anecdotes would make a most interesting and amusing work; for few now remain, who can either personally remember, or who take any interest in, the reminiscences of a race now rapidly vanishing away.

The dairy at the park was a model, and very large, sending every week between 100 and 200 lbs. of butter into Sydney.

On our way back to Sydney we spent a day at Paramatta. There was formerly a house here for the use of the Governor of the colony if he wished a little change from Sydney. This is now given up, which I should regret were I the Governor; for it is a nice quiet place, standing in the government domain, and looking over the river on to the pretty little town. It was here that Lady Mary Fitzroy was killed by being thrown out of the carriage which her husband was driving. There is nothing of interest in the place itself, but as Sir Charles Darling had lived here for some time while he was his uncle's A. D. C., we wished to take him an account of its present condition. The house had lately been bought by

a paralytic gentleman, on behalf of, and preparing for whom, we found an old lady clad in dazzling apparel, who vouchsafed to admit us, and act as our cicerone. She was a sort of Mrs. Malaprop in a small way; she showed us what had been the A. D. C.'s quarters with a deep sigh, and an assurance that 'they now were, and indeed had been, for some time past, in a very dejected state!' adding, that 'as yet they had brought no furniture from their present house only what they could dispense without.' Whether this worthy old soul was the owner's wife, or housekeeper, did not transpire. She always spoke of him as 'Mr. B.;' but it was 'we,' and 'us,' and 'our,' in all household matters, which argued rather in favour of the wife. The fact, however, of much pride and affection being bestowed upon a certain kitchen-range, wherein she had, on some former occasion, roasted two sucking-pigs at one and the same time, would seem to indicate that 'cook and housekeeper' was her vocation. But the additional information, that after having cooked a dinner for forty people in this same model range, she was fit to sit down at once and share the meal, led us to conclude that the two offices must be combined in her one small, smart person! We took a drive to see as much of the surrounding country as we could in so short a time. It is much like that about Camden, but is improved by the winding of the river Paramatta. The delight and surprise of an Englishman may be imagined on finding himself, in the depth of winter, driving between hedges of orange-trees in fruit and flower on one side, and roses in full bloom on the other! There are large orangeries here, but they had recently suffered much

from blight, and the appearance of many of the trees was very melancholy. I cannot say that the orange-tree ever looks well in an orchard, the rows of dark, glossy-leaved, *Dutch*-looking trees, being very stiff and formal.

We returned to Sydney by the river. It is pretty, with occasional sandstone rocks standing out well against the dull, green gum-trees, and with constant turns and elbows, which must make any river pretty, to a certain extent.

CHAPTER V.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Before leaving Sydney for a riding expedition into the 'Blue Mountains,' we spent a few days in making further acquaintance with many kind and hospitable people, and in seeing what little there was to be seen of museums and pictures. We went also to the opera, which was indifferent; and to the theatre, which was good; and otherwise followed the amusements of the Sydney world. The only good pictures we saw were some water-colours at a private house. They belonged to a gentleman, whose father had made a large fortune as an auctioneer. He had built a house on one of the most beautiful sites in the neighbourhood, in the style of an old English baronial hall, but compressed into the dimensions of a very moderate, modern 'villa-residence.' There were men in armour in the hall, stained glass in the windows, panels and shields in the dining-room, &c. &c.! In the pictures, however, he showed more taste, preferring good water-colours to bad imitations of the 'old masters.' The water-colours were so good, that one felt regret at seeing them neglected and becoming spoilt by damp.

We were indebted to a gentleman, a native of, and who had never left, the colonies, for kindly undertaking to accompany us into the 'Blue Mountains,' and making all the arrangements for finding horses, regulating distances, and so on.

We left by an early train for Penrith, thirty-four miles from Sydney and the terminus of the railway. At Penrith we mounted our horses, which we had brought with us, and proceeded up the mountain ('Lapstone Hill'), not by the coach-road, but by the railroad incline in course of construction. This railroad will be a magnificent work when completed, and I think I cannot do better than quote some portions of a long account of its progress, which appeared about this time in the 'Sydney Morning Herald.'* The gradients on the Lapstone Hill

* '*The Great Western Extension.*

'The formidable difficulties in the way of forming a railway between Penrith and Bathurst must be patent to all who have travelled on that road. It was for a long time believed that the steepness of what are known as the Blue Mountains presented insuperable obstacles to the construction of a locomotive line . . . . Even so late as 1857, Captain Hawkins, of the Royal Engineers, expressed his conviction that no direct line between Sydney and Bathurst for either a railroad or a tramway could be obtained . . . . It need scarcely be stated that the broken nature of the country, the suddenness and the length of the descents, rendered the discovery of a practicable line a task of extreme difficulty.

'In an inspection of the works on the Great Western Extension, starting from the terminus of the existing line at Penrith, notice is first attracted by the now nearly completed piers for the tubular girder-bridge across the Nepean, a river about six hundred feet in width. These immense piles of masonry rise more than forty feet above the water-level: their great height, semi-circular ends, and projecting tops, giving them a tower-like appearance. Some astonishment may be ex-

are, on an average, steeper than those on either the Bhore or Thull Ghâts, in Western India; but here the line is traced in zig-zags, and has four reversing stations. It was nine miles from the Penrith station to the clean little inn at the top of the incline, where we had lunch

pressed at the size and massiveness of the pillars, looking at the low and quiet stream that flows between them; but the enormous volume and the violence of the current on the occasion of a flood rendered it necessary that the structure should be of proportionate strength and height. During a recent flood the Nepean rose thirty-seven feet above its usual level . . . . In order to give an idea of the size of the structure it may be mentioned, that the two centre piers measure 58 feet by 17 feet 6 inches at the foundation, battering upwards at the ends 1 in 15, and at the sides 1 in 20, and that their extreme height is 59 feet. The piers are 186 feet apart; the two in the bank at either end are a little larger than the intermediate ones. With the view of economising the masonry, five longitudinal apertures, each about six feet by four, have been left; they are filled with concrete, and are covered in halfway with a ceiling course. A large amount of preliminary work had to be done before the foundations of the piers could be laid. Divers were sent down to clear away the gravel from the bed of the river to receive the sills into which the piles for the coffer-dams were driven. The sills had to be firmly bedded in the shale, and the sheeting to be closely driven into the sills; yet in spite of these precautions the water would continually boil up from below, and had to be pumped out. The shale was excavated for a depth of about eighteen inches to receive the foundations of the piers, which are about sixteen feet below the ordinary water-level. The shale was so hard that the tools used in the excavation were continually being blunted; and on borings being made, it was found to be more than eleven feet in depth. Immediately within the coffer-dam bays of piles were driven, and upon these staging was fixed around the piers, to support the traveller and jenny which have been employed in lifting the stones from the punts and depositing them in their places. The sandstone used for the piers is obtained from a quarry near the top of Lapstone Hill, a distance of three and a half miles, and is brought down by drays in loads of from four to five tons.

'Some heavy works are required on Emu Plains before the ascent

before continuing the day's journey. There was nothing to admire along the last thirteen miles, but the engineering of the road, which must have been very difficult. It runs up a spur of the mountain, and on neither side can you leave the road, for a couple of hundred

of the Blue Mountains is commenced. There is first an embankment, containing 44,718 yards, obtained from side cuttings; beyond that a timber viaduct, with 12-feet openings 900 feet in length. After a short embankment, and a bridge with one opening of 26 feet and four of 21 feet, there is a long embankment, containing 190,000 yards of earth, and commencing the incline of 1 in 30, which is continued for a length of two miles. So steep is the ascent of Lapstone Hill by the road—the gradients ranging from 1 in 8 to 1 in 14—that it was found necessary to make a wide detour, to carry the line round the face of the mountain and across precipitous gullies, and to introduce a "zigzag," for the purpose of obtaining the required elevation.

'The stone viaduct, which carries the railway line across Knapsack Gully, was finished a few months since, and the staging is now in course of removal. It is a very fine piece of masonry, and much admiration has been expressed at both the boldness of the design and the excellence of the workmanship. The most noticeable feature of the structure is its great height, the roadway being 120 feet above the bed of the gully. Though the piers are very substantial and well proportioned, their great altitude gives them a light and slender appearance. Another peculiarity of the bridge is the steep inclination of the top, being on the gradient of 1 in 36; even as seen from the Penrith station, a distance of four miles, the incline is very perceptible. The opposite sides of the gully are 388 feet apart; there are five semi-circular arches of 50 feet span, and two of 25 feet span; the piers are 36 feet by 20 feet at the base, and taper upwards to 15 feet by 9 feet 6 inches at the top. A great deal of labour was required before the masonry could be commenced, as the bed of the gully had to be filled in to a depth, at one part, of thirty feet, to form ground for the masons to work on. The stone obtainable in the gully not being fit for the work, a quarry at some distance had to be found, and roads to connect it with the gully had to be made. The cost of the structure was about 22,000*l.*

'On the opposite side of Knapsack Gully a contrivance known as a

yards, without finding yourself on the brink of a precipice, clothed, it is true, with 'scrub' and 'bush,' but still an uncompromising precipice down into the valley. Most of the curves are very sharp and sudden; but the 'navvy's' work must have been easy, as the soil is sandstone.

"zigzag" is adopted for the purpose of getting up the steep ascent. About a quarter of a mile beyond the viaduct the line comes to a stop; another line meets it at a sharp angle, and comes back to the head of the gully at a distance of 120 feet from the bridge; a height of 135 feet is gained in a length of about half a mile, the zigzag being on a gradient of 1 in 33. At each end of the zigzag there will be a reversing station, to allow of the train being shunted, as upon the intermediate line the engine will be behind the train.

'Beyond the zigzag the line winds round to the southward, and comes on the main road near Wascoe's Inn, at the top of Lapstone Hill; the height here above the Plains is 550 feet, the plains being 86 feet above the sea. From this point, until reaching Blackheath, the line keeps within a short distance of the main road, now on one side and then on the other, avoiding the steep ascents and descents of the road by alternate cuttings and embankments. The line being taken over a succession of rapid undulations, the earthworks are necessarily very heavy; one of the cuttings is 11 chains in length, and 51 feet in depth; another is 8 chains in length, and 48 feet in depth; one embankment contains upwards of 63,000 yards, and another nearly 54,000 yards; one cutting is 46 chains in length, and contains 51,200 yards, the deepest part being more than 50 feet. A considerable portion of the excavation has been through sandstone rock, all of which had to be blasted; so compact is the material in some of the cuttings, that the sides stand safely at a slope of one-eighth to one. At two or three places tunnels are carried under the road, to avoid the necessity for bridges; owing to the density of the rock no lining is required. There are a number of level crossings; the gates will probably be kept by the men engaged in the repairs of the permanent way. All along the line there is a steady rise, frequently at a gradient of 1 in 33. At the Valley the line is 1069 feet above the level of the sea; at Cox's Downfall it is 1462 feet; at Ellison's Tollbar, 1728 feet; at Eighteen-mile Hollow, 2050 feet; at the Blue Mountain Inn, 2398 feet; at King's Table Land, 2863

We wandered down into the bush, before tea, at 'Buss's,' by which denomination 'Twenty-mile Hollow' is more generally known—Buss being the name of the owner of the inn. But there was nothing to see, and it was very cold, so we soon returned to delight our eyes with the works of art adorning the parlour walls.

feet; and at Blackheath, 3525 feet. This latter is the highest level to which the railway is taken between Penrith and Hartley. The elevation gained between Emu Plains and Blackheath, a distance of thirty-eight miles, is 3439 feet, giving an average gradient of 1 in 58; but the average gradient from Emu Plains to King's Table Land is only 1 in 48.

'After leaving Blackheath the line descends at the rate of 1 in 55 to the Soldier's Pinch, whence it rises with a gradient of 1 in 66 to Shepherd's Tollbar. Near this place the line parts from the main road, and will only once cross it until it reaches Bathurst. The chief reason for this deviation is to avoid the steep descent into the Hartley Valleys, and consequently the steep ascent of the range beyond. The Hartley Valley is only 2286 feet above the sea; by taking the railway through Lithgow Valley, which is 2975 feet above the sea, the descent and the subsequent ascent of 689 feet is saved. The road along the celebrated Victoria Pass, constructed by the late Sir Thomas Mitchell, is extremely steep; for a length of 80 feet the incline is 1 in 6, and the ruling gradient is 1 in 8. Instead of following that road the line diverges to the northward upon the Darling's Causeway Range. There is an easy descent for some distance, and then an ascent, until a higher level than that at Blackheath is reached. The line here comes upon the track known as Bell's line of road, and following generally the range between the Colo and Lett Rivers, on which that line was taken, descends at a gradient of 1 in 50 to Dargan's Creek, the chief tributary of the river Lett. Thence the line rises at the rate of 1 in 33 for a length of a mile and a half towards the Clarence Range, which is a continuation of Hassan's Walls. Through this mountain there is to be a through sandstone tunnel 539 yards in length, exclusive of the cuttings at either end. Here the greatest height is reached on any part of the line between Sydney and Bathurst, the level being 3656 feet above the sea, and the top of the mountain 3753 feet above the sea. This is

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we rode seven miles, chiefly on the line of rail, to a tumble-down, dirty, little inn, kept by a man who, if not a bushranger himself, was said to be closely and intimately connected with those high-minded ruffians, and whose brother, at any rate, was a chief and leader among them. Nevertheless,

stated to be by far the highest level attained by any railway in the world; this line containing a greater length of steep gradients and sharp curves than any other. Beyond the tunnel the line commences the descent into Lithgow Valley. In order to reach a lower level another zigzag is resorted to, of much greater length than that at Lapstone Hill; the line traverses the face of the spur, descending along the zigzag at the rate of 1 in 42. The rocky spur, along which the zigzag will be taken, is extremely abrupt and craggy. Two tunnels, of 59 feet and 76 feet, will have to be excavated; and retaining walls for the support of the line will have to be carried up from a considerable depth—at some places of 30 or 40 feet. The zigzag will be three-quarters of a mile in length, and it will obtain a difference of level of 220 feet; a descent of 574 feet being made in a length of about two miles and a half direct distance. The line follows the course of Lithgow Valley through a tolerably level country, taking some land belonging to Mr. Thomas Brown, J.P., at Eskbank, and proceeding to where Bell's Line joins the Mudgee Road, about two miles from Bowenfels. Here will be the station for Bowenfels, on land belonging to Mr. Andrew Brown, J.P., and opposite to his residence at Coerwul. The line crosses the Mudgee Road, near Farmer's Creek, and thence rises at the rate of about 1 in 40 to Brown's Gap, and proceeds parallel with the road to Morangaroo, at the Middle River, the residence of Mr. C. Sidey; thence it ascends at the rate of 1 in 40 to the summit of the Middle River Range, where a tunnel, 216 yards in length, will be made, from which it descends to Cox's River at the rate of 1 in 40, making a descent of 300 feet. The end of the line is at Piper's Flat, about a mile north of Wallerowang. The station will be about a mile to the westward of the Mudgee Road; it will be a distance of nine miles from the Western Road at Meadow Flat, nine miles from Bowenfels, and about forty miles from Bathurst by railway, and sixty miles from Mudgee. Meadow Flat is about twenty-one miles from Bathurst.'

he was very civil to us, and helped to alter the padding of my saddle with surly amiability. It was bitterly cold when we left 'Buss's,' and by the time we arrived here was snowing heavily, which was distressing, as we had no time to lose. However, in about an hour, it cleared, and, with the Bushman as guide, we went on through the bush for about two miles to the 'Weatherbord' waterfall. It was a magnificent scene. If it were in Europe, hundreds of tourists would flock to it, and artists from all parts of the world would perpetually haunt it. High hills, of the most brilliant-coloured sandstone, formed an almost unbroken amphitheatre around; the distances being of a colour to which no description can do justice, and which must be seen to be believed. Grand scarps rose close to us, over which played the lovely fall, not with a rush and dash, as is usually the case, but lingeringly and caressingly, as if loth to leave so fair a scene, and to lose itself in the murky depths below. We scrambled down to a narrow platform of rock, whence we could look straight down, for thousands of feet, into the dense primæval forest, the awful depth of which seemed unfathomable, and so profound, that the longer one looked the deeper it seemed. The sun had now come out, and was causing exquisite varieties of light and shadow to flit over the country, while a keen, strong, and very disagreeable wind produced a most curious and beautiful effect on the fall. The water, as it fell, was driven back up the face of the rock, some of it re-falling, like a shower of silver stars, and some of it driven away in mist, forming an almost circular rainbow-frame round the glittering, dancing drops. The immediate foreground

was rich with mosses, lichens, and small plants, of the most brilliant hues,—rose, crimson, purple, green, yellow, and white,—every colour, and almost every shade of colour, while from the clefts and cracks down the side of the precipice feathery ferns peeped out, making one long to be a bird, to fly down and get a nearer view of such treasures! A sketch was impossible; it would have taken days to complete: but could it have been accomplished, I doubt whether people who have never quitted dear, grimy, smoky, old England, would ever believe in the reality of such colouring as we then saw.

We went on in the hope of arriving at a point whence we had been promised a view of the whole face of the cliff, over which the 'Weatherbord' falls. But our guide lost his way—path there was none—and we only succeeded in reaching another small platform of rock, whence the view, though very beautiful, was more limited than we desired. We had, unfortunately, no time to pursue our search. On this occasion we had good reason to discover the cleverness of Australian horses in picking their way through underwood, under branches, over fallen trees, and across marshy ground.

After partaking of more than half-cold, very tough beefsteaks and stale bread, called by the Bushman luncheon or dinner, we went on eleven miles to Blackheath. We still followed the railway track, which, being on sandy soil, and as yet without rails, we were glad to get over at a fair pace, for the wind was bitterly cold, and snow was falling at intervals. The occasional glimpses of range after range of distant hills, and into the valley, were very beautiful, and characterised by the same brilliant

colouring, which I can only compare to that in a fairy's palace at a pantomime. It is as different from the rich and gorgeous colouring of the tropics, as a fine gauze is different from a heavy velvet. By the time we arrived at Blackheath a heavy snow-storm had come on, and we almost feared that our sight-seeing for the day was over. But it seemed likely, that if we were not fortunate enough to get a gleam of sunshine then, the storm would only increase; so we made the attempt, and were rewarded for our perseverance by a glorious sunset. It lasted in full beauty for a quarter of an hour, during our visit to another waterfall, called 'Govit's Leap,' of which the situation is even more striking than that of the 'Weatherbord.'

The Grose Valley is narrow, with magnificent mountains rising on either side, rich forests at their base, and the river (at that distance appearing but a slender stream) wandering through them. At the head of this valley 'Govit's Leap' rushes over the precipice, and compensates for a comparatively small volume by the beauty of a precipitous and unbroken leap into the valley below. The whole formed an *ensemble*, that, seen as we saw it, at sunset, with the most distant mountains melting away in a golden haze, was positively enchanting. Enchanting, at least, to the sight; but the bitter wind, which, even while the gleams of sunshine lasted, came whirling and howling up the valley in an ominous manner, soon brought back the snow, which made us thankful to retrace our steps as fast as might be, though the habitation calling itself an inn, in which we were to take up our quarters for the night, was not of a cheerful or inviting aspect. I

tried to discover the origin of the name 'Govit's Leap;' but alas! in this new, practical, and most prosaic country, one's hopes of anything in the shape of romance or tradition are doomed to disappointment. I believe there is really one legend of a ghost, but it appeared in the too unromantic form of a policeman, with a glazed hat on. It is the spot of all others to be made the scene of some thrilling incident or deep tragedy in 'a sensational novel.' We were cantering along a bush-path, with trees on either side, shutting out all view, except an occasional glimpse of the distant mountains on the other side of the valley, when our companion suddenly called out, 'Here we are!' and we stopped. There was nothing to be seen but the trunks of dreary gum-trees, with their helpless strips of bark. We dismounted, walked a few steps through the trees, and then found ourselves standing on the brink of a precipice, and looking sheer down more than 3000 feet into the valley below!

We hoped the next day to have got on to Hartley, where are some kerosene mines, and to have returned to Sydney by a road leading over the Kurragung mountains, where the scenery is described as beautiful. But the snow, which had allowed us to see the two falls, made up for its indulgence by coming down in a heavy storm, and detained us, cooped up in this miserable little hut, for two whole days. Such a wretched place as it was for unoffending mortals to be imprisoned in! There was a large hole in the roof, just over the fire-place, to say nothing of smaller ones elsewhere, and numerous wide chinks and crannies in the wooden walls. In fine weather all this might have been advantageous, had we been dis-

posed to study astronomy; but in our case, the study of how to keep out the snow precluded the possibility of following any abstruser science. The only wood in the house was damp, and of a kind that, under the most favourable circumstances, burns but badly. It was so cold, that to sit away from even this miserable fire was impossible. Our only resource therefore was to take to our umbrellas, and, under their shelter, to sit in the chimney-corner. We only saw one of the people of the house: a dirty, hard-worked, willing girl, who tried to better our condition by putting on the fire some lumps of the stone-coal, from which kerosene oil is pressed. In a very few seconds this blazed up like a tar-barrel. But our happiness was short-lived; for no sooner had it done so, than the stone began to crack, and to fly about the room in such a dangerous manner, that we were obliged at once to send away our new fuel, and to return to our very unsatisfactory damp logs. Our *sacs-de-nuit* we had hitherto sent on daily from stage to stage by coach, and hoping for a fine afternoon, which would allow of our going to Hartley, we had sent them forward as usual, on the first morning of our imprisonment, and were consequently left with nothing whatever by way of occupation or amusement. The only literature to be found in the house consisted of an odd volume of one novel, a mutilated and greasy volume of another, and a ditto ditto, of some 'goody' book. In short, there was nothing to be done during those two long weary days, but to wander about between the windows, one of which commanded a view of the sky to windward, and the other, that of a defunct cabbage-garden. Is there any one of so buoyant a disposition,

that he could gaze upon a regiment of dry, withered, cabbage-stalks, and nothing else for two days, and not feel his heart sink within him, and see azure demons gibing and grimacing around?

The poor parrots—which one is wont to associate in one's mind with tropical scenery and vegetation—looked very miserable, as they perched upon the bare cabbage-stalks, vainly searching for something to eat, or flew screaming into the bush, in flights of a dozen or so at a time. Their bright plumage was such a contrast to the cabbage-garden, that one felt commiseration for them, and inclined to consider them quite out of place.

We could not even avail ourselves of the Englishman's and traveller's usual resort when time hangs heavily, viz., spending a good portion of it over our meals; for there was nothing to eat but very tough beefsteak or eggs, and nothing to drink but bad coffee or worse tea, without milk, and tasting as if made with kerosene oil. No amount of *ennui* could induce one to spin out such meals beyond the time actually required for them. On the evening of the second day, when there was no longer any hope of the road over the mountain being passable, we made up our minds to return by the way we had come. A man was found, therefore, and sent off on one of the horses to Hartley, to bring back the bags, and to procure if possible some kind of wrappers. He returned, bringing with him a bright, blue blanket, the dye of which was anything but fast, so that when we arrived at Buss's the next day, my father and his white horse both appeared of a beautiful cerulean hue.

The snow turned to rain as we descended the moun-

tain, and soaked us thoroughly; but, as the pleasing novelties of cleanliness, of fire that was fire, and of something eatable, were procurable at Buss's, we soon made ourselves happy once more.

In descending 'Lapstone Hill,' to return to Penrith, we took the coach road, along which the scenery is very fine. The road itself was so bad, that we could clearly perceive how impossible we should have found an attempt to cross the mountain, where so much more rain and snow had fallen. The poor coach-horses, with the mud as high as the axles, and very steep 'pitches' up which to drag their heavy load, could hardly make their way at all.

CHAPTER VI.

BRISBANE.

We left Sydney for Brisbane on the 7th of August. We ought to have arrived on the 9th, but did not do so till midday on the 11th, for, with our usual luck, we carried a gale with us. We were more fortunate in our fellow-passengers than when coming from Melbourne. There was only one lady besides myself, and she was a quiet body enough. But she was accompanied, unhappily, by a brother, who was never sober during the whole voyage for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. He was the terror of my life, by constantly coming to the door of the Ladies' Cabin, with some excuse of wanting to speak to his sister, making a terrific noise on finding it fastened, and trying to persuade the stewardess that it would be much better to leave it wide open, as then we should have plenty of fresh air! What weather it was: pouring rain, seas constantly washing over the vessel, which was very heavily freighted, and everything swimming about in the cabin! There was nothing to do but lie in the narrow berth, and speculate upon the chances of having hair and eyelashes at least, devoured, if one ventured to sleep, by a multitude of cock-

roaches; for the panels all round were lined with innumerable pairs of feelers belonging to these horrid creatures!

The town of Brisbane lies twenty-five miles up the river of the same name. Everything about the town is strikingly new, and the whole place presents a curious mixture of savageness and rapid progress. The pit-falls and quagmires in the streets are painfully numerous; but some of the country roads are good, and for riding particularly pleasant. The 'Queen's Hotel,' at which we stayed, was small and noisy, and seeming to us as if the concentrated essence of all the bad tobacco that ever was smoked in Brisbane pervaded its rooms; but it was tolerably clean, and the people were civil.

The climate during the month we remained in Queensland was perfection: the sun hot, though not oppressively so, and the air delicious. The vegetation is much richer in colouring than in either Victoria or New South Wales, and the mixture of tropical trees and shrubs is very effective and pleasing. In the 'bush' are what are called 'scrubs,' *i.e.* belts of tropical jungle, generally following the course of a 'creek,'* with tall, dark, glossy-leaved trees, hung with luxuriant creepers, and their stems covered with magnificent 'stag's-horn' fern. If it were only possible to transplant to England a mile or so of this rich, luxuriant vegetation, the trees with such beautiful leaves, both in form and colour, and the ground *carpeted* with the Adiantum pedatum and other lovely ferns, how delightful it would be!

* Brook or stream.

Government House is very comfortable, and is conveniently arranged. It has a good garden of its own, besides the benefit of the Botanical Gardens, which adjoin it. The latter are still in their infancy, but promise to be very pretty; the groups of bamboos and palms are fine, and tastefully arranged, and in this climate, where anything and everything grows so readily, there is little difficulty in making a beautiful garden in a very few years. Pine-apples and plantains seem the principal fruits here; the former are delicious, the latter very poor, and requiring to be improved by cultivation. The fruit of the passion-flower is also abundant and very nice, particularly in hot weather, when the slight acid flavour is refreshing.

Soon after our arrival here the races began. The Governor and Lady Bowen took us to see them. It was the first time the racecourse had been used, and great excitement prevailed as to how the races would go off, particularly as the rain of the few previous days had considerably altered the state of the ground. The course is about three miles from the town, the latter part of the way through bush. It seemed as if by another year it might be very pretty; but the ground in the centre required clearing, as there the trees were still so numerous, that only glimpses of the horses going round could be obtained. The Grand Stand was quite in the rough, and the zinc roof made it very hot; but there were certainly some good races and fine horses.

An Anglo-Saxon crowd never, I think, strikes one as particularly picturesque or interesting, and a Colonial

Anglo-Saxon crowd is even less so than one at home. A greater contrast could hardly be imagined than between the appearance of those composing a crowd here, and in India, where the brightness of colour and variety of costume make any assemblage of people, of whatever class, so attractive a sight.

The last day was devoted to 'Corinthian Races,' at which the company was much more select than on the previous days. The riders were mostly gentlemen, Sir George Bowen being particularly fortunate in having, among his ministers and immediate friends, several who were really such, not only by virtue of land and wool. One couldn't help feeling that it must be a good thing for 'young Australia' to see English *gentlemen* excelling in all manly sports and exercises, and at the same time speaking and behaving like gentlemen. The colonial youth seem to be under the impression that refinement of manners and of speech must of necessity be accompanied by effeminacy and dandyism. There were, however, in and near Brisbane, quite enough young Englishmen, of good birth and education, to show the contrary to be the case.

We had many extremely pleasant rides while here. Lady B. having the talent, possessed so frequently by foreigners, but so rarely by English people, of making meetings between friends and neighbours very agreeable without any formality, and with simple arrangements. She had established periodical riding-parties in this way, going out twelve or fifteen miles to some pretty place, or to where there was good riding-ground, there tying up the horses for an hour or so, lunching off just what

a couple of orderlies could carry in their holsters, and riding back in the evening. I have seldom enjoyed anything more than these rides in this perfect climate; and there is no way so good for seeing the country, which in some parts is very fine. The views from the top of one high hill, called 'Single-Tree Hill,' are extensive, and, as I have said before, much more varied, and brighter, through the mixture of tropical with other vegetation, than in the other colonies.

The Governor took us one day to Ennoggera, where a reservoir for supplying the town with water was being made. It is about eight miles off, through very pretty 'bush' and 'scrub,' and will, when completed, have more the appearance of a mountain lake than of one artificially constructed. The ground forms a natural basin, and only one dam is required, so that while standing on this, nothing is seen but sloping ground, covered with bush and scrub to the water's edge, and with hills rising behind. There was only the water from a small creek running through the basin when we saw it, and some time would have to pass before the reservoir was completed; as, after the ground has been cleared, every atom of wood and stump must be burnt, to prevent the water from being tainted.

Once or twice Sir George took his dogs out with us, hoping to find some kangaroo; but they have grown shy, bury themselves in the thick bush, and are rarely seen, except in unfrequented places. The birds also shun those parts of the bush near a road; though, if one wanders off into the bye-paths and solitary places, flocks of them, plumed in all manner of brilliant colours,

fly screaming around. The gay plumage is, however, hardly visible while the birds are in flight, except when a flock of them, wheeling in the sunshine, produces the effect of a flash of rosy light. Some of the parrots, the commonest birds about here, are very beautiful; but we were much disappointed in the cockatoos. Their flight is slow and heavy—a good deal like that of an owl—and they do not look half so handsome in their wild state as they do on a perch in captivity. There is a curious bird, called the 'whip-bird,' constantly heard, but very rarely seen, in the scrubs near Brisbane. It was some time before we could believe that the cry of this bird was not the cracking of a carter's whip, so exact is the resemblance.

One day we went a few miles from the town to see the garden and vineyards of a very old settler. He himself was out; but his quaint old wife, intelligent son, and depressed-looking daughter, took us over the garden, in which, besides a great deal of other fruit, were splendid orange-trees in full bloom and bearing, very fine loquots, and acres of vines. Here we also saw for the first time Australian bees, which might be mistaken for flies, they are so small. They have no sting, build their combs in a hollow stump, and make their cells round. The honey is very sweet, and the wax is brown. The old woman took us into the house, and showed an harmonium with great pride, which she asked me 'to perform upon,' and on my begging to be excused, set her daughter to play, while we descended to the cellar to taste wine, some of which was very good, and some very bad. They had been here for fourteen years, and when they first

settled 'there wasn't a house nor a woman between them and Brisbane,' now it is a straggling suburb the whole way.

The houses in this part of Australia are complete 'bungalows,' with large and numerous windows opening on to wide verandahs, the latter well sheltered from the sun. With this style of architecture, it needed not the multitude and viciousness of the mosquitoes to show us that we had arrived in a latitude closely bordering on, although not actually within, the tropics. Some of the houses, standing on rising ground overlooking the river, have lovely views. The river winds in an extraordinary way. From Brisbane to Ipswich it is forty-seven miles by river, and only twenty by the road. One can imagine the puzzle such continual crossing and recrossing of the same river must have been to the original explorers, and how easy it was for them at first to describe a country as being well watered, which on more extended explorations they found to be very much the reverse. A bridge over the river had been opened by the Governor a short time before our arrival; though at first only built of wood, it was in time to be an 'iron-girder' bridge. It is 152 feet longer than London Bridge. On the other side are South Brisbane and Kangaroo Point. The latter is a peninsula, formed by the windings of the river. It is looked upon as the Belgravia of Brisbane, and we were told that the dwellers there were very exclusive and particular in the choice of their associates.

We were agreeably surprised here to see how very well Sunday was kept. In the afternoon the Botanical Gardens were crowded with smartly-dressed, but very

respectable-looking, well-behaved people, evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly, though quietly. In the evening, too, when going to, and returning from, church, there was no noise in the streets; and, though almost every other house is a public-house, they also were perfectly quiet; and, in spite of the fearful accounts given of the prevalence of drunkenness among the lower orders, we saw very rare instances of it in Brisbane.

The order in which everybody is kept, to prevent encroaching on the Sunday holiday, claimed by all servants, is a marvel of discipline. This was, to a certain extent, the same in Sydney. We there found one morning, on returning from church, a paper, stuck in a conspicuous position in one of the picture-frames, containing a gentle hint, that it would be much to the satisfaction of all parties concerned in the preparation of the meal, if we would dine at one o'clock instead of seven o'clock. But in Brisbane the servants appear to be still more particular. I was summoned the first Sunday of our stay to a mysterious interview with our landlady. She had sent to me, she said, because she wished to know whether we should object to having the tea-things on the table at dinner: 'for the cooks, they won't cook dinner on Sunday *unless you call it tea;* and I'm sure you've no idea what a trouble servants are in this country: we can't make 'em do anything; and my husband he's a College man, and I'm sure I've *always* been a lady!' So we *called* our meal tea; but, barring the kettle and the tea-pot, it was a very good dinner.

Either walking or driving in the streets here at

night is a matter of difficulty, not to say danger. In walking it requires some practice to take five steps consecutively without stumbling. The streets have *sometimes* one oil-lamp at either end, but of these the intention is far in advance of the performance. More often there is no light at all, and the roads are full of holes, ruts, and quagmires, to say nothing of heaps of rubbish and broken brick-bats, just where one would least expect to find anything of the sort. Altogether it is requisite to learn the topography of the place pretty well, before risking one's neck, or at any rate one's nose, by walking about in the dark.

We devoted one morning to the Legislature of the Colony, attending first the debates in the House of Assembly, and afterwards a sitting of the Legislative Council. There was nothing very interesting going on. In the Assembly they were voting supplies, which caused some amusing discussions among the 'squatter' members, who, of course, each wished to have all the money laid out upon his one particular bit of road. These gentlemen were certainly neither parliamentary in their language nor choice in their expressions. In the Legislative Council there was more dignity, but it was the 'dignity of dulness.' To see the way in which our Parliament is imitated in the Colonies rather reminds one of children playing at 'being grown up.'

After staying ten days at Brisbane we left for a short visit to the Darling Downs, considered, I believe, the finest pastoral country in the whole of Australia. In the other colonies three, three and a half, or four, acres, are generally reckoned as the average quantity of grass re-

quired for the support of every sheep, but here two and a-half is the usual allowance.

We had hired a small drag, very light and roomy, and a pair of good horses to take us and our baggage; and, on making trial of them previous to our departure, were well satisfied with both. But when the day on which we were to leave arrived, we found that neither the driver, nor the carriage, nor the horses, were the same as those we had engaged. The driver was a surly fellow, who seemed to think he was conferring a great favour by taking us at all. The carriage was a heavy, open fly, with little room for our baggage. The horses, too, were heavy cart-horse-looking animals, not promising at all well for long days' journeys over bad roads. The voluble Irish stable-keeper, from whom we had hired them, declared that it was not his fault that we did not have the others; and, after the fashion of promise-breakers, assured us that what he had sent was in every way superior to what we wished to have, &c. &c.; to which, though we could by no means agree, we were obliged to submit; and packing ourselves in, and Lucien and the portmanteaux on the box, as well as we could, we proceeded to Ipswich. There is nothing note-worthy on the way, unless the Lunatic Asylum, a sombre-looking, square building, about thirteen miles from Brisbane, may be thought so. We were nearly five hours accomplishing this twenty miles, which, considering that it is a very good road, did not raise our opinion of our Irish friend nor of the horses that had fallen to our lot.

The next day we sent on the carriage and horses by

an early train to Bigg's Camp, and followed later. This is the only piece of railroad yet opened in Queensland. The gauge is but three foot, as they could not with anything wider have managed the sharp curves which frequently occur in the course of the twenty-one miles. The gradients in some places are very steep, and look still steeper from the narrowness of the line. The carriages take three persons abreast, but, to enable them to do so, are made to project considerably on either side of the wheels; so that, in going round some of the sharpest curves, one can see easily into the next carriage but one. An old woman in our carriage was very proud of this little bit of railroad: 'she *had* said, thirteen years ago, that Ipswich *was* a progressive place; and it *is* a progressive place—why, look at this 'ere railway!' She had lived in London all her life till she emigrated, but that city seemed to have shrunk in the same proportion as Ipswich had grown, in her mental vision. Especially did she seem to despise it when she learnt that, though I *really had* been in London, I could not particularly recall 'the house next the Dissenting chapel in the Edgeware Road.'

On arriving at Bigg's Camp we drove sixteen miles through most uninteresting 'bush' to Gatton. The air was made detestable the whole way by the smell of carrion. Water had been, and still was, so scarce, that the cattle were dying in numbers; and having, poor things! come to the track, as being the most likely means of arriving at a place where they would obtain some, had died by the roadside, and now poisoned the whole atmosphere.

It was late before we arrived at Gatton, but the latter part of the way we had been amused by watching several sets of drovers and carriers making up their camps for the night. The moon was bright, and very picturesque; the people looked by her light and that of the camp-fires, making up their beds or cooking their suppers, with the unharnessed oxen or horses grouped around. They seemed so comfortable that we quite longed to join them, instead of jogging along in our slow vehicle. We were destined to spend the night in a very 'lath-and-plaster' inn, in which sleep became impossible from opossums running about the roof all night long.

The next day we left Gatton early, expecting to arrive at Toowoomba, twenty-five miles off, by about 2 P.M. Our wretched horses, however, found the carriage heavier to drag through bush and up steep hills than even over the bad roads at Brisbane, though the plausible stable-keeper assured us that they were used to the work. When we arrived at the Main Range (a mountain-pass of four or five miles, with some really steep 'pitches' on it, and a considerable incline the whole way), our case seemed hopeless. At the top of the first steep place we came to a stand-still. And there we stood; the worst of the horses looking the very impersonation of obstinacy as he hugged the pole, with eyes half shut, his head in the air, and his ears laid back. We now discovered that the horses were the property of the driver; consequently, he did not choose to give the flogging, which was the proper way to treat such an animal, but left us, and went off to see if he could meet

a dray coming down the hill, from which we might borrow a pair of leaders.

The heat of the sun was intense as we waited here till our coachman returned, announcing the approach of an empty dray, drawn by a team of eighteen bullocks, from which two were to be detached to help us on our way. The team was guided by a man and a woman. The speech of the former seemed intelligible to none save himself and the bullocks ; but the latter was incessantly shouting, talking, and swearing. She addressed each one of the team by its own particular name, so that by the time we arrived at the top I had become well acquainted with all of them. It was the woman who undertook the entire management of our affairs. My father said he should walk up, as being quicker ; I said I should not, as being hotter. Seeing me still seated, she exclaimed,—

'You gal there, had best come out.'

'Why?'

'Oh, my! there's *great* danger. Bullocks ain't like horses, yer know!'

'No: but I don't think they'll upset me. Will they?'

'Noo : p'raps not upset yer ; but yer might be *jolted* out, yer know.'

I assured her I would do my best to hold on, and away we went, sidling along, and slowly and deliberately overcoming the rough obstructions that lay in our road. When the worst was over, the coachman was of opinion that the horses could manage the rest of the way by themselves. They went fairly as long as the road was level ; but at the first rise our old friend stopped short,

and began gibbing, and no exertions on the parts of Lucien and the coachman would induce him to move forward. So we had to wait till the dray reappeared, and beg renewed assistance from the old woman, who seemed to think that we deserved our fate. When at last we reached the top, where my father had been for some time, she began reproaching him for his hard-heartedness in leaving me to face the perils alone, saying, 'Yer didn't know what might happen.' And when he replied that he had expected her to take care of me, she exclaimed, 'By *Garge*, I wouldn't like to be answerable for her!' and evidently considered we had done great things in getting up at all.

CHAPTER VII.

WESTBROOK.

Sunset was approaching when we arrived at Toowoomba, but we were assured that from thence the road was good, and that there would be no difficulty in reaching our destination, ten miles off, before midnight; and our being rather late would not signify, as there was a good moon. So the horses were baited, we had some tea, and then set off again for Westbrook. We soon lost our way, but fortunately met a man, more civil than sober, who, after wandering about a field in a vague kind of way for some time, found a particular gate. From this point he took his bearings, and put us into a bush-track, which ultimately brought us to our destination. We had been eleven hours doing thirty-five miles.

Westbrook is a valuable station, belonging to a gentleman whose acquaintance we had made at Sydney. His parliamentary duties kept him in Brisbane, but his manager was at home, and, like all the other 'squatters' we met with, gave us a most hospitable welcome. We spent a couple of days here very pleasantly, learning the mysteries of a squatter's life. The houses are comfortable —perfect 'bungalows,' with low, sloping roofs, extending

over the wide verandahs, on to which all the rooms open. The head station is in fact the 'home-farm,' and is surrounded by out-buildings. One of these is devoted to the accommodation of any persons, squatters, managers, head-men, or, in short, any travellers, who, without being known to the proprietor of the station, claim hospitality and shelter for themselves and their beasts, simply and solely on the plea of being wanderers.

The day after our arrival we rode over to Gowrie, the nearest station, about eight miles off, which is here looked upon as next door. Fifteen or twenty miles is considered quite close; and we heard of people, far up-country, describing themselves as 'not so very lonely,' their nearest neighbours being only seventy miles off.

The ride over the prairie was delightful, but the want of water was obvious. The ground which, in this Australian spring-time, should have been brilliant with patches of flowers and fresh young grass, was brown and parched as a desert. In some parts the country is very undulating, with tracts of 'bush' here and there; and immediately round Westbrook there were low, and, further off, high hills, covered with magnificent 'scrub.' We saw some flocks of wild turkeys (bustard), but they were too shy to let us approach them. I was riding a horse which had formerly belonged to one of the notorious 'bushrangers,' and still carried a bullet in his shoulder, received while bearing his master on some Dick-Turpin-like adventure.

The squatters live very comfortably, though there is a great want of servants. Not only are good servants very scarce, but even the roughest and most untamed

of Irish require enormous wages, and will not stay more than a few months in the same place. But no one is surprised at the mistress of the house doing the larger portion of the work herself, cooking a great part of the dinner, and being ready to turn her hand to anything. The freedom from conventionalities, and the *self-containedness* of life on a station, must in many ways be very agreeable. The squatters have any number of horses and dogs as companions, and live in a climate where gardening is scarcely more than leaving nature alone. We found that here, as elsewhere, distance made no difference in the interest taken in other people's affairs, for we heard much gossip respecting our friends and acquaintances in Brisbane and Sydney. The very thoughts, feelings, and motives, of many with whom we had been associating, were proclaimed for our benefit; our friends themselves being doubtless perfectly unconscious of what was so kindly attributed to them.

The quantity of land constituting a 'run' is very large. Two or two and a half acres per sheep are considered very good land; and the sheep are reckoned, on a 'run' of the smallest pretension, by *thousands.* On many 'runs' there are also cattle and horses, in considerable numbers. And besides all this grazing land there is also cultivated land, and 'bush,' or waste land; so that, after a time, one becomes accustomed to hear people in these districts talk as calmly of adding forty or fifty *thousand* acres to their 'run,' as they would in England of buying a plot of land of forty or fifty acres.

We left Westbrook for Pilton, a station about thirty miles off. The result of following the directions of the

only person we met in the course of our journey was, that we lost our way. By the time we ought to have arrived at Pilton, we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves close to some telegraph-posts that we had been particularly warned to have nothing to do with, and which, in fact, we had kept clear of as long as we were in the 'bush.' But when we reached the open plain we found that, without knowing it, we had been pursuing a path parallel to them. There was not a human creature to be seen, no hut nor homestead. Nothing but a dreary waste of brown prairie, crossed by the line of telegraph-posts, as far as the eye could see in one direction, and in the other interminable bush. There were some low, blue hills in the distance, and we knew that amongst them lay the Pilton valley. But we had no means of ascertaining the track by which a carriage could cross the various creeks, that were too narrow to be worth bridging over, and too wide to be crossed by wheels, excepting where the banks had been gradually worn down by the occasional passing of drays and carts. Our driver had wandered away to seek for a human habitation, but returned after a fruitless search. At length, in the far distance, we fancied we descried a dark, moving object, which, on being examined through our glasses, proved to be a bullock-dray, crawling along in the usual sleepy manner. We hailed its appearance with joy, and waited impatiently the return of the coachman, who had gone to meet it, in hopes of learning our way. To return to the right track, we had to cross ground that resembled a petrified sea, and produced in passing over it nearly the same sensation as being on the sea itself. People seem

unable to account satisfactorily for the existence of broad tracts of land regularly furrowed, which constantly occur in these prairies. The opinion generally prevails that it is the result of the natural drainage of the country. 'New hands' are told, that these furrows are the only traces of cultivation left by the 'blacks' of former generations.

It requires but a short experience of bush-travelling to appreciate fully the weariness and misery which must be suffered by those who have to undergo much of it, and alone. I could imagine a solitary man, being driven well-nigh out of his mind by the horror of going on day after day, day after day, without once seeing 'a kindly, human face,' or hearing a 'human voice,' perhaps without even the hum of an insect, or the song of a bird, to break the intensity of the silence, and the oppression of the solitude. Remember that he gazes on nothing but the boundless prairie, where hills or other objects, seen in the distance at the commencement of a day's journey, seem hardly nearer at the end of that journey; or the 'bush,' where one grows first giddy and then sleepy from the monotony of constantly passing the bare, ragged trunks of the gum-trees, which succeed each other with wearying similarity. Their helpless-looking leaves giving no grateful shade, but hanging from the branches with a depressed and depressing expression.

Eventually we regained the right track, and made our way towards Pilton, arriving by sunset at the mouth of the valley, at the end of which is the head-station. The scenery was almost Scotch in its wild beauty; and the colouring as we drove up the narrow pass, with hills

on either side, was gorgeous. Pilton was a most comfortable station, and less like a bush-house than any at which we stayed. The owner was building it himself, and had not quite finished it. The dark, polished wood of the doors and wainscots, and the neat finish of those rooms which were completed, gave a comfortable, home-like aspect to the place. The garden was charming, and very prettily laid out.

The family consisted of three sons at home, the two eldest of whom worked on the run. There was also a young man learning 'colonial experience,' which is considered the best and cheapest way, for one who has had no previous experience of manual labour, to begin a squatter's life. The arrangement is as follows: they pay about 100*l.* a-year to some squatter, and live as one of the family, doing whatever work may be required of them. In the course of a year or so, they have acquired sufficient knowledge to take some post on the station, for which they receive wages. Afterwards, if they go on well, they often become partners in the run.

Many young men, who know nothing of colonial life, and have only heard of its pleasant side, go out to Australia with a few hundred pounds, upon which they think to live until something 'turns up.' They soon find that here money melts like ice in the sun, and that they are left at the end of a few months without a shilling in their pockets, and glad to take even menial employment to save themselves from starvation. When we were in Brisbane we were told that a gentleman, who had been a captain in the Guards, and major in a Dragoon regiment, was then head-waiter at an hotel far up

country, in one of the most 'rowdy,' rough places in the whole colony. A short time before our arrival two English baronets were driving vehicles for hire about the streets.

This young man at Pilton had given up his commission in the army to try and better his fortunes by emigration. He seemed trying to like getting up at five in the morning, chasing his horse, saddling him, and then, with one of the sons, riding off to seek, and drive back, strayed cattle, which sometimes involved the necessity of camping out all night, with only a blanket for covering, and a loaf and some tea by way of dinner. But it appeared to be a very hard lesson for him, and one which would take years to learn.

Mr. —— was having a reservoir made, by building a dam across a creek, running through some paddocks near the house. He hoped thus to keep up a sufficient supply of water, both for the cattle and the land, through the summer drought. It is the practice here, when the grass is parched through sun and drought, to set the surface on fire, burning off all the brown, withered portions; soon after which the roots throw up fresh shoots, which are fertilized by the ashes of their predecessors. But while this process is going on, the whole landscape is obscured by smoke, and such was, I regret to say, the case during our stay here.

On leaving Pilton our destination was Canning Downs, a station thirty miles off. We stopped on our way at Glengallan, eighteen miles from Pilton, where the view from the house is very pretty. The owner of the 'run' was considered the best practical farmer on the

Downs, and had more of his land under cultivation than any of the other squatters. He had purchased the freehold of a great part of his run, and apparently intended to settle there entirely, as he seemed to enjoy the kind of life very much, and talked of building a large stone-house on his property.

After lunch, having ridden thus far, accompanied by one of our Pilton friends, we proceeded in the carriage to Canning Downs. The owner of this large and very flourishing farm was in England; but his absence did not make the slightest difference in the welcome we received from his housekeeper. It is a strange feeling, that of going to houses where one knows no one, and is equally unknown; and, without having a letter, or introduction, or anything of the kind, being taken in, treated with the utmost hospitality, and invariably pressed to stay. In the present case, we were sent to a gentleman's house, while he was away, to remain as long as we pleased, as guests in his house, without having ever seen, or perhaps being ever likely to see, and thank him for so cordial a reception, bestowed by proxy, and very likely unknown to him.

The housekeeper at Canning Downs, though she had heard we were coming, had not expected us till two days later; but she soon had our rooms ready, and everything comfortable. This was a very cheerful house, with beautiful plants climbing over the verandah, and surrounded by a pretty garden. The land immediately about the house was like a park, with pretty drives through bush and over down-land, on which, every here and there, stood picturesque groups of trees.

The manager presently came to ask us to drink tea with him and his wife at the farm, about a quarter of a mile distant. Their house is a wee cottage, with farm-buildings and wool-sheds all round.

The best time for seeing busy life on a station is about a month later than this, during shearing-time. Then all hands, from all parts of the run, are collected to help in sheep-washing, shearing, and wool-packing; after which a grand, harvest-home kind of festival takes place. On this run there were 55,000 sheep, 7000 head of cattle, and a large number of horses. At shearing-time about twenty or twenty-five men are hard at work, shearing from morning till night. A good shearer will shear 100 sheep a-day. The men are paid according to their work. Every man on being 'taken on' gives a particular mark to the superintendent, and puts a similar mark on each sheep he has sheared. The superintendent examines every sheep, and pays according to the way in which the work has been done. The squatter's average profit in a good year is 1*l.* a sheep; and one is sometimes told of an heiress being possessed of so many thousand sheep, which means so many 'thousand pounds.'

I never remember having heard curlews elsewhere to the same extent as during our stay here. All night long they broke the stillness of the air with their weird, mournful note. It hardly required a person to be either nervous, or very imaginative, to fancy that this might be the cry of 'some lone spirit' or departed wanderer, doomed for ever to roam over the face of the globe. When all else is still, the belated traveller, pursuing his solitary way through the darkness, is startled by this

unearthly sound. He can see no form, and hear no rustle of wings. It comes and goes, now nearer now farther, now stronger now fainter, now high above his head now close at his side, till at last it dies away in the far distance, and leaves him, with that plaintive note ringing in his ears, to indulge in wild fancies or fearful delusions. Even within doors at night, when all other sounds were hushed, this melancholy scream, and the noise of the opossums scampering about the roof, gave one quite an 'eerie' sensation.

We spent a Sunday here, and went to a well-built church at Warwick, about three miles off. In the afternoon, while sitting with Mr. and Mrs. —— in their cottage, a pair of the queerest old people from a neighbouring station came in. They were very old squatters, who had made a great deal of money, but had not become refined during the process. The old lady was quaint, treated her *h*'s mercilessly, and talked of all the surrounding squatters (the conversation was entirely made up of gossip, and animadversions upon the conduct of neighbours) by their surnames. The old man was still quainter. After sitting talking for some time in the verandah, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Well, ——, can't you suggest anything? you're usually of a suggestive turn.' This to 'outsiders' sounded rather incomprehensible, but the appearance of some brandy and water soon afterwards showed that Mr. —— had clearly understood the delicate hint.

We afterwards went all over the farm with Mr. ——. There was not much work going on, except threshing, or rather grinding, the grain from Indian corn. The

American machine, which saves much time and labour, is used here for this purpose. We were also shown some very fine wrinkled sheep, which had gained a prize at the last agricultural show, and of which the manager was extremely proud.

One day we rode to Killarney, fifteen miles off, where the superintendent of the Cattle Station lives. It is very pretty, but not worthy of the recollections its name calls forth. The only approach to a lake is a small lagoon, which did not at all resemble the Killarney of 'the dear ould counthrey.' Here there were butter and milk at luncheon. These are rare luxuries on the Downs. Strange as it may appear, on 'runs,' where cattle are counted by thousands, it is, as a rule, too much trouble to keep any of them up for milk. They are allowed to roam about and stray away; and, as long as they grow fat for beef, no further heed is taken of them. A good many 'blacks' were employed on this farm. They are said to be, occasionally, good and clever workmen; but their manner was most listless and uninteresting. When not actually at work they lie down on their faces, bury their heads in their hands, and seem to find it too much trouble even to look up to answer a question. In appearance they are hideous and disgustingly dirty. We bought a long stick of miall wood from one of them. This wood has a delicious scent, as of violets, in its natural state; but the outside of the piece in question had been so saturated with oil, which the natives delight to rub, not only over themselves but over everything they possess, that it required a vast amount of scraping with broken glass and sand-paper to enable us to perceive the original sweet odour.

The country round here is extremely pretty; and as we rode home, the hills, which are of fine form, were lighted up with the wonderful colouring of an Australian sunset. Nowhere else in the world have I seen anything like it: the deep, transparent purple of the hills, standing out against the glorious gold of the sky; and both, though so distinct in colour, seeming to blend with and soften each other.

The day before leaving Canning Downs we sent on our carriage to Maryvale, a station belonging to another M.P. squatter, who had invited us to stay there, though expecting to be himself kept in Brisbane by parliamentary duties. Thus far Mr. —— sent us in his phaeton. What a difference there was between our own stubborn, sulky, snail-paced animals and the pair of large, well-bred horses, who seemed to find nothing more delightful than rushing up a steep hill, and only required the coachman's 'Hi, Romeo! hi, Juliet!' to set them off at a gallop. We had determined not to stay at Maryvale should our host not have returned home, so after lunch we again packed ourselves into our carriage, and went on our way. The view from Maryvale is very pretty, but the road to the head station is execrable. Even with the light phaeton in which we had come, and its good horses, it was hard work to get up and down anything so like the side of a house, and very rocky to boot. But the idea that we should manage it in our own carriage was too delightful to be entertained for a moment. Our horses took us down the steepest and worst side pretty well, but on ascending the opposite side, at the first strain on one of the traces, it broke, and we trundled backwards to the

bottom of the hill. Our driver had not provided himself with even a bit of rope in case of accidents, and we lost an hour while he ran back to the farm and mended the trace with tin tacks (!), which, of course, wouldn't hold. Fortunately, he had taken the precaution this time of bringing a piece of rope, which proved more serviceable, and was substituted for the trace. This loss of time was unsatisfactory, as our journey of eighteen miles was for the most part over an extremely bad road. So bad, indeed, that it could hardly be called a road, and more resembled the course of a mountain torrent, whose last descent had left huge boulders in its path. Our aggravating horses, too, chose to take it into their heads, that as, while the trace was being mended, we had got out and walked to the top of the hill, walking must be an exercise of which we were fond. At every subsequent hill, therefore, as soon as they had gone as far as the impetus of the carriage bore them, they stopped, and on being touched with the whip, began to roll us down the hill, till we got out, when, with a great deal of flogging, they would go on. Not a step, except backwards, would they take as long as we remained seated, so at last, to save time, we got out at once, which resulted in our walking at least a third of the journey, the hills being neither few nor far between.

The road down the Main Range has been well cared for, and is capital. The scenery is very fine, a good deal resembling the Western Ghâts of India; the resemblance being heightened by the magnificent 'scrub' through which the road winds. I think it would be difficult to name a tree of more beautiful foliage than

the Moreton Bay chestnut, with its large, palmated, yellow-green leaves. The Moreton Bay pine is also beautiful; and the bunya-bunya, though somewhat stiff and formal, is nevertheless of handsome and stately growth. This last is particularly prized by the natives on account of the seeds, which they look upon as a great delicacy. But though it is kept in all the botanical, as well as the private gardens, whose owners take any pains with them, this tree is said to be fast disappearing, and the natives say, that as they can't live without the bunya-bunya, when the last bunya-bunya dies, there will no longer be a black left on the Continent! The Norfolk Island pine, now well known in England as the Araucaria excelsa, is one more in the list of trees which, in some parts of this Continent, almost compensate by their beauty for the ugliness of nearly all those belonging to the Eucalyptus tribe.

It was very delightful to be in the midst of this beautiful scenery just at sunset, when a fine view is rendered magnificent by the colouring; but it was not a pleasant consideration that the worst part of our way was yet to come, and that we were in a latitude where twilight is not. Still less pleasant was it, when we got a little lower, to find ourselves on a most villanous road, with a gradient of about one in six, and a lateral incline of much the same; with dust so thick, that at every step the horses raised a cloud that completely hid them; and with no break or drag on the carriage, which swung round and went down the hill like a crab, the wheels not biting, and only adding to the already suffocating cloud of dust. Altogether, though not given to

'nerves,' I was very glad when we arrived in safety at the foot of the pass, where there is a clean, comfortable little inn, kept by a civil Italian. At a short distance from the inn, a fine cone-like hill stands almost alone, and looked grand as we saw it later, when the moon had risen, and brought out its clear, sharp outline against the dark sky.

The next day we had a long forty-two miles' drive into Ipswich, through bush or uninteresting flat ground; but on our way we came across more wild animal life, such as kangaroos, beautiful birds, and curious insects, than we had seen anywhere else during our bush travelling.

Just an hour before arriving at Ipswich there was a heavy thunderstorm, showing us what we might have had to endure in the way of roads had it occurred earlier in our journey. In five minutes the track became so heavy, that one would fancy a night of rain would render it impassable.

On our return to Brisbane we found the heat and mosquitoes considerably increased, and people beginning to look forward to the two or three really trying months of summer weather. We only stayed a few days, and then went back to Sydney, *en route* to New Zealand.

We were kept at Sydney ten days, as steamers only run once a month from Auckland, and if a mail from England is signalled (or *signalized*, as it is called here) from St. George's Sound, the steamer is delayed for the passengers and mails.

The harbour, gardens, and moorland round Sydney, were looking still more lovely than when we were there

before. Such exquisite flowers in the wild, uncultivated ground! On the road to Botany Bay an endless variety of the myrtaceous tribe, and a beautiful epacrid, scarlet with white tips, called the 'native fuchsia.' I never saw such a Judas-tree as one in the Botanical Gardens; the stems and boughs were completely hidden beneath the mass of purple blossom.

CHAPTER VIII

NEW ZEALAND.

We had a favourable voyage of five days and a half from Sydney to Auckland. From various accounts given us, we had expected this voyage to be the roughest and most disagreeable of any in these seas; but it proved, on the contrary, the least so. We had a fair wind the whole way, and they *said* the sea was like a mill-pond. It was rough enough to make me good for nothing, as usual; and I was, moreover, nearly drowned one night by a great green sea, which dashed in at the port, and completely drenched everything in the cabin. It was quite dark, and all I could see, when breath and consciousness had a little returned, was, that as the sea, with which the cabin was filled, surged backwards and forwards, my boots and slippers, covered with phosphorescence, were floating up and down, looking like phantom-boots and slipper-ghosts!

'Professor,' or 'Wizard,' Jacobs, the great conjuror, was one of our fellow-passengers. He is a very amusing old man, and often helped to enliven us by showing some of his tricks, which only required sleight of hand, and no machinery.

We were within sight of land twenty-four hours before arriving at Auckland. The coast on this side of the island is fine, but by no means so iron-bound as that of Australia. The 'Bay of Islands' is well named. Some of the islands look like gigantic barnacles standing out of the sea. Nearly all are picturesque, though small, and very barren-looking.

We were too late to land the night we arrived, but at daybreak the next morning my father went on shore to see whether accommodation could be had at any of the hotels, and whether he could learn anything of his old friends, the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn, and a gentleman of whom we had known something in India. The Bishop was away from home, but my father found our other friend, who took him to several of the hotels, but there was not a room to be had, as 'it was race-week,' and then to some lodging-houses, one of which we took. Even at that early hour in the morning 'nobblers' were considered desirable, and twice in the course of his search for rooms my father was greeted with—'Step in and take a drink; won't you, mate?'

The house in which we had apartments was a tiny wooden erection, kept by the widow and daughter of an officer, who many years before had come out with his regiment. They grievously bemoaned their hard fate in having to let lodgings for a livelihood, but did not seem to understand that it would have been much better had they studied to make their lodgers comfortable, and to keep the house clean and neat, than to attempt to keep up 'lady-like' accomplishments. Neither of them ever attempted to help in the house-work, and the daughter

seemed to devote her time to drumming on a wretched piano, and teaching small children to do the same. There was one miserable little 'scrub,' whose face peered out of a penthouse of ragged hair, and wore a curious suit of grey, of every variety of shades, who had to do all the work for her mistresses and the lodgers. As to *real* servants there are none here; New Zealand is far worse off in that respect even than Australia. Lucien did everything, from cooking our dinner to making our beds; not excepting cleaning the knives and blacking the boots; for, as he said, with an indignant snort one day, '*dat* gal – she nuttink know!'

In the afternoon the friend whom we had found, having procured a horse for me, took me to 'Epsom,' about three miles off, where the races were going on. There was nothing remarkable in the racing, but the assembled crowd was a curious sight. Nearly every one was on horseback; and as soon as a race was over dozens of 'country bumpkins' would set off in the most reckless way, tearing across the field and trying to emulate what they had just witnessed, quite indifferent as to whether their course were clear or not. As a good many of them seemed to be 'a wee fou,' concussions and falls were numerous. During the actual races it was still worse, each one trying to get the best place, and to see everything.

We made a long circuit in riding home, so as to gain a good general view of the town and harbour. The latter is beautiful, running very far inland, and having on the opposite side 'Rangitoto,'* an extinct volcano, of very

* 'Rangitoto,' red sky.

perfect conical form, and beautiful colour, but quite barren, consisting entirely of scoria. The town is extremely hilly. The streets are laid out without any order or regularity, and the houses are mostly built of wood. The roads are worse than in Brisbane, which is saying much. There are great holes in the middle of the principal streets, filled with mud and slush, and into these are thrown (whether by way of mending, I do not know) glass bottles, broken china, bits of hoop-iron, and everything that can add to the danger of any luckless rider or driver whose horse should be obliged to go through one.

When the Bishop returned, he and Mrs. Selwyn kindly asked us to stay with them; and a most enjoyable visit we had. In the meanwhile Mr. —— had been our cicerone, and, in the course of various rides, had shown us a great deal of the country round. One day he took us to St. John's College, about six miles from Auckland, whence there is a most lovely view of the harbour, with its islands, peninsulas, and bays. From thence we proceeded, nine miles farther, to Howick, where also the view of land and water combined is beautiful. The country roads were enchanting, with their hedges of gorse, sweet-briar, and double-briar roses, and climbing luxuriantly over all was a large and beautiful white clematis. Nearly all the hedges dividing the fields are of gorse, cut very evenly and kept rather low: they were then in full bloom, and looked like gold-coloured ribbons. In shady nooks, and near to running water, the tree-fern spreads its graceful fronds; and other ferns of the most beautiful kinds grew abundantly on the ground and in the hedgerows, while the air was filled with delicious perfume.

One day we visited the Kauri Pine Forest. The ride to it is flat, dull, and uninteresting, but the forest itself is grand. Kauri wood is used here for the same purposes as deal in other countries; but it is of much finer grain, and when varnished is almost equal to maple. Many of the houses are panelled with it, and nearly all the doors, mantelpieces, as well as much of the furniture, are made of it. The trees are large, and not only very valuable as timber, but produce a fine gum, much like the copal, which is now sold for 40*l.* per ton, though when first discovered no one would take it at a gift.

I do not know whether scientific people have ever compared the islands of Zanzibar and New Zealand, or considered that the same kind of trees have probably in past ages grown in both of them. Most of the copal gum is, I believe, brought from Zanzibar; but there the gum is found in the ground, and is dug out in lumps. Here it is chiefly collected from the trunks of the trees, out of which it oozes like turpentine; though where the trees have been burnt, or cut down, large lumps are dug out from among the roots.

The tree-fern and other ferns, parasitical plants, and creepers, were lovely here; but the path through the forest was very bad, and the mud up to, and in some places above, our horses' knees.

We made another excursion to the other side of the bay, which we found very pretty, but we were a long time in reaching it, on account of the numerous shallows, in which we constantly stuck fast, having to wait until floated off by the rising tide. After landing, we walked about a mile and a half through cultivated ground to the

top of a hill, from which we looked down upon a pretty little lake, with the bay in the distance on one side, and the open sea on the other. The wind, as is usually the case here, was high and disagreeable, and the showers sharp and sudden; on recrossing the bay our tiny little boat bobbed about among the big waves, and shipped so much water, that it was far from being pleasant.

The Bishop had just moved into a new house, planned by himself, and built under his own direction. It stands in the middle of a large garden, on the brow of a steep hill, a little out of the town, and from some of the rooms there is a most beautiful view of the bay and Rangitoto. The house contains, besides the ordinary rooms, a very good library, and a neat little chapel, in which service was performed morning and evening. It was just then a point under consideration by what name it should be called; 'Bishop's Palace' seemed natural enough for the Bishop's residence,: but then, as the Bishop said, 'that leads one to expect plate, and plush, and powder; and here are we with a maid-of-all-work, and "old nurse!"' Truly, New Zealand is the roughest place imaginable as to the manner of living. There is plenty of food, but no one to cook it, and the scarcity of servants, or those who will do any work, is only equalled by their independence when they do condescend to undertake any service.

There is a very good peal of bells in the Bishop's chapel, but, unfortunately, no one understood how to hang them. The belfry being of wood, they could not be hung there for fear of bringing it down; so a few feet of wall had to be built, and the usual method of hanging

bells reversed—the bells being put below, and the wheel and other apparatus for pulling them above. Some of the island boys from the Melanesian Mission came in with their butter for market while we were in the belfry, and great was their delight when the Bishop told them that they might ring the bells. They set to work with a will, and soon produced a deafening din, which seemed to afford them the greatest satisfaction. The more noise they made, the more did their white teeth show, till at last each face became one long grin from ear to ear.

Among other things, the Bishop showed us the 'episcopal kit' carried by him when visiting different parts of his diocese. It consisted of a tiny tent made by Mrs. Selwyn, just long enough for him to lie down in, and intended to tie up between a couple of trees or posts; a tin pannikin, in which to boil water for tea or cocoa; a tin pot to drink it out of; and a canvas bag in which to carry hard biscuits. *Voilà tout!* No wonder that a man, so independent both of creature comforts and of all the accessories generally regarded as the *sine quâ non* of a Bishop, when travelling or visiting his diocese, should be successful in his work.

The Bishop took us one day to Culii Marima, the Melanesian Mission, about eight miles off, through lanes, where the mud was nearly up to the horses' girths, but lined with flowers and abounding in lovely views. Bishop Patteson was absent, visiting his diocese (Melanesia), but we saw his '*Palace*,' which consisted of two wee rooms, about the size of cabins on board ship, filled with curiosities of all kinds, collected during different voyages among the islands. A missionary and his

wife live here. When we arrived Mr. —— was in his shirt-sleeves, digging in the garden, and his wife was 'making up' the butter, which the island boys churn. They told us, that unless they worked *with* the boys it was impossible to get them to do anything. They, however, work hard, and willingly, when they see such an example of energy and earnestness as Mr. and Mrs. —— set them.

They keep several cows, and by the produce of their dairy realise a considerable sum annually in support of the Mission. The boys attend to the cows and churn the butter, and when ready for market take it into Auckland to the Bishop's, where it is sold on their behalf.

We were told that the expense of the erection of this very pretty, little grey-stone Mission-house, was in great part defrayed from the proceeds of one of Miss Yonge's novels. The house is panelled with Kauri pine, simply varnished, making the interior extremely pretty at small expense. Miss Yonge would be well satisfied, I am sure, with the appearance of such a snug, comfortable, homelike nest of buildings, in as fair a spot and as bright a climate as can be found in the world.

This was the first winter during which any of the island boys had been kept away from their homes: for, though perfectly hardy while without clothes, they require great care when once brought from their warmer climate and made to wear shoes, stockings, and other garments of civilised nations. They are soon chilled and made ill if they remain in damp clothes, but were always very reluctant to take the trouble to change them. This dozen of Banks' Islanders seemed, however, to have stood the colder climate well, and to be very happy in their

new home. When we were coming away we found several of them cooking shell-fish, in an iron pot, on the beach. The Bishop stood talking to them for some time, they meanwhile pressing upon us their boiled mussels.

We had many other pleasant rides in the neighbourhood. One to the summit of Mount Eden, which, like all the other hills round, is an extinct volcano, showing an exceptionally perfect crater. It was like climbing the side of a house, but the view from the top amply repaid the trouble of ascending.

During one or two days of our stay at Auckland the weather and climate were simply perfect: they were 'regular New Zealand days,' as we were told—calm, soft, balmy, and very bright. But at other times the wind was intensely disagreeable, and the rain no less so; the latter pattering down on the shingle roofs in one ceaseless pour, forcibly recalling to our minds that dreariest of seasons, 'the monsoon' in India.

We met many pleasant people residing in Auckland while staying with the Bishop. It would seem to be very generally the case, that the less extraneous aid there is to be had in a country, the more unbounded is the hospitality of its inhabitants. At the Bishop's there was always a welcome reception, and plates and chairs for any number of guests at breakfast and dinner, in spite of the limited assistance afforded by the 'maid-of-all-work' and 'old nurse;' and nearly everywhere we stayed in New Zealand we found the same to be the case.

We should have much liked to have accepted the Bishop's invitation to go with him to Waikato (the principal seat of the war), where the scenery is described

as magnificent; but the steamers run very inconveniently for travellers, obliging them either to remain a whole month, or only spend a day or two at each place. After about a fortnight's stay at Auckland, we chose the latter course, and took our passages by the steamer which runs to Dunedin, and calls at various ports on the way.

On Sunday, the 8th of October, we left our kind host and hostess, and drove eight miles to Manakau, where we found the steamer waiting. This is a fine harbour, surrounded by well-wooded hills sloping down to the water's edge. A dangerous bar crosses the entrance. When we went out the sea was elsewhere calm as a mill-pond, but on the bar the surf was so tremendous, that one would rather not imagine what it must be in a storm.

Our small steamer was crowded with the 'Christy's Minstrel Troupe' going to Nelson. Such a set of beings! The amount of champagne, hock, sherry, beer, porter, and brandy, they consumed was perfectly astounding. Knives and forks they seemed to consider as among the superfluities of life; and disagreeable as the men themselves were, the presence of their 'pets' was still more so. Each man had a wife, and each wife a lap-dog, a monkey, or a cage of birds, which, in a small, stuffy steamer, were anything but agreeable companions.

The weather was tolerably calm, though rainy, and next morning by daylight we arrived at Taranaki, where, by a beautiful euphuism, the open roadstead, on the shore of which we counted *fourteen* wrecks, is called a 'harbour.' Here we received a note from an old friend,

Colonel W——, begging us to land as soon as possible, which we hastened to do. The boats for landing are very large and strong. They are built and manned upon the life-boat principle; and when within a few hundred yards of the shore are run upon a hawser, attached to a buoy outside the heavy surf, to prevent the possibility of their being turned broadside to the waves, which here dash in with immense violence.

The principal object of interest at Taranaki is Mount Egmont, a magnificent cone, never entirely free from snow. Unhappily, on this morning it was hidden under a cloud-mantle, so thick that we could only obtain occasional glimpses. Soon after breakfast Colonel W—— ordered horses, and we set off 'to see the lions;' but we had hardly been out a quarter of an hour before the rain came down in torrents, and obliged us to gallop back as fast as possible, hoping that the day might clear before 5 P.M., at which time we had been warned to be again on board. In the interval we solaced ourselves by looking over portfolios and books of clever sketches taken by our host. We were, however, disappointed, for hardly had we returned to the house when Colonel W——'s aide-de-camp, looking out of the window, saw the signal 'Ready for Sea' put up from the steamer. At the same moment an orderly came up from the beach, saying the last boat was being made ready, and we also saw the steamer weigh anchor and steam out to sea, a sure sign that she would be off as soon as possible; for there is nothing the captains of vessels on this coast dislike so much as being near the shore when the wind and sea are high or rising. In stormy weather they do

not anchor, but lie off and on until the mails have been landed, and others shipped.

All this time the wind and sea were rising higher and higher, and the rain was pouring down with ever-increasing fury, but there was no help for it; go we must. Colonel W—— and his aide-de-camp, wrapping us up in macintoshes, accompanied us to the beach. Before we could reach the boat we were almost washed out of the cart, which was taking us through the surf, by the violence of the waves. The poor horse refused to face them, and in turning away, caused us to be completely drenched. I was in my habit, certainly not the dress one would choose when desiring the full use of one's limbs, and most inconvenient under existing circumstances. What with the pouring rain, and the seas constantly breaking over the boat, we were all soaked through and through before arriving at the steamer. Most of the others in the boat (there were forty persons in her, including the crew of sixteen men) were people going to some new gold-diggings at Hokatika, with their one blanket and small carpet-bag or bundle. These being placed in the bottom of the boat, where there was a considerable amount of water, must soon have been wet through; but, nevertheless, the poor owners did not lose their good temper. They seemed to regard it as 'all in the day's work,' and, buoyed up with the expectation of untold wealth to be accumulated as the reward of their enterprise, maintained their cheerfulness throughout. The steamer being so much farther out than in the morning we were long in reaching her, and getting on board was a matter of difficulty, not to say danger. We

could not come near her, as the force of the waves would have dashed us to pieces against her sides. The port where coals are shipped had been opened to receive us; but it was not easy, as the boat rose and fell, for those who could not swarm up a rope to seize the right moment for making the spring on board. The combined rolling of the steamer and boat caused the latter to appear one moment at the yard-arm, and the next almost under the keel of the steamer. But at last we all got safely on board; I to take to my berth till we arrived at Nelson, about 1 P.M. next day.

The sand of the beach at Taranaki is nearly pure steel; but it is so extremely hard, and so difficult to work, that though acknowledged to be of the most excellent quality, it hardly repays the expense of transport to England. The navigation in these seas is rendered doubly difficult and dangerous by the presence of this mineral. It so affects the ships' compasses, that no true knowledge of their bearings can be obtained; and at night, when the leading features of the coast-line are not discernible, the approximation arrived at is often far from correct. In addition to this, the wind and sea are generally terrific; and we were assured that ours was by no means a rude experience of the shelter offered by Taranaki '*Harbour*.' It not unfrequently happens, we were told, that people bent upon landing have to throw themselves into the sea by a rope, to be picked up by the boats; it being utterly impossible for the latter to come at all within range of the steamers. On the last voyage made by our vessel, all the passengers had to be taken to the next port, as it was hopeless to attempt a

landing in such a sea as was then dashing upon the coast.

Nelson is a pretty little town, situated at the foot of fine bold hills, and surrounded by them. It is some distance from the anchorage, but there is a tramway from the pier to the town, omnibuses, and various other vehicles. The first afternoon we were there, and the morning of the next day, were showery and hazy enough to prevent our seeing the outlines of the distant Alpine range very distinctly, but the third day it was gloriously clear and bright, and we saw the snowy peaks to perfection.

There was not a room to be had at any of the hotels in Nelson, either large or small. We drove all over the town, but without success. We had brought with us a letter of introduction to a family here, who were most hospitable; but as they lived in a house only just large enough to hold themselves and four children, we were obliged to return each night and sleep on board the steamer.

We drove out to Richmond, a distance of about nine miles, the first afternoon after our arrival. The soil seems rich and fertile in the immediate vicinity of the town, though but little cultivated. The next day we set off, early in the afternoon, to ride up the valleys 'Maiti' and 'Dunn Mountain.' The Maiti valley is beautiful. Not wide at the mouth, it gradually grows narrower and narrower, till it becomes a mere gorge, winding with the river, at the foot of wild, bold hills, which, as we proceeded, became more and more densely wooded, and enriched with a luxuriant undergrowth of ferns and creepers.

As long as the valley continued sufficiently wide we crossed and recrossed the river incessantly, and then followed its course, by a woodcutter's track, for a long distance; till, instead of a calm, beautifully clear stream, rippling along, and occasionally resting in deep transparent pools, wherein, as in a mirror, every leaf of the lovely fern-covered bank was reflected, it came brawling over rocks and stones, forming miniature whirlpools and rapids, as it hurried from a small fall, on its way from the mountain where it had its source. Further than this we could not penetrate, as our progress along the wood-cutter's path, which had been so friendly, was here barred by a stout barricade of felled trees, piled up in preparation for removal. The mountains frowned down upon us from under heavy purple clouds, which but added to their grandeur, and gave to those scantily wooded the same effect as heather-covered hills, when autumn has changed their brilliant hues into a soberer purple or dun colour. We did not meet a soul the whole of the way, and in the solitude and silence, with such magnificent, though savage scenery around, it was impossible not to conjure up wild fancies of old legends, and weird German traditions, in which the road to the magician's castle, or strong tower, wherein languishes the lovely, long-lost princess, is described as much resembling, both in appearance and impracticability, that which we were pursuing, with silence all around, and mystery in the impenetrable wood on either side.

We were unable to go far up the valley of the Dunn Mountain, for, after a few miles, the only path is a tramway to some chrome-mines high up in the mountains,

whence the trucks run at intervals during the day, rendering it dangerous to ride or walk far. The scenery as far as we penetrated was very fine, and, judging from photographs taken higher up the mountain, it must there be grand in the extreme.

Rain seems to be very prevalent all over New Zealand, and on the last day of our stay at Nelson it poured incessantly. Wherever we went we were invariably told, with pardonable local partiality, 'It rains a great deal everywhere else, but *here* you are really unfortunate, for we very seldom have any!' In the town, however, we found a Museum, and in it some curiosities, which we were particularly desirous of seeing. Among others, the bones of the moa*—the elephant of birds. It is said to be extinct, though the natives occasionally bring in reports of having recently seen one in some of the forests very far inland. The bones have been generally found in caves, and are not fossilized; and this fact is in favour of the existence of the bird at no very remote period, even if now extinct. They are of an enormous size, the leg-bone being considerably larger than that of an ox. The egg is about four times the size of an ostrich's; *i.e.* as large as a man's head. The bones in the Museum are very perfect, and so arranged as to show as much as possible what the skeleton of the bird would be.

* Just after writing the above an 'Illustrated London News' was brought to me, with a print, and an account of specimens of skeletons of this bird, which have lately been discovered in a cave in Canterbury, New Zealand. The largest there mentioned (*Dinornis gigantea*) is said to be 10 feet high. The account I heard of their being 25 feet in height may perhaps have been inaccurate.

It would stand, according to calculations made from the measurement of these bones, at least 25 feet in height. Amongst other curiosities were some specimens of a most unnatural caterpillar. I could not learn the scientific name for it, nor see any living specimens, though the lady from whom I first heard of its existence said she had seen several alive: she called it the 'tree, or stick caterpillar.' It seems, from her description, that it first appears out of the larva, like any other caterpillar, but before long becomes stationary, and gradually turns into a stick, standing upright out of the earth. The preserved specimens which we saw were in all stages: some quite caterpillar, of a dirty earth colour (this might not, perhaps, be the case when they were in life, but there was no one in or about the Museum who could give us any information); others were like a stick at the lower end, but with a caterpillar's head and a few joints of its body; others were entirely stick, though, by close examination, the original insect form could still be traced. The flora and fauna of this southern hemisphere are very curious, and one cannot wonder at the disbelief of those who first saw such creatures as the *Ornithorhyncus paradoxicus*, the kangaroo, or this caterpillar, when brought to the antipodes, and declared to be, if not as common as barn-door fowls in England, still to be met with any day by those who chose to go into the bush and seek for them.

CHAPTER IX.

PICTON HARBOUR—WELLINGTON—LYTTELTON—CHRISTCHURCH—DUNEDIN.

We left Nelson in the afternoon, and passing through 'French Straits' and 'Queen Charlotte's Sound,' we anchored in 'Guard's Bay,' the captain being afraid to go on, as, after passing that anchorage, there is no other till Picton Harbour, the entrance to which is so narrow and unmarked, that on dark, misty nights it is very difficult to find. The scenery was extremely grand the whole length of the coast. High mountains rise precipitously out of the sea on either side, and the water is to all appearance so completely land-locked, that on seeing it for the first time it is difficult to conceive where any passage large enough to admit a steamer could be found. The lights cast on the mountains by the setting sun, and the deep, broad shadows thrown by the heavy clouds which hung round, were magnificent.

The next morning at daybreak we found ourselves in Picton Harbour—a most lovely spot, which, although really an arm of the sea, more resembles an inland lake surrounded by well-wooded mountains, and with the same lovely colouring as prevails all over New Zealand.

The town here consists only of a few wooden houses and log-huts. The principal trade is in small, and, to our taste, very poor herrings; which, however, are better appreciated by others, and are salted by thousands for exportation. When the first settlers came here, their only food was an enormous mussel, high heaps of the shells of which lay in front of many of the houses. We measured some of these shells, and found them to be ten, twelve, and even fourteen inches in length.

A short piece of road is made from the Wharf, through the few houses forming the settlement; after which bye-paths and woodcutters' tracks are the substitutes for roads and streets. A river runs down to the harbour, beside which we walked as far as we could up a narrow gorge, with high hills on either side. But the path was difficult, steep, and slippery, and as in the Maiti valley, we were soon brought to a halt, by a pile of felled trunks lying across the track.

A good many passengers from this fishy little port were added to our numbers, some of whom were very rough and noisy; in short, regular 'diggers.' We passed through 'Tory Straits,' where the scenery is much the same as in the 'French Pass'—hills, rising abruptly out of the deep green sea on either side of the narrow channel. In one or two of the gorges between the mountains were settlements of two or three houses, looking lonely and deserted. From all we could learn of the inhabitants, they had come there with the hope of establishing fisheries, and doing a little farming besides; but their condition was not thriving, nor had the land proved as fertile as they had anticipated.

In these Straits is a curious little island, close to which we passed, kept by the Maoris as a burial-place, and by them held most sacred. Until lately, no stranger had been permitted to set his foot thereon ; but here, as elsewhere, determined exclusion of foreigners is gradually giving way before the onward march of civilization ; and we heard that a short time before, some of the neighbouring fishermen-settlers had landed and explored the island. They described it as being so full of graves, that not a foot of ground was to be found free from bones and skulls. The Maoris will bring the bodies of their relations and friends from long distances, and by tedious journeyings, in order to bury them in this sacred spot.

Leaving 'Tory Straits' we crossed 'Cook's Straits,' where it became exceedingly rough and stormy, so that remaining on deck was impossible. Happily, this did not last long, and about 5.30 P.M. we arrived at Wellington, where we remained for a few days, being most kindly entertained by Mrs. Abraham, though the Bishop was away on a visitation.

Wellington is considerably larger than Nelson, and far more finished in appearance than Auckland, although the latter is considered as the metropolis. The Government House and Military Stores are there, but the Houses of Parliament are at Wellington. A great movement was being made while we were in the country to have the seat of Government permanently established at the latter place, as being the more central. Auckland, however, is a few days nearer to England by post ; besides which, the expense of moving stores to Wellington would, we were told, be a serious obstacle. The Bishop's is a

very comfortable house, built of wood, as are almost all the houses in New Zealand. It has a pretty view of the harbour and of the fine surrounding hills. The Houses of Parliament are buildings of considerable pretension. Wellington was very full; members of Parliament having come for the session from all parts of the country. Their work, however, was just over, and some of them, whose homes were in Canterbury, were our fellow-passengers when we left.

We took one beautiful ride up the Nowrunga Valley: a very pretty mountain-pass, with a magnificent and very extensive view from the top. This gorge is rich in ferns of all kinds, including the beautiful tree-fern, and other plants, shrubs, and creepers, of great loveliness. One creeper called the Rata is very remarkable. It springs up, a tiny creeper, much like the 'supplejack' in appearance, and climbs up the large tree which it chooses for its support in much the same manner. But as it climbs it grafts itself upon the tree, or rather incorporates the tree into itself; so that in a short time, instead of a large forest-tree, with a slender rata twining among its branches, a large *rata tree* stands, bearing beautiful crimson blossoms. It is most curious to see it in the middle stage, when part of the tree has already become a rata, while the remainder still shows its original leaves.

The high wind usually prevailing at Wellington is very disagreeable. In other parts of the country it is sarcastically declared that vegetables are blown out of the ground there; but by its inhabitants this is regarded as a libel.

On leaving Wellington we repassed through 'Cook's

Straits,' and then followed the east coast of the Middle Island. In the Straits it was again very rough and stormy, and the captain said he had never known it otherwise there; but after passing them it was calm enough. The whole way to Lyttelton we kept close under the magnificent snow-capped range, some of the mountains of which are 10,000 feet high. It is so difficult to judge of height in the absence of any intermediate object to measure by, that while passing close under, it was hard to believe them higher than 4000 or 5000 feet; nor could one realise the fact of their being double that altitude until looking at them from miles and miles away, when they appeared scarcely less lofty than when seen from their very base.

While down along this coast one evening we saw a most wonderful cloud-effect, which, had it been painted by Turner (no one else would have attempted it), would have been deemed 'Turneresque,' mad, and impossible. Just as the sun was setting a ray shot through one cloud, which must have been charged with vapour, on to another above it, forming a rainbow-border to the very jagged outline, and throwing at the same time a beautiful yellow light on the rest of the cloud, through which it still passed in a long, bright ray, far across the sky overhead. We had never before seen prismatic colours following the edge of a cloud.

Lyttelton, where we next stopped, is the seaport of Christchurch, the capital of Canterbury. It is a little, 'Sleepy-Hollow' kind of place, with high mountains rising immediately behind, and is built in terraces running along the mountain-side. A tunnel is being made

through the mountain for a tramway or railway to Christchurch, but it seems to make slow progress. The rock is said to be very hard, rendering the blasting of it both difficult and dangerous.

We arrived here very early in the morning, landed, and went to the hotel to breakfast off excellent whitebait. Several of our fellow-passengers were to start from hence for their houses, far inland amongst the mountains.

Though at first we were assured that such a thing as a horse capable of mounting the hill and getting to Christchurch was not to be found in Lyttelton, two were at last procured through the assistance of one of our fellow-passengers, and we set off over the mountain, hoping to have time to reach the town. Neither of our miserable animals was very steady on its legs, and mine was broken-winded, so that humanity forbade our urging them to any greater speed than their own feelings dictated; and as the captain had named an hour, beyond which he could not by any possibility remain, we found, when within three or four miles of Christchurch, that we should risk being left behind if we went on. We, therefore, branched off into the coast road, which led back to the port, and on arrival found to our disappointment that a two hours' delay had occurred in the departure of the steamer.

The ride, however, amply repaid us. The view from the bridle-path half-way down the other side of the mountain is most lovely. A vast plain, in the midst of which stands the town of Christchurch, looking like a white spot on the brown and green surface, stretches far away to intensely blue hills, with here and there a peep

of the sea, where the water has run inland, forming a kind of lagoon. In the far distance behind the hills rise glorious snowy peaks, the outline of which, in this pure, transparent atmosphere, stands out clear and distinct as possible against the deep background of an azure sky. Although morning, and not evening, the lines—

> 'How sharp the silver spear-heads charge
> When Alp meets Heaven in snow,'

were truly descriptive of these distant ranges.

When we had descended to the foot of the mountain we came into the highroad, which, on the other side of Lyttelton, winds in zigzags to the top of the mountain, and is the coach-road to Christchurch. By this we returned, obtaining beautiful and various views over the sea and harbour. It struck us forcibly, that the drivers of the coaches who take their charges in safety round the numerous abrupt turnings must be first-rate whips; for, even on horseback, some of them, overhanging the precipice, were not very agreeable to pass. It was far from pleasant to watch a coach which had passed us at the top of the mountain being driven round them at a very fair trot, for it seemed as if the slightest swerve on the part of either of the horses would result in all being dashed into the sea, which appeared so far below, that the smaller fishing-boats, with their white sails, looked hardly larger than sea-gulls.

Twenty-four hours after leaving Lyttelton we arrived at Port Chalmers, eight miles from Dunedin, to which place a small steamer takes passengers. The harbour is extremely pretty, much resembling that at Sydney, with

deep bays, and numerous islands covered with trees and vegetation. But the houses and gardens, which form so striking an addition to the beauty of Port Jackson, are here wanting. Thanks to the kindness of a fellow-passenger, who landed before us, we found rooms ready at a very comfortable hotel. Dunedin is the finest town in New Zealand. The streets are good, as are also the houses and shops; and it presents altogether a far more settled and thriving appearance than any of the other large towns. If prices are generally realised in proportion to that which I had to pay for a new watch-glass, shopkeepers certainly ought to thrive: it was only 12*s.* 6*d.*! To be sure, the shopkeeper was a Jew.

It was bitterly cold, and windy, and on the day we arrived was raining, with sleet and hail varying the monotony of the drizzle; nevertheless, finding that we were to leave the next evening, we ordered a carriage for 6 A.M. on the morrow, and drove out several miles to see the Taieri plain. This is a tract of very rich country, extending in an unbroken plain for miles and miles, and divided into numerous small farms, instead of being held in one large run, as is generally the case. The soil all about here is exceedingly rich and productive, requiring nothing but turning with the plough to produce any crop. Our road lay principally across fine wild-looking moorland, which our driver assured us was equally rich, either for cultivation or pasturage.

In the afternoon we drove to the port, instead of going there in the small steamer; and a very pretty drive it is, between hills covered with trees. In all the little nooks and creeks groups of the lovely tree-fern appeared, while

everything was veiled beneath a net-work of the same large white clematis, which grows so luxuriantly amongst the trees and shrubs around Auckland.

On arriving at the Port we found, to our dismay, that, owing to some accident which had befallen the steamer of the previous month, we were doomed to have a double supply of passengers in ours—a very small one, and, consequently, very crowded. Each steamer in which we voyaged in these seas was smaller and dirtier than the last, and our fellow-passengers rougher. In this case I do not know what we should have done, had not one or two of those who had come with us from Auckland continued to be our companions, for the new set were unbearably rough.

When we came on board, there seemed to be great difficulty in assigning places in the cabins, the list not having come from the shore. My father had taken a cabin for me, for which, although it contained but two berths, they had made him pay three times the single fare; charging him for the place on the saloon table where he was to sleep, as if it had been half a cabin. This cabin we found occupied by two men, who steadily refused to listen to anything said in our favour by any one, and could not be persuaded to move out. At last, however, through the exertions of our late captain, who represented the case to our present ruler, a cabin was given to me. But my father could not get even a berth, and was one of fourteen who had to sleep every night in the stern-ports: fortunately, however, he made friends with the chief officer, who allowed him the use of his cabin as a dressing-room.

This, as might have been expected, was a most disagreeable, uncomfortable seven-days' voyage. The steamer looked as if no attempt had ever been made to clean it from the time it first began to run. The stewards were dirty and uncivil. The immense number of *howling* children, and questionably sober fathers, was anything but agreeable. They burnt kerosene oil in the lamps, which at night rendered the air in the cabins quite poisonous. We had atrocious weather—very rough and windy, and accompanied by almost incessant rain.

On arriving at Melbourne, however, we found ourselves in very warm weather; the gardens looking lovely, with a great variety of bright flowers, and full of fresh strawberries, in the enjoyment of which we soon forgot our late troubles.

CHAPTER X.

TASMANIA.

Two days after our return to Melbourne we again left it for Tasmania. To Launceston it ought to be only a twenty-four hours' voyage, but, with our habitual ill-fortune at sea, we arrived several hours later. There was a head-wind, with a heavy swell, against which our steamer made but slow progress, having, on her last voyage, broken one of the fans of her screw while crossing the bar at the entrance to Launceston harbour. We went to the Club Hotel—a comfortable, old-fashioned place, with a landlady and servants more like those in an English country town, or out-of-the-way village inn, than in a colonial hotel. The waiter joined in our conversation, and gave his opinion and advice upon things in general in the most simple manner imaginable, expressing his ideas in very grotesque language.

The day after our arrival, having heard that the Governor, with whom my father had formerly been acquainted in India, was staying at a country place some eighteen miles off, we drove over there. I only for the sake of the drive, and not intending to call; but no sooner did Mrs. —— hear I was there, than, with true

colonial hospitality, she sent out for me, insisted upon our staying to lunch and dinner, and expressed much astonishment at our not having come with bag and baggage, prepared to take up our abode in her very pleasant house! 'But where are your things?' was the question more than once asked us by people who had never seen or heard of us before.

Were I obliged to live in the colonies, I should wish my lot to be cast in Tasmania. There is something *homelike* in the gentlemen's places here; very different from the other colonies. The houses are good, substantial stone buildings, standing in parks, kept in good order, and well laid out; and near the houses are grounds and gardens, exactly like those of a fine country place at home, and with all the dear old English flowers in the borders, and *such* may hedges in the fields—forty feet high!—with, at this time, long snowy wreaths of blossom scenting the air, and scattering showers of pearls on the emerald turf beneath.

Tasmania might be Scotland, as far as clanship is concerned. It is as difficult in the former, as it is in the latter, to understand and remember the connexions and relationships existing between the numerous branches of what is almost one family. We were told that half the island belonged to Mrs. ——, or her sons, or nephews, and to judge by the estates possessed by them in the north, this would really seem to be no exaggeration.

After lunch Mrs. —— took us five miles further from Launceston, to Penshanger, belonging to her brother. It is an extremely pretty place, though not much resembling its original, with a charming garden, sloping down

to a lazy little stream flowing at the foot, on whose banks are many very large and beautiful weeping-willows. This tree I have nowhere seen so beautiful as in Tasmania.

There were several deer and kangaroo feeding in the paddock before the house, the kangaroo looking very quaint and picturesque. The country all round this part is pretty. 'Woolners' (Mrs. ——'s place) stands on the summit of a hill, whence there is an extensive view. 'Ben Lomond,' a somewhat high mountain, of fine outline, is the most prominent object, and the 'Esk' river, with its many windings, adds much to the beauty of the scenery. Mrs. —— had a dinner-party that evening, but would not hear of our leaving earlier on that account: 'her daughter-in-law would lend me a dress,' 'her son would lend my father a coat,' and, in in short, everything was made as easy as possible. I would advise no one again to find fault with long dresses, until they find themselves in a similar position, and that they are then, by favour of a long train, enabled to wear the dress of a person about a foot shorter than themselves!

We spent two or three days at 'Quamby,' another very pretty place. To be perfect, it only wants the artificial lake which the owner intended to make in front of the house. It was very pleasant to find people taking so much interest in their tenants and cottagers, and so much trouble about them, as did Sir R. and Lady D. They had just built a pretty little church and parsonage, and she was taking great pains to get up a village choir, having practisings both in the church and in their own house. They had also, in a large room in the house,

which serves for balls, reading-room, or any occasion when more space than usual is required, 'readings' every fortnight for the benefit of the farm-servants, or others at work about the place. While we were staying there, Lady D. was reading 'Evangeline' to their people, which seemed to delight them, and to be fully appreciated. Tasmania is, in all such respects, much more like England than Australia, and the servants are more numerous, and more like *servants*, than in the latter country.

We were only a few days in Launceston itself, where there is not much to see, though the drives around are pretty. The river Esk is considered as one of the lions. It here forms a cataract, and passes, on its way to the sea, between fine cliffs of basaltic formation, which are worth seeing. While we were at Launceston, there was a grand agricultural show at Longford, about sixteen miles off. But the man, from whom we had hitherto hired a carriage, sent word that morning that he could not let us have it, 'because he wanted to take his wife and children to the show!' As all the vehicles in the town seemed to have been appropriated to the same purpose, we were unable to go, which we regretted, as it was an opportunity for seeing the Tasmanian 'World and his Wife,' which did not recur during our short stay in the island.

We left Quamby for Hobart Town in the evening, Sir R. sending us seventeen miles to Perth, where we were picked up by the coach, and taken on twenty more to Cleveland. We slept there, at a nice, clean, old-fashioned inn, with a jolly old landlady, stout and rosy, who bustled about, and seemed to be everywhere at once; waiting on

and making us very comfortable, and apparently doing the same by all those in the house, and those arriving for meals by coach.

Next morning, when the coach stopped 'to breakfast,' we joined it, and were fortunate in finding a couple of outside places unoccupied. The whole drive, from 8 A.M. till 8 P.M., was through a very pretty country, and over admirable roads, originally made by convict labour, and kept up by Government since Tasmania has ceased to be a penal settlement. More fortunate still were we in our coachman. On this road the regular old English stage-coaches are still in vogue, with their four horses; each one of which, as a fresh team was harnessed and put to, called forth some new anecdote or reminiscence from the driver. He, too, was a regular old English stage-coachman. In the cold of the early morning he was wrapped up till nothing was visible but the tip of a red nose, and his hands were clothed in such thick gloves that one marvelled how he could hold the reins at all. But, as the sun gradually appeared, he shed coat after coat and shawl after shawl, till at length he emerged from his last wrap, resplendent in the full glory of a scarlet coat, top-boots, and white beaver hat. Thawing into garrulity as well, he then kept up a running commentary upon all the places and their owners by which we passed, being well up in every anecdote connected with each family for the last forty years. Some of his expressions were most quaint, and quite worthy of 'Mrs. Poyser.' He was describing two families and their places, establishments, &c., and proceeded to relate how the impoverished head of one of the families spoke of the wealthy head of the other by

his Christian name, while the latter always called the former 'Mister So-and-So.' 'Well, *Tom* Such-an-one, yer see, 'ee kep' 'is pack o' 'ounds, an 'ad 'is twenty or thirty thousan' a-'ear; but *Mister* So-and-So, *'ee* 'adn't so much *as would pay turnpike for a walking-stick!*'

Many of the places along the road are very fine, and some have beautiful gardens. The climate of Tasmania is most delightful, even more like the Cape of Good Hope than is that of Australia, though the resemblance there is said to be strong. Mount Wellington, rising immediately behind Hobart Town, is a very fine and remarkable object. The summit of the mountain is crowned with basaltic columns. Indeed the whole south coast of the island, which is of similar geological formation, offers a succession of most quaint and curious groups of columns and pillars, resembling those at the Giant's Causeway or at Staffa.

We had telegraphed for rooms at the hotel, and found them ready, and very comfortable; being also much larger than most of those we had seen in Australia and New Zealand.

We stayed a few days here, seeing a good deal of the very pretty country in the course of our rides and drives. Government House stands on a promontory running out into Brown's River. It is a handsome-looking, comfortable, and well-furnished house, as far as it was possible to judge of the latter when seeing it only in *un*dress. The gardens also are pretty; and the public-gardens adjoining, though small, are charmingly neat and well arranged.

We put off the excursion we most wished to make (to

the top of Mount Wellington) till the day before our departure, as the Bishop's son, who was considered the best cicerone, had promised to be our guide. But alas! not only did the noble Duke put on a nightcap, but he also wrapped such a thick, white mantle around him, and sent down upon us poor creatures below such a downpour of rain, that it was hopeless to attempt reaching even the Fern-Tree Valley, a gorge about halfway up the mountain, where the tree-fern is said to grow to a greater height, and in greater luxuriance, than anywhere else on the island.

The coach left next day, at 4.30 A.M. It was a lovely morning; not a cloud to be seen. Mount Wellington, standing out against the sky so clearly, and with grand, sharply-defined outline, seemed to mock us for the subservience to time and steamboats, which prevented our making another attempt to gain his summit.

We went straight through to Launceston this time, 121 miles. It was rather a long day's journey, beginning at 4.30 A.M. and lasting till 8 P.M., with only two pauses of twenty minutes each, for breakfast and lunch; and there was not much time for rest after our arrival, as the tide obliged us to leave Launceston again at 4 next morning.

We had a fair passage to Melbourne, where we arrived about 1 P.M. next day, to find a furious hot wind blowing, and every one growling in consequence. There certainly was a great change in that, as in many other things, during the five months we had been away. The church at Toorak, the enlargement of which was only commenced when we first arrived, was now very nearly finished,

and wanted only the spire. The country, too, was in almost complete summer guise as to flowers and foliage, and far greener than it would become after the succession of hot winds which blow through the summer months.

We stayed a week with our friends at Toorak, and then left for Adelaide; our voyage being delayed a day on account of so violent a hurricane that the captain was afraid to put to sea. I cannot say I was sorry, for the prospect of encountering such a terrific wind as was then blowing, in one of the little cockle-shells which our experience had taught us to expect for a coasting-steamer, was anything but exhilarating.

CHAPTER XI.

ADELAIDE.

We had a fair passage to Adelaide of rather more than two days, and with the only discourteous captain we had met with, who was a very *Bear!* Port Adelaide is about eight miles from the town, to which there is a railroad, with trains running constantly.

We found terribly hot weather here, and a wind blowing like the blast from a furnace. The rooms in the hotel were very small and close; and on the opposite side of the street, throughout the whole long night after our arrival, an undertaker, hammering away at his cheerful occupation, lent his aid to the weather in rendering sleep out of the question.

Next day the Governor, Sir Dominick Daly, who was himself out of town for a few days, having heard of our arrival, sent his son (who was also his private secretary) to call, and to tell us that we had been expected and prepared for at Government House. Thither we were only too glad to go, not only for the better accommodation, but also for the pleasure of making acquaintance with such agreeable people as Sir D. and Lady Daly and their daughters. They were a large family party:

one son his father's private secretary ; another practising as a barrister, married, and living near ; and the aide-de-camp, a cousin of the same name. Sir D. was the Nestor of the Colonial Governors, and Lady D. quite an 'old lady,' but bright and charming, and always endeavouring to give pleasure and amusement to those around.

Government House stands almost in the town, and close to the railway station ; but the garden and grounds render it quite private, despite the near neighbourhood of the streets. It is more comfortable, and really better arranged for the 'functions' of a 'Government House' than any of the Governor's residences in the other colonies. The rooms on the ground-floor are separated by sliding panels, so that the reception-rooms can be made larger or smaller, according to the number of persons they are required to hold.

There is a pretty little cottage in the hills (of the Mount Lofty Range), about nine miles off, called the Government Farm, to which we rode one day. There is here a magnificent view over the plains below, with the sea in the distance. There are only two bedrooms, so that the whole party cannot be there together ; but it must be a delightful change, if only for a few days, to come up to this cool, quiet little spot, surrounded by fine trees, far away from the heat, dust, and glare of the town. There is the most perfect bath here I ever saw. The water from a mountain stream runs through the bath, keeping it always fresh and full ; and a simple arrangement has been added, by which the water is sent upwards, so as to give a shower-bath if desired.

The Governor of South Australia is rich in residences,

for there is another small house at Glenelg, by the sea-shore, a few miles from Adelaide, where it is also far cooler and pleasanter during the hot, dry, summer months, than in the town. The heat, even in October, was very great, and the drought distressing. News was coming in, almost daily, from stations up-country, of terrible losses through fire, induced by the tinder-like quality of everything. A poor young man, who was dining one evening at Government House, had heard that morning of the total loss of everything he had on his 'run,' the freehold of which he had paid for only the day before.

Such facts as these are not often mentioned by those who represent the colonies as countries where energy and steadiness, combined with hard work and perseverance, cannot fail to reward their possessors with untold wealth. But these fearful fires, and almost more fearful floods, will sometimes, in a few hours, sweep away the fruits of years of unremitting labour, and perhaps all a man's capital.

The appearance of the country round Adelaide reminded us very much of the Deccan in its burnt-up parchedness; the only difference being, that in India the little green patches round the villages are of grain, and here of vineyards. Mount Lofty, and the range of which it forms a part, are fine, with well-wooded slopes, though the trees are principally of the dull Eucalyptus tribe.

We went to see some copper-mines at Gawler Kapunda, the terminus of the railroad, about fifty miles from Adelaide. It was an exceedingly hot day, with wind and dust blowing, and everything in the shape of paper curling up into a roll, from the dryness of the air.

But having made arrangements to go, and having been assured that here the sun did not affect people in the same way as in most hot climates, we did not like to put off our expedition. We set off at about 7.30 A.M., and were obliged to keep up the windows of the carriage the whole time; but, almost unbearable as the heat was then, it seemed as nothing in comparison with what we had to suffer on getting out into the hot air and wind. There was no vehicle of any kind at Gawler Kapunda, so we had to walk in this furnace atmosphere, and with the thermometer at 113° in the shade, for a good quarter of a mile, to the house of the owner of the mines. We were thankful to escape the dreadful dust and hot wind, though the tiny rooms were without anything in the way of venetians or tatties,* and were not as cool as might have been expected, or as they certainly would have been in any part of India where the same hot winds prevail.

The master of the mines appeared to be a good-natured, worthy man, with a very large family: sons, daughters, sons' *fiancées*, and daughters' ditto, seemed to *pour* into the little room in an endless stream. How they could all live in that house, and in that weather, was a marvel, and still remains a mystery to us, in spite of the vast amount we learned of the private history and family arrangements of the establishment. A curious propensity is possessed by many people in these latitudes, inducing them to impart all their private concerns to

* 'Tatties;' mats generally made of the roots of the 'kuskus' grass. In India they are hung before doors and windows, and kept constantly wet during the hot season.

entire strangers, and to believe that they must be deeply interested in them. Had I written down or remembered all the strange and romantic histories told to me by travelling companions and casual acquaintances, they would furnish material for many a three-volume novel.

The owner took us to the works, but as we were unable to descend the mine owing to the machinery being out of gear, we saw nothing of any interest.

On returning to the station we saw a hedge of Cape broom on fire. It was burning like straw, owing to the wind, which so dries every kind of shrub that a spark will set them in a blaze.

This was the first day of a week's hot wind, which was most oppressive, but seemingly electrical, and producing much the same effect as thunderstorms elsewhere, by clearing and cooling the air, which generally remains fresh and pleasant for several days afterwards.

We had some very pleasant riding-parties here; one to 'The Gorge,' a mountain-pass about ten miles off, where there is a reservoir for the waterworks, through which the river *should* run, though we only saw a tiny stream, which could barely creep along. The Gorge is fine, and the hill-sides present a most curious combination of trees and bare rock.

We had another very pleasant ride to Mount Lofty, the highest point of the range (somewhat over 2000 feet above the sea). From the Trigonometrical Survey mound at the top there is an extensive view of the whole country round. There is nothing grand in the scenery, but there are some extremely pretty bits, particularly on the

road by which we returned, where are some quarries of brilliant red stone, which contrast charmingly with the dull uniformity of the surrounding colouring. This road is admirable, broad and well made the whole way, with the exception of a short piece at the top, which is simply a bush-road.

There are Botanical Gardens here, as at all the other colonial capitals: quite in the rough when we were at Adelaide, but making rapid progress under the curatorship of Dr. S., who was our cicerone when we visited them. The heat here is sufficient, but the dryness of the air is too much, for most tropical plants; in consequence of which they have damp-houses instead of hot-houses. There is ample scope for the display of energy and taste in the future arrangement of these gardens, and Dr. S. appears to be one who would leave no stone unturned, if the turning thereof would add to their beauty or value. Here, as elsewhere in Australia, they combine the Botanical, the Acclimatisation, and the Zoological Gardens; but there were only a few specimens of animals, or birds, yet installed in the latter.

We saw in the garden of Government House a spider which makes a more beautiful nest than anything I have ever seen, among the many interesting structures of the insect world. It makes its home of a tubular form in the ground, under the grass. A door, which is perfectly smooth and sharp-edged, and looking as if cut out of leather, is fastened to the tube by the most perfect hinge; and the tube is lined with web, as smooth and glistening as white satin. It requires a careful search to discover the little, round, bare patch in the grass, denoting the

presence of one of these clever builders; but when found, it is worth watching. If you lift up the lid, and prop it open with a pin, you will presently see the owner of the dwelling, who is so large that he fills up nearly the whole tube, come cautiously upstairs, stop for a second or two to reconnoitre, and then, with almost lightning speed, make a rush and drag down the door. This he fastens on the inside, in a manner which is doubtless strong enough to make good his defence against the intrusions of his expected foes, such as thrushes and jays.

On the 27th of November we took leave of our kind friends here, with much regret, and set off in the steamer which takes the mails to meet the P. and O. boat for Galle. There were no other passengers, and we had a good though rough passage, arriving at King George's Sound late in the evening of the 1st of December. We landed next morning, and went to the dingy little inn, with its very grumpy landlord, hoping to get rid of the whirr of the steamer by spending a night and day on shore.

The P. and O. steamer, 'Bombay,' which was to take us to Galle, arrived the same afternoon, and we were summoned to be on board next day at noon; punctually at which time we steamed away, with a fair wind, for Cape Leeuwin, about 200 miles from King George's Sound. Soon after leaving the Sound we passed within sight of a fine headland, standing out boldly into the sea, the form of which is that of a curiously perfect lion couchant, as distinct in outline as though carved by a sculptor's hand. Here we bade farewell to the New World, where we had passed many months so pleasantly, and had been treated

on all occasions by the inhabitants with so much cordiality, kindness, and hospitality. We now turned our thoughts to Ceylon and its beauties.

No one unacquainted with the Australian coasting steamers can have any idea of the pleasing contrast presented to them, in every way, by the P. and O. steamer 'Bombay,' in which space, cleanliness, and order everywhere prevailed. We had a very good passage of thirteen days, made less monotonous than voyages generally are, by some gentlemen on board giving lectures, which afforded a pleasant variety, and helped to pass the time that usually hangs so heavily between the early dinner and bedtime on board ship.

CHAPTER XII.

CEYLON.

Our original intention on arriving at Galle was to spend three weeks in Ceylon, and then proceed to Java, which we were very anxious to visit; but our plans were subsequently altered, and instead of three weeks, we remained three months in the island.

I have already described Galle and its 'lions.' This time we only stayed long enough to make the necessary preparations for our journey, and then left for Colombo.

The Ceylon coaches are of the rudest description. The body is made like a cart, with two seats *vis-à-vis*, sheltered by a wooden framework with canvas curtains. The 'guard'— generally a ragged, bare-footed boy — stands upon the door-step, when not engaged in running before, or beside, the horses; and on every available opportunity blows a deafening blast upon a cracked horn, close to the ear of the luckless traveller who happens to be on his side of the coach. The horses are, for the most part, very eccentric in their behaviour, having generally to be started with a twitch, or burning straw; and when once set off, they dash along at full speed for the first few miles, steadily refusing to stop at any unusual place on the road.

The only way to travel with comfort is to secure the whole coach, which, under the most favourable circumstances, is not too roomy. We left Galle about 6 A.M., and arrived at Colombo, eighty-five miles distant, at 4.30 P.M., in spite of various skirmishes with refractory horses, and having to stop twice to pick up the manager of the coaches, a native, who was following us in a small one-horse coach, generally used to carry parcels, or persons travelling only short distances. On this occasion it followed closely upon its predecessor, as its occupant was in charge of 1500*l.*, with which he did not wish to be left alone, though there was no risk, or danger of thieves, upon the road. The first mishap he met with was, his horse falling. The next occurred after breakfast, which is always prepared for the coach at Bentotte, in a neat, clean rest-house, standing on a peninsula jutting out into the sea, whence is a pretty view of the little bay. The small coach had preceded us, but had not gone far before we overtook it, with its occupant in great tribulation; the horse having shied, and upset himself, the coach, and its contents, into a somewhat deep ditch by the roadside. Nothing, however, seemed the worse, and we met with no further adventures, except causing the overturn of some Cingalese gentlemen in a brougham, whose horse, not appreciating the braying of our horn, and rattle of the coach, shied against a cocoa-nut tree, and upset their carriage.

The road, for the entire distance to Colombo, is a constant repetition of that immediately outside Galle: extremely pretty, but very monotonous. Coming from South Australia, where the face of the whole country was

so parched and arid, the luxuriance and richness of Ceylon vegetation were yet more striking than on coming from India. No less so was the difference between the long day's journey, without meeting a single person or passing a human habitation, so generally the case in the bush, and the constant passing to and fro of men and carts on this

highway, and the numerous houses and villages, which here border most of the principal roads. The very small proportion of women to be seen was remarkable, and presented a strong contrast to India. At first one fancies that there are no men, and that all the figures one meets in their long petticoats, with their hair fastened with a tortoiseshell or silver comb, in a coil at the back of the head, are women; but this fancy is soon dispelled. There is very little difference in the dress of the men and the women; the men all wear long hair, which is black, fine, and straight. The numerous streams and rivers, which one crosses constantly on the road to Colombo, are always frequented by bathers. While bathing the men let their hair down, but at other times it is drawn tightly off the face, and rolled in a knob at the back. There is nothing noteworthy in Colombo as

a metropolis, and the same oppressive, damp heat, which makes the climate of Galle so disagreeable, prevails here. We stayed a few days with some old friends of my father, who took us, among other pleasant rides and drives, to see a Buddhist temple at Calarney, which is, however, hardly worth visiting, as it only contains a colossal figure of Buddha, lying on its side in a glass case, gaudily and coarsely painted, and a few frescoes and decorations displaying the same want of taste.

The roads all over the country seem excellent, and for riding nothing can be pleasanter than the shady lanes, with cocoa-nut, areca, and sago-palms waving their graceful leaves on either side; while, here and there, a pond or tank, covered with lovely red and white lotus-blossoms, adds the touch of bright colour, which completes the picture. The beautiful soft grass, which grows so well in this damp climate, is a great addition to the gardens; and when laid out in lawns before the houses is cool and refreshing to the eye, even in the absence of flowers.

The railroad between Colombo and Kandy was only open for thirty miles, as far as Ambepusse, though the incline, which is to carry the line up the Kaduganawa Ghât was being engineered, and, I believe, making fair progress.

As we were unable to secure the whole coach from Ambepusse we had ordered a 'waggon,' for the remaining forty-five miles, to Kandy. These 'waggons' are universally used here. The original pattern was, I believe, brought from America: they resemble an Albert car, but are much lighter, with the seats raised sufficiently to admit of luggage being stowed underneath. This is

by far the most pleasant mode of travelling, as it is thus possible to stop where you please, and, to a certain extent, to choose the time for departure, or the length of stay at halting-places. It also enables one, when overcome by dust and heat, to stop at a wayside cottage and quench one's thirst with a draught of cocoa-nut water. As in England you would ask at a cottage-door for a glass of water, so in Ceylon you ask for a cocoa-nut, and immediately some one, generally a child, climbs the nearest tree like a squirrel, and in a moment more three or four huge cocoa-nuts come tumbling down at your feet. Then he scrambles down again, cuts off the top of one with a hatchet, trims the edge a little, to prevent the lip of the cup being too thick, and presents the way-worn traveller with the most delicious, cool, refreshing draught. In England this cocoa-nut water is called cocoa-nut milk, but here the latter is quite different, and made by scraping the nut, mixing it with the water, and straining it; when, if the cocoa-nut is young and fresh, it forms a better substitute for real milk than anything I know. In the South Sea Islands they not only make milk, but butter also from the cocoa-nuts, which are called '*cows*' by the island boys.

We breakfasted a few miles from Ambepusse, at the foot of the Ghât; after which a pony was harnessed, tandem, to our waggon, with a mule in the shafts. It has been said, that in Ceylon there is some of the finest scenery in the world, and this Kaduganawa Pass is certainly most beautiful in parts, combining an unusual grandeur of outline with extreme richness and luxuriance of vegetation. I never saw such a variety of hibiscus as

in the hedges here, and everything was covered with ipomœa of various colours, and a lovely mauve-coloured thunbergia, which, climbing over trees and shrubs, formed a complete curtain of blossoms. We arrived at Kandy about half-past four P.M., and took up our abode at one of the two very miserable hotels of which the town boasts, Our sitting-room was a slice of the public-room, half screened off by a piece of calico. This hotel was kept by a gentleman, 'who had met with many misfortunes,' as, with poetical ambiguity, the fact was described of his having been obliged to leave the army and one or two other professions. He was civil and obliging, and made conversation at the *table-d'hôte*, amusing us not a little by his assumed ignorance of everything concerning the meals, or any of the household arrangements. There were some very curious specimens of the genus *Homo*, class Planter, apparently living at the hotel, whose eccentricities afforded us much amusement.

The scenery about Kandy is fine. At the foot of wood-covered hills flows a river, which, at a little distance from the town, at Kattagastottoe, is spanned by an iron-girder bridge, whence the views on either side, of mountain and valley, are lovely. The coffee-cultivation in this neighbourhood has increased considerably of late years; but this does not improve the appearance of the country to the eyes of any but planters; for though the coffee-tree is naturally handsome in form, with a bright, glossy, dark-green foliage, yet, when the shrubs are planted in rows and cut to a certain height, they look stiff and formal.

The Botanical Gardens at Peridenia are very attractive.

They are about five miles from Kandy, and occupy a considerable extent of ground, formed into a peninsula by the river, which marks the boundary almost entirely, the highroad filling up the intervening space. The grounds are lovely. Rare and curious trees are planted in groups with consummate taste, and on the river banks grow finer bamboos than I have ever seen elsewhere. Mr. Thwaites, the curator, has a neat little cottage, covered with beautiful creepers in the midst of the gardens; his verandah was filled with pots, containing *treasures* which required peculiar care. He had just completed a new fernery, which was perfect. This climate, so disagreeable to human beings, is exactly suited to ferns; and here, in the open air, ferns, which in England can only be induced to keep up a frail existence in hot-houses or stoves, thrive, and grow to an enormous size. It is impossible for a lover of these and of flowers not to appreciate fully what Mr. Thwaites said of himself, 'that he gained his livelihood by doing that, which if he were a rich man, it would be his greatest delight to do for pleasure and amusement.'

We spent Christmas-day, which proved an almost incessant downpour from morning to night, at Kandy; and very unlike Christmas it would have been, but for the kindness of the Government agent and his wife, who invited us to dine with them. Just before sunset the rain cleared off for half-an-hour; and, weary of the noise and closeness of the hotel, we set off to walk round 'Lady Horton's Walk,' a gravelled path, winding entirely round one of the hills immediately above the 'Pavilion' (Government House). The views from many parts of the

walk are lovely, and were this evening particularly so, with the heavy, black clouds still hanging over the more distant mountains, tinted, as the sun threw upon them his parting rays, with the most brilliant rose-colour. Darkness soon overtook us, but our homeward path was lighted by innumerable fire-flies, flashing and sparkling in the jungle on either side.

The next morning we again set off in our waggon, *en route* for Newera Ellia; our first halt being at Pusilawa, twenty-three miles from Kandy. Here, in a wretched, dilapidated rest-house, we breakfasted, and waited till the afternoon, in hopes that the rain, which had come on about noon, might cease; but as it continued, we wrapped ourselves up as well as we could, and started up the Ghâts for the eleven miles which remained of this day's journey. The scenery all the way from Kandy is beautiful. The coffee-plantations give a stiff aspect to the foreground, but cannot destroy the majesty of form and outline of the mountains and distance. The coffee was in berry, and very striking is the appearance of an *un*cultivated tree, with the bright scarlet berries covering the stems, and peeping out from beneath a mass of dark glossy leaves. Higher up the mountain some of the shrubs were in blossom, and then their appearance is lovely, like an evergreen after a snow-storm.

The road from Pusilawa is like a gallery running along the mountain side, very good, and very well engineered, but rather narrow, and with several extremely sharp curves. Long before we reached Rambodde, a thick white fog had hidden everything more than a couple of hundred yards ahead of us.

Here (Rambodde) we were to spend the night. The rest-house, though not quite so dilapidated as that at Pusilawa, was very much out of repair; and the exact position in which the dining-table could be placed, so as to prevent the rain, which was leaking through the roof from falling either on it, or on those seated round it, was a problem by no means easy of solution. We found an old gentleman, who had preceded us by coach from Pusilawa, established in one of the three bedrooms; we took possession of the two others, and had hardly done so, before three soaked and dripping travellers, returning from spending Christmas at Newera Ellia, made their appearance. We were wet, they were wet, the house was wet, everything was wet; the two servants belonging to the rest-house were stupid and dirty, and altogether it was most uncomfortable. As there were no other rooms in the house, the old planter, our predecessor, had to take compassion on two, and my father on the third of the new-comers.

The rest-house is situated on a ledge of rock, with waterfalls rushing by it on every side. The roar of the water in my room was deafening, but at night acted as a lullaby, with its ceaseless, monotonous roll.

The next morning was fine, though not bright, and as more rain was predicted, we again set off as soon as the waggon could be packed, only spending a little time in seeing some of the many beautiful waterfalls in the neighbourhood. The mountains are magnificent in form, bold and wild, and covered with fine trees, which, at this season, were just putting forth new shoots, causing a rich variety of colouring, far surpassing anything I have ever

seen in the most brilliant 'autumn woods' at home. The only thing to which it in the least approximates, is the coralline and sea-weed lining of a pool among rocks on the sea-shore, as seen through deep transparent water. These glorious forest trees replace the coffee-plantations at that altitude where the latter will not grow. The limit is strongly marked, causing a curious effect when seen from a distance, both from the very straight line which intersects a whole range of mountains, and the difference of the foliage on either side of that line. Among other forest trees in this country is the crimson rhododendron. We were too early in the year to see it in full beauty, but there were quite enough of the gorgeous bunches of bright blossoms to enable one to imagine what the effect must be a month later, when the tree becomes a mass of the same. We had to ascend twelve miles of rather steep hill, and to descend two miles to Newera Ellia, which lays in a sort of basin, surrounded on all sides by hills, covered with these wonderfully brilliant forests.

In all our wanderings we had never, on land, experienced so much dirt and discomfort as during the week we passed in the rest-house here. The almost incessant rain, which penetrated throughout the house, made everything damp and clammy, and there was no possibility of getting out-of-doors. There was nothing fit to eat or drink, no table-cloths, no bath, no coffee-pot, no *any*thing that we wanted or asked for; and though the owner of the house, who had a general store in the bazaar, assured us we should have anything and everything we wished from his store, matters did not mend in

the least. When, in despair at the appearance of our dinner, we asked for 'an egg, an apple, or a nut,' the appoo (head-servant) informed us 'no get' for the two last, and for eggs, that in this country 'hens all make rotten eggs!' which left our prospect dismal indeed. The door could not be made to shut; the window was broken; the chimney in which we tried to light a wood-fire smoked; the multitudes of 'things that creep, and things that fly,' which infested the place, had no mercy upon us; we had brought but few of our own books, and an ancient Delectus and Colenso's Algebra were all that former travellers had left in the house. Even letter-writing was almost an impossibility, for so damp was every thing and every place, that writing paper was like blotting paper, and compassion for the eyes that would have to read it forbade the letter being long. And still the rain poured down, morning, noon, and night. Every now and again half-an-hour's cessation led us to hope for brighter things, but after just sufficient time had elapsed for everything to be hidden by dense mist, rolling along in a listless, dispiriting kind of way, the rain would come down again with renewed fury, flatly contradicting the assertion we so often made, 'This *must* cease before long.' In short, had it not been that my father much wished me to see the view from the top of Pedro Tullagalla, we should decidedly not have stayed another day, particularly as the servants in the rest-house proved dishonest, as well as dirty, and broke open some of our boxes, my dressing-case, and Lucien's locked bag. Fortunately for us, they only stole some of his clothes and an umbrella.

After we had been undergoing this misery for two or

three days, one of the judges of the High Court and his son, who had heard that we were here, and knew what we must be suffering, kindly drove some distance through the pouring rain, and carried us off to dine and spend the evening with them, which was a most agreeable change. They were very kind to us during the rest of our stay, and the one fine afternoon we had, Mrs. —— drove us a few miles along the Badulla road—a mountain pass of very great beauty—to the gardens where chinchona is being cultivated. These gardens have only lately been established, but already bark (quinine) has been sent home from some of the trees, which thrive wonderfully. The superintendent said he intended planting out the next lot of young trees in the open, cleared ground, as he thought they did not require the shelter hitherto considered necessary, which had caused him to plant all he had previously raised in the jungle. His staff of gardeners was very small, so that he had not been able fully to avail himself of the natural advantages of the place as regards climate and situation.

The view into the valley from this Badulla road was most beautiful; and on trees and shrubs by the roadside, as we drove along, we saw some gorgeously-coloured birds, of the oriole tribe, bright orange almost scarlet, and black, and yellow and black. Rain came on again as we returned from the gardens, but we had seen enough to be able to understand the raptures of those who have houses at Newera Ellia, and who go up there during the season when the climate of the valleys and sea-board is most unpleasant, and that of the hills delightful, and

who stoutly maintain that there is no place in the world like Newera Ellia!

New-year's Day, 1866, was at 4.30 A.M. fair—at least not raining. We had made all our plans for leaving the hills, and returning to Galle in a few days, so, as the native who was to be our guide promised that as soon as the sun was up it would be a bright day, we set off to climb to the top of Pedro Tullagalla, the highest mountain in Ceylon—8300 and some odd feet above the sea, and nearly 2000 above Newera Ellia. The morning was grey and misty, but our guide constantly buoyed up our courage with the prospect that we should 'some little good see;' and we tried to hope, that a bright morning would have been deceptive, and continually called upon each other, as we trudged along, to observe the mist being blown across the valley with such rapidity, that we felt sure on the other side of the mountain we should find a clear and brilliant prospect. (Why will people, even in small things, try to *make* themselves believe what they *wish* to believe, even against their judgment?) On we went, and soon began to ascend the mountain; up we climbed, the path very narrow, and very slippery, the jungle growing thicker at every step. After such rain as had been falling for the last week, everything was of course dripping, and before we had accomplished a quarter of our distance, we were thoroughly soaked, as if we had been standing under a waterfall! We had tried to get a pony or mule for me to ride up, but soon found how useless such would have been if procurable, as there were various trees lying across the path, *under* which we had to crawl on hands and knees. Soon afterwards we arrived

at a river, over which our guide had to carry us on his back; and, finally, after literally *fighting* our way through dense rattan jungle, we reached the summit. We looked around us, and beheld the Trigonometrical Survey mound, with a pole stuck in the middle—dense clouds of mist—two very deplorable figures, with very long faces, and very wet clothes—the neck of a broken champagne bottle, and an empty sardine tin—'Only this, and nothing more!'

There was a piercing wind blowing, which in our wet clothes did not tend to improve our condition, and we therefore trotted down again, as fast as the slipperiness of the path, which rendered the descent even more difficult than the ascent, would admit. The only reward we had for our trouble, was seeing the rhododendron trees, which blossom much earlier on the mountain than either at Newera Ellia, or lower down, and which were magnificent—the trunks and branches are very picturesque, and the blossoms beautiful; still, this hardly repaid us for all we had gone through to attain it!

The morning we left Newera Ellia was fine, and had we not accepted an invitation from the Governor (Sir H. Robinson) to spend the day with him at Colombo, on our way to Galle, we could not have resisted the temptation to wait and see Newera Ellia in sunshine, after having so thoroughly learnt its appearance in rain. But it could not be, and we should have been very sorry to miss that lovely morning for our drive down to Kandy. The views were magnificent; and after so much rain, the transparency of the atmosphere gave an indescribable softness and delicacy to the distant colouring.

We breakfasted at Rambodde, whence the view into the plain was most beautiful, and the falls all round splendid; indeed, the drive all the way from Newera Ellia to Pusilawa, was a continuous panorama of extreme loveliness.

We left Kandy for Colombo the next morning. Judging by photographs I have, which were taken from the railway incline on the Kaduganawa Ghât, the views thence must be magnificent; but they can hardly surpass those from the road, which are still more grand as seen in descending than on ascending the Pass.

We had been given only three horses for the forty-seven miles of very hilly road between Kandy and Colombo, causing us some doubt, lest we should miss the train at Ambepusse; as we did, though not through being too late, for we arrived ten minutes before the time, but, because a misprint had been made in the newspaper (the only place where the trains are advertised), which caused our departure to be shown at the hour when we ought to have left the next station. Consequently, we had to remain six hours (from 3 P.M. to 9 P.M.) in a miserable little shed, the only shelter for some miles, except the even more miserable station waiting-room, with nothing to do but listen to a navvy recounting his private history to a brother in the profession. Though, doubtless, very interesting to the principal parties concerned, this only resulted with listeners in the discovery, that the speaker had found out, what all sensible people, I think, long ago acknowledged, viz., that if a man will only listen to his wife, he is sure to 'get along' much better in the world than if he follows his own judgment.

Moreover, that his wages were 18*l.* per month, of which, man-like, he kept 10*l.* for himself, and allowed his wife, for herself and children, the remaining 8*l.* The study of animated nature in this form, however, soon became wearisome, and was less interesting than in that of a bright green snake on a branch, catching flies, in the jungle near the little hut.

We did not arrive at Colombo till midnight; but, in spite of having no means of sending a telegram explaining the delay, found a carriage waiting to take us to 'Queen's House.' We were so late, that it did not require much persuasion to induce us to delay our journey to Galle for one day, and before that day was over, we had put it off indefinitely, Sir Hercules having asked us to stay for an elephant kraal, which was to take place in February, and, meanwhile, to accompany him on a tour through the southern districts, which he was about to make. Everything was made so easy for us that it would have been hard to resist, even if an elephant kraal had not been a sight which can be witnessed only in Ceylon, and that, now, on very rare occasions. So we stayed, giving up Java: and a most delightful three months we passed, thanks to the kindness and hospitality of Sir H. and Lady Robinson.

We stayed a few days in Colombo, making preparations for the trip, and then went to Galle, where Sir H. was to be for a few days before our final start. There is no place in the world, I imagine, where the Governor has such a choice of habitation as in Ceylon. At Galle, Colombo, Kandy, Trincomalee, Matura, and, I believe, at two or three other places, are houses called 'The Queen's

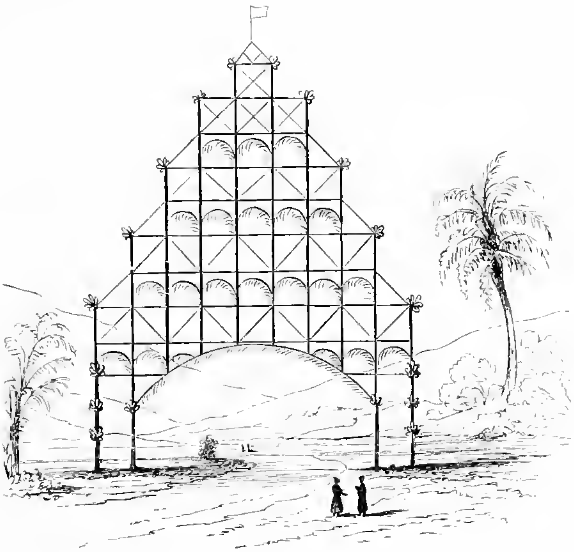
House,' for his use. Those at Colombo and Kandy are very comfortable. At Kandy the house is called 'The Pavilion,' and has a lovely garden.

The day before leaving Galle we went into the harbour to see some rocks blown up under water. A diver, dressed in that strange costume, which makes a man look like some fearful sea-monster with enormous goggle-eyes, carried the match down; it was just seven minutes in reaching the barrel of gunpowder, which gave time for us to be hauled off to a short distance, whence we could see the commotion in the water, and the stirring up of the mud, which was all there was to be seen. After this we went to the other side of the harbour, and scrambled through jungle up to a high point, whence Sir H. could look down upon the site for a breakwater, which was to be made. From this point the views across the bay and of the distant hills were lovely. That same evening we dined with the P. and O. agent, who has an extremely good house, a little way out of the town; after which the *élite* of Galle society came to dance to the music of the Galle band.

The next day, about noon, we started. The Governor, ourselves, our old friend Major S., and Captain B. (A. D. C.) in a coach, Mr. M., the Government agent, and the Doctor in another vehicle, and Mr. S. (Private Secretary) in a third. All the servants, luggage, and riding-horses, had gone on, either the evening before or early that morning. Some of the coach-horses were very wild, and one pair positively refused to go at all. They were fine large horses, with grand new harness, in honour of the occasion, which may have caused their unwilling-

ness to move; for nothing would induce them to do so, until the pair in Mr. S.'s carriage and our own were divided, and one very large, one very small, horse given to each carriage, when they went off with a rush, and did not stop the whole stage.

This day's journey was twenty-eight miles, to Matura. The road, a repetition of that between Galle and Colombo, being in fact a continuation of it. Grand decorations



were put up at the entrance to every village. The triumphal arches, made of bamboo, cocoa-nut leaves, and fruit, were often extremely tasteful in arrangement and elegant in their proportions. It is astonishing what a variety may be produced with no other material than cocoa-nut leaves, and the variety of colouring is almost equal to that of form. The 'Queen cocoa-nut,' of which the fruit

is a bright gold colour, and the blossoms, both of that and of the common kind, are very effective among the dark leaves.

About three miles out of Matura, the Assistant Government Agent met his Excellency, with several of the great native chiefs, all in full dress, which much resembles that of naval officers of the time of Lord Howe. A long blue coat, with gold buttons, and an immense quantity of gold braid, and daggers, worked with silver, inlaid with jewels, having dragons' heads, with cornelian tongues for handles, and otherwise much ornamented. These gentlemen wore their hair in the usual Cingalese fashion, rolled into a ball at the back of the head, and surmounted by a high comb.

The Queen's House here was very prettily decorated, particularly a little alcove opening out of the sitting-room, the roof of which was studded with scarlet lotus-blossoms, between lines of silver foil.

We had just time to canter out to Dondra Head and back before dark. It is the southernmost point of Ceylon, though as one of the party, a regular Irishman, declared, 'One wouldn't know it to be so, unless one had been told!'

Rain came on heavily as we were returning, but cleared by the time dinner was over, when the natives brought fireworks in honour of the Governor, which, though not much in themselves, had a pretty effect amongst the trees.

Early the next morning we rode to the top of a somewhat high hill, whence a fine view of the coast, distant hills, and a perfect *sea* of cocoa-nut trees—30,000 acres

in extent—is obtained. We left Matura in the afternoon, Mr. L. driving the Governor and myself the first eight miles, to a place where, in a small bungalow, a sumptuous repast had been spread for his Excellency by the Moodlea (headman) of the district. We could not find out how he had become possessed of the table service, which was here laid out. The tea and coffee-pots looked like pieces of old family plate, and much of the china was old and curious.

Here our horses were waiting for us, and we rode the remaining eight miles to Ackuresse, where the decorations were really beautiful. A long avenue, formed of bamboo and cocoa-nut-leaf arches, led up to the rest-house, which was at night illuminated by lights placed inside pierced chatty-pots.* This was one of the best-decorated places. The walls were covered with calico, upon which was fastened a very pretty feathery lycopodium, in trailing patterns, forming the skirting-board; above which, in the same lycopodium, was traced the outline of pillars with patterns between; then another trailing pattern, and over that an upper story, with arabesque designs, urns, stars, &c., with the trailing pattern again, to form the cornice. All the pillars in the verandah were adorned with cocoa-nut leaves and cocoa-nuts, and arches of split leaves were made to connect them; or else paper, crimped in the way children make fans for their dolls, was placed at intervals all round the arch, with plaited tassels of split leaves between. The

* Chatty-pots are common earthenware vessels, used all over the East for cooking, carrying water, and all similar purposes.

crimped paper is only used as a decoration for royalty, or royalty's representative.

Generally, in the middle of the large triumphal arch at the entrance to the village, or rest-house, there was a red or blue flag, with

WELCOME TO H. E. SIR H. G. R. ROBINSON,

KNIGHT, GOVERNOR,

ETC. ETC.

OF CEYLON,

painted upon it; and at some places hideous masks grinned from the top of the arch, almost frightful enough to scare the visitor from entering.

We generally stayed at the rest-houses, which had been prepared and decorated in a similar way, only varying in design and execution: but in some places there were no rest-houses, and then a palace was built of cocoa-nut leaves, plaited with the most perfect regularity and neatness, called kajams. Of these the walls and roofs were composed; the inside of the rooms was hung with calico, and mats were laid on the floor. At other places the frame of the house was made of bamboo, with mud plastered between; much resembling the 'wattle and dab' so often used in Devonshire. All these houses and decorations, &c. were arranged by the moodlea, or headman of the village or district, and at his expense. On some occasions, as for instance, the day after we left Ackuresse, while the horses were being taken across a river in a boat, which was to return for us, the moodlea entertained the Governor with fruit, cakes,

and coffee, &c. At this place, also, some of the moodlea's followers, dressed in a sort of fancy costume, and wearing hideous masks of animals' and demons' heads, formed a procession, and with tom-toms and other native music before them, escorted his Excellency some distance on the road. At one or two places there was a display of fire-works in the evening, but this did not seem a favourite amusement.

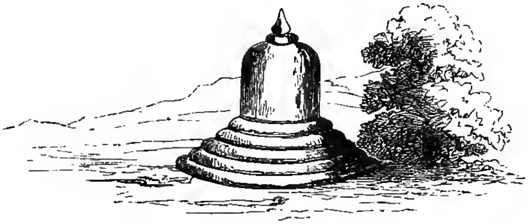
There was nothing particular to remark in the next few marches, during which time we had been joined by a young sailor, who had come from England for shooting, and a civilian belonging to these districts. But what merry days those were! How, in reading and re-writing the account of them, that time comes back, with the remembrance of all its pleasure and enjoyment! The beautiful country, the pleasant party, the kindness of every one, the universal good humour and merriment. Such careless, merry days come but rarely in a lifetime, and can seldom be repeated.

There were two dams the Governor wished to see in the course of the next few days. We visited one of them in the early morning after our arrival at the rest-house of Kirime, from which place it is two miles and a half distant, through pretty turfy lanes, like 'green rides' at home; at the end of which we emerged upon a lovely calm lake, covered with water-lilies, and with distant hills behind. The rising sun threw a glow over everything, and the ground was covered with gossamer and dewdrops, sparkling and glittering in the morning light.

The road from this place to our next halt, Kahawatte, fourteen miles distant, was in the midst of more beautiful

scenery than any we passed through until we were in the mountains; and the bright colour of the paddy (green rice), which is much cultivated about here, adds greatly to the beauty.

About eight miles from Kahawatte there are some Buddhist temples, standing halfway up a steep hill, on the summit of which is a dagoba,* to reach which we had to climb up four hundred steps: at least the priests said there were four hundred. I could not succeed in counting them.



The view from this dagoba was lovely and very extensive, with blue hills on one side and the distant sea on the other.

There are several colossal figures of Buddha in the temples, all very gaudily coloured, like those at Calarney. In the priests' hall we were entertained with milk and

* Dagobas are erections generally of much the same form as this one, wherein are preserved relics of Buddha—hair, teeth, nails, &c.—which are placed in a hollow space inside; over this a large mound of earth is raised, and the mound covered with brick, often of no great thickness. Dagobas are also found in the rock-hewn temples of India, but are there cut out of the solid rock; a small niche being made near the base, in which the relic is placed. The name Dagoba is derived from two Sanscrit words—*Deha*, a body, and *Gopa*, what preserves, or conceals.

cocoa-nuts, after partaking of which the high-priest sent for a book, written in Pali, to show us; from which, at the request of the Government Agent here, he read us portions. They read in a curious sort of monotonous chant, with frequent interruptions in the shape of a grunt, which is brought in at the end of every two or three sentences, with a very comical effect. Pali is the ancient religious language of the Buddhists, and I believe that, among philologists, it is still a controverted point whether Pali or Sanscrit bears the palm on the score of antiquity.

Near the rest-house at Kahawatte is a temple where sacred fish are preserved: we went in the afternoon to feed them. They are similar to those at most temples in India—quite as greedy, though not quite as large; and so numerous, that on throwing a handful of bread or rice to them, you can see nothing but fishes' mouths, while the noise they make in gulping at any stray morsel is astonishing.

From this place we marched to Tangalle, on the sea, where the rest-house is large and roomy, and where the decorations were magnificent. The wind here was very high, but rather a pleasant change after the heat of the jungle; and there was a grove of palms between the house and the sea, under the shade of which we made our drawing-room in the evenings.

The next day (Sunday) we attended service in the Court-house, adjoining our domicile, and connected with it by a covered way. They had cleverly arranged to have a sermon and collection in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel the day the Governor and his party were there; otherwise, I fancy, judging by the re-

maining portion of the congregation, that the sum contributed would have been but small. The resident clergyman, and the other, who was only there for the occasion, were both Cingalese ; the latter preached, and gave us a remarkably good sermon. We were told that he was a most excellent man ; had been educated in Calcutta, where he practised as an advocate, and was making a large fortune : but upon the death of his wife, which was a terrible grief to him, he gave up his profession, took orders, devoted his entire fortune to charitable purposes, and now works in Ceylon as a missionary, living upon the very small stipend there allotted to that class.

At Tangalle is an old Dutch fort, which is to be converted into a gaol, and from the top of it is a pretty view over the cocoa-nut grove to the distant hills. The house of the District Judge is here : its last occupant had left his mark on it, in the shape of very clever cartoons, sketched with a burnt stick or charcoal, over all the white-washed walls.

Two days after leaving Tangalle we reached Hambantotte, where the Government Agent and his wife live, in a house close to the sea. A dreary life it must be, without any Europeans in the place except one gentleman in charge of the twelve police who are stationed here, and far away from all social interests or civilised occupations and pleasures. This appears to be one of the few places in Ceylon where gardening is carried on under such difficulties as to render it hardly worth while attempting ; the rude wind and salt air prevalent for many months of the year, quickly destroying the result of much trouble and labour spent during the others.

The second day, our morning's march of eleven miles was through beautiful scenery, over hills and across plains, with many lagoons covered with lotus lilies. On the banks of the lagoons, among other bright and graceful trees or shrubs, were large lilac masses of the Lagerstræmia regina in full bloom. We halted at mid-day by the side of the Wellaway river, at a very pretty bend, with beautiful trees on either bank, and resembling a river far more than the muddy little streams we had previously crossed. They are dammed up, and turned off for purposes of irrigation in so many places, particularly where rice is cultivated, that little water is left to add to the beauty of the landscape.

From Hambantotte we had to march over very bad ground, eleven miles in the morning and seven in the evening, to Kirinde, a place on the coast, where are some salt and other stores, requiring an occasional visit from the Governor. Our road lay through a district filled with salt-water lagoons or 'leeways,' which run close under low sand-hills rising between them and the sea. These 'leeways' are formed either by the water percolating the sand, or by its washing over the lower places in the sand-hills during high tides. They are by no means pleasant as riding ground, being slippery, deep, and in some parts almost like quicksands. On our return, a week afterwards, we made our own way through the low scrub at the top of the sand-hills, and found excellent riding ground, only requiring to be cleared here and there to make it perfect. It seems strange that people, who ride almost every day, should live for ten years in this place, and be content to hold to the *traditions*, which maintain

the impracticability of any road, except the very bad one through these 'leeways.' On arriving at our mid-day halting-place, we found two of our party who had gone on the previous night. They feigned the utmost surprise at our dripping, muddy state, and expressed themselves incredulous as to the possibility of finding so much mud on our road, persistently denying that they had encountered any of the perils from sloughs and quicksands, such as we described. Some of their attendants, however, were not such good dissemblers, and before long a rumour was heard, which gradually obtained credence, that they had for several hours during the night been floundering about in holes and pitfalls, from which they did not escape until rescued by two parties, who had come out in search of them, bearing torches and lanterns.

We were detained at Kirinde three days, the river being impassable from the rain, which fell almost incessantly; but, fortunately, we were lodged in a house which, under the circumstances, was certainly preferable to a leaf-palace. There is not much of beauty at Kirinde; but, nevertheless, it was not unpleasant. A long reach of smooth, almost level, sand stretches out eastward, with a fine sea breaking upon it, and near our house were rocks jutting out into the water, as if placed there purposely as a lounge for idlers who love the roar of rolling waves.

From the Trigonometrical Survey mound, the liquid, ever-moving ocean on one hand forms a striking contrast to the motionless, though in appearance, almost equally boundless ocean of cocoa-nut palms on the other. It has a curious effect; the thousands of acres of trees, similar

in form, and nearly so in height, produce quite the appearance of solid green waves. In the extreme distance the Kattregam hills look very pretty.

While here we were to have visited some ancient Buddhist ruins at Tissa Maha Rama, about seven miles off. But the rain fell so continuously, and the reports brought in by natives as to the state of the road were so discouraging, that no one but my father could muster sufficient courage for the expedition. He, however, accompanied by a native gentleman and guide, set off one morning, and had a very successful day, though for the last mile of their road before reaching the ruins, they and their horses were almost swimming!

Among these ruins there is one fine dagoba, said to have been built by Devenipiatissa, the seventh king of Ceylon, B.C. 306; but, with this exception, there are few that can be identified as belonging to places of worship. The most remarkable of the ruins are those of the Palace, and of the stalls for the royal elephants.

We had a curious example of equine eccentricity while staying here. One afternoon Sir H. and I, quite tired of being kept indoors by the rain, determined, whether in sunshine or storm, to ride out some few miles, and ascertain the state of the river which was keeping us prisoners.

None of our party seemed inclined to accompany us, and Sir H. sent back the orderly, thinking his services unnecessary for so short a distance; the sequel proved otherwise. As we approached the river, we found so much water in the paddy-fields, that we could not safely venture to cross them without a guide. We therefore

tried to follow a cattle track to the shore, where the sea was dashing in grand breakers over some fine rocks and boulders; but our attempt was ineffectual, as our progress was impeded by the thorny branches of some acacias. Unwilling to be baffled, we dismounted, and led our horses through a running stream, getting very wet, but attaining our object.

My steed was a very handsome half-Thibetan, half-Arab pony, which a friend at Colombo had kindly lent me. His name was 'Scamp,' and fully, on this occasion, did he justify the appellation which had been given to him. On reaching the shore, the Governor turned back to tie his horse to a tree in order to help me to mount; and no sooner did 'Scamp' perceive that I was alone, than he reared on his hind-legs, and began butting like a ram. Having one hand occupied with habit and whip, and only loose sloping sand for foothold, I had but little strength or capability to fight, or indeed to do more than keep my footing, and to some extent guide him in his gyrations, in order to prevent him knocking me down. I watched Sir H.'s retreating figure with much anxiety, hoping that he might look round and see my position. Every instant proved more clearly that 'Scamp' was gaining the mastery, till at length he fairly pushed me over a shelf of sand, where, being below him, I lost the small amount of power I had possessed on the rising ground, and making a sudden rush he threw me down. Sir H., on turning round, saw us in this position, 'Scamp,' with his forelegs in the air, looking as wicked as possible, and as if he were going to dance upon me! The Governor ran up, and just caught the bridle as it fell to the ground,

I being powerless to hold it longer, after which there ensued a struggle, such as I never wish to see again between man and horse. Three times after he had apparently submitted himself, when Sir H. brought him up to the rock, on which I was standing ready to mount, the instant my foot touched the stirrup, he stood up on his hindlegs, and made a bound, which carried me off the rock on to the sand, the last time catching his foot in my habit, which made it rather nervous work, for the habit was twisted round his hoof, not merely under it. However, Sir H. managed to back him gently off, and at last convinced 'Scamp' that he was not the master. Until this time we had no idea how much wickedness there was in him, nor had he shown us any symptoms of such 'Scampish' tricks.

The morning of the day on which we had arranged to leave Kirinde (the river having been pronounced fordable) was ushered in by torrents of rain—rain such as falls in Ceylon, but in few other places where I have been. A council was held as to the probability of finding the river again impassable. Two of the party, with all the supplies, had started the evening before, and it was discovered that the last biscuits and eggs to be procured in the place had been demolished at breakfast. So we set off on our return to Hambantotte, and found the ford at the river practicable; although the natives did their best to stop us, by rushing into the water and pretending to stumble, and slip into holes, where the water only allowed their heads to appear. Their little *ruse* was so very transparent that we passed on unhesitatingly, and found the water not much higher than the horses' girths, though,

had it been twice as deep, we could not have suffered much more, for the rain had defied Macintoshes and waterproofs, and we were all dripping before arriving at the river.

We remained a day at Hambantotte, and then left the coast and struck into the country, by a road which runs straight inland for many miles. For the first two days it was very bad travelling, through deep clay mud, which tried the horses and coolies considerably. The leaf palaces were of a much less finished, as well as less ornamental kind, than heretofore; moreover, the rain was continuous, and the locality feverish, so that we were not quite as much in love with the Ceylon jungle as hitherto. But, happily, no one suffered, nor did the spirits of any of the party flag.

Through all this country elephants abounded, and several times we heard them trumpeting as we rode along in the dusk, although we did not see them.

The third day of our march in this direction we rode over seven miles of forest road, to a place where a kajam bungalow had been erected for breakfast; and during the last three miles our way was enlivened by a group of musicians and dancers, who had come out to do honour to His Excellency. Anything more barbarous than their performances it would be hard to conceive. Tom-toms in India are bad enough, but there is a certain curly horn instrument here, which, combined with the clashing of rude cymbals and small drums, is infinitely worse; and the contortions of the dancers were most ungraceful and uncouth. One of them, apparently the leader of the dance, was dressed in a sort of dull crimson short petti-

coat, and had his head covered with fan-shaped crimped paper, sticking out on all sides, and presenting a most ludicrous and grotesque appearance.

At the end of our march a steep, rugged path, brought us to the bungalow of the owner of a large coffee estate, where we were to pass the night. The house stands on a narrow platform on the mountain-side, looking across the valley to magnificent scarps and cliffs, upon which there was very little vegetation. The steepness of the mountain here may in some measure be imagined, on hearing that the house of a brother-planter, which stands immediately above this, is only half a mile distant by the chain which draws the coffee up and down, but by the road (or rocky track) it is *six* miles!

There is a contrivance, on most of the estates situated on very steep ground, for passing the coffee down to the lowest point, and thus saving much time and labour. A metal tube is raised on supports, and carried at a gradual incline from the upper to the lower part of the plantation, where the store is generally built. The berries which are to be sent down from the higher ground are put into the tube, and floated down with water, which at the store is drained off, or turned to account during the process of 'pulping,' before the berries are packed. It was too early in the season for us to see either process going on.

There is a good deal of resemblance between 'planters' and 'diggers' in their manners and mode of life: the combination of extreme roughness and good-nature is characteristic of both; and the table being supplied with a view to the quantity, rather than the quality or the appearance, of the viands, is the same in either case.

From Laymastotte we had a very rough ride, over a stony path, so narrow as to be dangerous on our encountering bullocks coming down the hill, with their bales of coffee. The animals, alarmed at our appearance, made a rush, which resulted in two of our party being upset. Many of the distant views during these ten miles of rocky scramble were extensive and striking. We could see the sea clearly behind the jagged peaks of the many mountain ranges rising from the jungle.

When we arrived at Kalapahane we found that Mr. B. (Government Agent at Ratnapoora) had made arrangements for us, and two gentlemen, idlers like ourselves, to go to the top of Adam's Peak. The time for the promised elephant kraal was drawing near, and we were afraid that there would be no possibility of getting to Ratnapoora, and thence to Adam's Peak and back to Kandy by the appointed time; but Mr. B. had arranged everything so well, that what seemed almost impossible when first suggested, now appeared quite easy. This was the breaking up of our pleasant party, and my father and I felt quite dismal as we saw the last of our friends waving farewell through the drizzle, from a turn in the road to Newera Ellia. By some mistake, our baggage, with Lucien and our Cingalese servant, had gone on with the Governor's things; so Mr. B. and Mr. C., one of our party to Adam's Peak, walked off in pouring rain to try and recover it.

The news brought by our friends on their return was, that coolies with our baggage were on the road; and that on leaving us, the first thing they had beheld on going up the pass was Lucien, wringing his hands, and peering

down into a sea of mist in the valley below, with the vain hope of discovering his pony, which had fallen over a precipice. It was a very small animal, which my father had bought for 5*l.* or 6*l.* in Colombo, and was, in appearance, something like the pigs that children cut out in orange-peel. Neither the pony nor Lucien made their appearance that night, nor the following morning; so we could only conclude that Lucien, unable to survive the loss of such a noble steed, must have sacrificed himself.

The next morning, Mr. B. having roused us earlier than necessary, we spent three hours in the verandah, watching the cold grey mist slowly dispersing as day dawned and the sun shone forth, when the view was magnificent. Stretching far away to the sea, with hills rising out of dense jungles, lay the plain at our feet, some of the valleys being filled with white mist, which in the early morning's grey light had all the effect of lakes. Water is the only requisite here for the perfection of scenery.

We walked about a mile to the place where the waggon was waiting, and then drove twenty-one miles to Ballangodde, where we breakfasted. Our road lay down a very pretty mountain-pass, where there were several fine talipat palms in blossom. The appearance presented by our waggon was very much that of a ship undergoing 'washing-day.' Our friends' clothes had not recovered their wetting of the previous night, and had been hung all round the waggon to dry in the sun; their owners meanwhile wearing harlequin suits, borrowed from different members of the planter's establishment.

We rested an hour or two at Ballangodde, and then twenty-five miles to Ratnapoora ended a long day's work

for this country. The road, which for the most part was good, unfortunately became execrable, just when it grew dark; and, while making violent efforts to drag the waggon through a bed of deep clay, worn into wide ruts, the horse broke one of the traces, which we had to stop and mend. Finally, a ferry was to be crossed, at which the horse had to be taken out, so that it was just 9 o'clock P.M. before we arrived at Ratnapoora, much fatigued, having been 'up and doing' since 3.30 A.M.

Here we found another gentleman, who was to join our party, and about 3 P.M. the next day we set off on the ascent of Adam's Peak, my father and I being carried in chairs, the others riding. My chair had a talipat palm covering, to keep off the sun, which made it look exactly like a gigantic green poke bonnet.

The guides, who were to have met us with torches to light our path, did not appear, and echo alone answered to the shouts of two men sent on to seek them. The bearers for our chairs were unlike those in India, who are well accustomed to the work, and walk over rough and broken ground without ever losing the balance of the palanquin or tonjon. These coolies swayed the chairs about over the abyss, which looked black and horrible, in a manner that was anything but pleasant to our feelings, and once or twice so nearly upset my father, that at last he got down and walked. However, at 10 P.M. we arrived safely at Pallabadulla, where a hut, prepared by Mr. B.'s orders, and formed of cocoa-nut leaves laid across beams, afforded us a shelter for the night. Rude and rough as the accommodation was, we were only too glad to avail ourselves of it; and, refreshed by dinner and sleep, we started the

next morning at seven o'clock. The chairs could no longer be used, as the path from this point becomes very steep and rough, therefore some things in the form of manchiels* had been constructed to help us on our road. We had some difficulty in getting into them, having to lie flat on our backs, and work with a snakelike movement into the sack, which closed round like a hammock, and left as little power of movement to the unfortunate victim inside as if swathed like an Italian *bambino*. A stick was fastened across the head of the sack, which prevented its closing over the face, but even this did not render it an agreeable mode of progression; particularly, as in lifting the manchiels up the steep rocky way, the bearers treated their burdens as if they were merely sacks of sand or coal, never dreaming of turning them round when going down hill, so as to allow the head to remain uppermost. Altogether we very soon had enough of this mode of conveyance, and preferred walking.

At Herrimittapane, about nine miles from where we had passed the night, we stopped for breakfast in a native hut. A most extraordinary little place, where a few people live for the purpose of providing lodging and food for the numerous pilgrims, who journey from all

* In some parts of India, 'manchiels' are used as palanquins are elsewhere. They cannot, by the utmost stretch of imagination, be called *comfortable*, being only a framework of wood with cloth or sacking stretched over it. A corresponding cloth-covered framework, sometimes with a sort of curtain hanging round it, is raised a little way above the other, as a protection against the sun for the unhappy occupant of the manchiel, who lies flat on his back, afraid to lift his head lest he should knock it against the pole upon which the two frameworks are strung lengthways.

parts of the country, to pay their vows at the shrine on the summit of the mountain. The room in which we breakfasted and found refuge from the sun was a kind of loft, to reach which we had to clamber up a ladder, made out of the trunk of a tree, with steps cut in it. But so hungry were we (it was past one o'clock), that I think we could have climbed the trunk of a cocoa-nut

palm, and sat among the leaves, had such a manœuvre been requisite to obtain food!

From this point the road was one continuous ascent of rude and rocky steps, leading straight up the mountain through thick jungle. I never saw so rough and steep a road, where, though excessively fatiguing, it was so practicable. There was nothing alarming, even for

the most nervous person, until the last 100 yards or so. There the narrow ledges, cut in the face of a sheer rock, up which you have to scramble by the help of iron chains hung at the side, or an occasional iron baluster, might intimidate one, who, not possessing a steady head, should turn round and see nothing below him, and only rocky ledges above. There is another road up the mountain from the opposite side of the country, which is an easy slope compared to the one by which we ascended; but it joins our road at the foot of this rocky staircase, and all pilgrims, thousands and thousands of whom visit the shrine yearly, must encounter this formidable ascent at the end. In spite of which, many women, with children in their arms, and aged persons, accomplish this pilgrimage annually.

For the last three miles one of the natives had helped me considerably by fastening one end of his sash into the belt round my waist. This was such an assistance, that I and one of the party, accustomed to steep climbing, arrived at the top an hour or more before the others. The ascent was undoubtedly arduous, but the glorious view fully repaid our exertions, for the panorama gained from the summit of a cone more than 7000 feet above the sea, in such scenery as that of Ceylon, is indeed magnificent.*

We found ourselves on a small plateau, with a hut consisting of one small room, and a narrow alcove, which would just hold a camp bedstead. From this plateau a dozen or so of steps led up the rock to the shrine, which

* Adam's Peak is 7379 feet above the sea.

is only a rude kind of shed built over the dent in the stone, called the impression of Adam's, Mahomet's, or Bhudha's foot, according to the creed of the worshipper. The said impression bears token of having been 'improved' by lime and plaster of some kind, but even thus aided does not bear a very striking resemblance to any foot recognised by modern anatomists.

It was near sunset when we arrived, and every object down below showed clearly and distinctly as possible. The colouring, both of sky and earth, as the fiery globe sank beneath the horizon, was most gorgeous, and raised as we were far above and away from 'the smoke and stir of that dim spot which men call earth,' even the crags of those mountains, which, viewed from the plain, appeared nearly as high as the peak, seemed but insignificant hills rising from the valley.

It was bitterly cold as evening came on, and as the hut was only large enough for three people to pass the night in, with comfort, the other two took up their position under the shed covering the shrine, having previously improved their shelter by putting up mats and making an enormous fire. Neither mats nor fire, however, prevented their suffering much from the keen air.

Unwilling to lose any of the beautiful effects of sunrise, we rose with the first streak of dawn. The morning was as clear as the previous evening, and the colouring indescribably lovely. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature was the shadow of the Peak itself, which was thrown, deeper and blacker in colour than any of the other shadows, entirely across the country, over mountain, valley, and plain, to the dimmest horizon. It was quite

distinct from everything else, and as the sun rose higher and higher this shadow contracted, until at length it showed like the reflection, or shadow, of a pyramid, with a clear, regularly defined outline, terminating in a fine sharp point. There were several Bhudhists who had come up to pay their morning worship, and make their offerings of fresh flowers (chiefly the beautiful crimson rhododendron) at the shrine. They say that this shadow is the way Bhudha shows himself to the world every morning. When he is pleased, he pushes his foot a little way out of heaven, and it throws this shade; but when angry this favour is withheld, and no shadow is seen. Some notion may be conceived of the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, from our being able to see with the naked eye the Trigonometrical Survey mound on Pedro Tallagalla, sixty miles distant in a bee-line, and with glasses, the pole planted in the centre of the mound. We left about three hours after sunrise, carrying with us an ineffaceable remembrance of this beautiful scene.

We had hoped to reach Ratnapoora that night, but descending the steep rocky steps was even more fatiguing than clambering up; and as it was late before the party had assembled at the side of a clear river running through the rocks, where we were to breakfast, we determined to go no further than the hut where we had slept on our way up. This proved to be a wise measure, for we had hardly arrived before a thick, drizzling rain came on, which lasted all night.

On pursuing our descent next morning we could scarcely move, so great had been the strain upon our muscles. I could not walk at all without the assistance

of two natives, who acted as alpenstocks; and to add to our discomfort, the rain had brought out innumerable leeches, which attacked us furiously as we proceeded.

We reached Ratnapoora about noon, and there found the faithful Lucien, whose pony, having a second time fallen over a precipice, he left to its fate, and set off to make his own way on foot. So anxious, poor boy, to arrive, that, without a guide, perfectly ignorant of the language, and unaccustomed to long walks, he had accomplished fifty-four miles in two days; passing the first night (as he expressed it) 'in de bush.'

My father and I left Ratnapoora, *en route* for Kandy, the same afternoon, and drove twenty-six miles to Avisavella, where we found an unusually clean and comfortable rest-house. For the sake of sparing our horse we had sent our baggage by coolies,* and early the next morning we received the unpleasant intelligence that it had been deserted by them and left in the middle of the road. No other coolies were forthcoming, so my father was obliged to take the waggon and return for the goods, which caused a day's delay in our journey.

We had been assured that to reach Kandy in one day from Avisavella was impossible. It is sixty-four miles, with two or three rivers to be crossed, by means of rude ferries, and a long ghât to be surmounted. But we were expected the next evening at The Pavilion, so we determined to make the attempt, and ultimately succeeded, though it was a long and tiring day.

On arriving at The Pavilion, we found that there was

* Native porters.

a fresh delay in the kraal,* which would necessitate our postponing our departure another fortnight, and at the same time preclude all idea of visiting Java, as a journey there at the present time would have occasioned our arriving in China during the hottest season. Sir H. and Lady Robinson were most kind and hospitable in wishing us to remain with them, and the weather was all we could desire.

During our stay here we went to see the sacred tooth (Bhudha's) in the 'Mallagawa' Temple of the Tooth: There is much ceremony when this tooth is exhibited: various orders for the opening of the chamber are requisite, before the bars may be taken down and the strong box unlocked. The tooth is inclosed in manifold caskets, one within another, becoming richer and more ornamented the nearer they are to the sacred relic. The last two or three are of very fine gold, set with rubies, diamonds, and emeralds: but these, like most Oriental jewels, are roughly cut and ill set. The chamber was lighted, and roses and

* The kraal is the enclosure into which, when fresh elephants are required, a herd of wild ones is driven. The kraal is made in some spot convenient to the districts in which the elephants are supposed to be. The moodleas, or headmen, of these districts are required to find a certain number of coolies as beaters. These are formed into a cordon, surrounding the elephant district. The circle is gradually contracted, the coolies advancing slowly by day, beating the jungle as they go, and lighting watch-fires by night. The elephants are thus driven towards the kraal, into which they are eventually enticed by decoy elephants, placed there for the purpose. Once within the enclosure strong ropes are skilfully passed round their legs, and then fastened to the largest trees. There the elephant remains until he is subdued, and partially tamed, by hunger and fatigue; after which he is gradually liberated, and his education commences.

jessamine abounded; the odours of which, combined with cocoa-nut oil, garlic, and other abominations pertaining to the priests, were almost intolerable.

Near this temple is a place that was formerly a garden belonging to the kings of Kandy, in which are two ruined dagobas, but nothing else of interest.

The Pavilion at Kandy is one of the most delightful abodes I know. The lawn and garden are charming, and the fine trees and brilliant flowering shrubs and creepers realise the ideal of enchanted gardens in a fairy tale. The proximity of 'Lady Horton's Walk' is a great advantage, as there is a path connecting it with The Pavilion garden; and, for either riding or walking, the gravelled road is excellent.

While waiting for a summons to the kraal, my father spent a few days in visiting the ruins of Pollanarua, with which he was much pleased. I did not accompany him, for the road lies through a very feverish district, and there is but indifferent accommodation at the rest-houses. These ruins are the most extensive and best preserved in Ceylon. There are many gigantic stone figures of Bhudha, and the remains of various temples and other buildings. Compared with those at Tisse-maha-rama, these ruins are modern, only dating from A.D. 718; and, though looked upon as entirely Bhudhist remains, my father thought that both the Delada Mallagawa and the Jagta-maha-rama more nearly resemble the Hindoo temples seen in India than other Bhudhist temples in Ceylon.

After many delays we were at last told, that early in March the elephants would certainly be kraaled, and therefore we might take our departure for Nellegolle, the

place appointed for the kraal. Thirty elephants, or more, were being driven; and they were travelling with such speed, that we were advised to lose no time in reaching the spot ourselves. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the last day in February, we all started, and drove twenty-four miles to Kornegalle, where we were to sleep in the Government Agent's house.

Parts of the road lay through pretty scenery, particularly near Kornegalle, where the hills assumed a very quaint, picturesque outline. The heat we endured that night was intense. The Government Agent's house stands in a kind of park, with an avenue of trees leading to the entrance; but it is situated at the foot of a high, bare rock, upon which the sun shines all day, and, in consequence, the heat thrown out after sunset renders the night almost hotter than the day. In the grounds round the house are a few ruins, and among them one very curious pierced stone window.

We left Kornegalle early the next morning, and drove sixteen miles to Nellegolle, where the kraal was erected. As we approached the place, it was almost like the entrance to a fair in England. Small booths and huts were raised by the roadside, and carts turned for the occasion into stalls, where fruits, cakes, spirits, &c. were exposed for sale. Then we came upon rows of vehicles of every description, which had conveyed people from different parts of the country. Further back, in little cleared spaces in the jungle, leaf-huts were erected, as well as a sort of impromptu bazaar, in a straggling street beside the river; and finally, a few hundred yards away from the kraal, in a large clearing, our leaf-palace, with a large

flag stretched over the door, upon which was inscribed, 'Welcome Viceroy!'

In the evening we went to look at the enclosure, which surrounded three acres of jungle. The barriers were formed of horizontal wooden bars, fastened to very strong upright posts. Upon these bars people are stationed, with white wands and guns in their hands, in order to frighten back the elephants, should they attempt to break through; for, notwithstanding the strength of the enclosure, the barriers would prove of little avail against the strength of a herd of wild elephants. The Grand Stand was a picturesque, two-storied edifice, built of logs, and resembling a large summer-house in an ornamental garden.

The report of the elephants was said to be very satisfactory, though they were not so near as we had been led to believe. All the tame decoy elephants were assembled here in readiness, and in the afternoon we walked to the river to see them perform their ablutions, and exhibit their intelligence and docility. The Ceylon elephant is considerably smaller than the Indian, and 'tuskers' among the former are much more rare. Still the expected wild elephants did not come, though the Government Agent had himself gone out to assist in driving them.

For two days the reports varied hourly; and on the third morning of our stay, Sir H., my father, and Captain B., rode out before daylight to the place, seven miles distant, where the elephants were said to be, that they might judge for themselves. They did not return till late, but were well satisfied with the day's expedition, though they had spent eleven hours seated in a tree,

watching the driving of the elephants through the jungle. It was a noble sight, they said, to see these great creatures crashing through the trees and underwood; but the progress made in their onward march was evidently slow. There was, moreover, a river to be crossed between them and the kraal, which would probably cause considerable delay; so that, in spite of all assurances that next day must bring them in, there seemed but small hope of such being the case.

During their absence we had amused ourselves with some dancing-girls and jugglers, though neither were particularly good. The dances were ungraceful and monotonous, and the juggling consisted chiefly of spinning brass plates on the tips of their forefingers.

The country immediately surrounding Nellegolle is, unlike the southern part of the island, very flat. But the lovely flowers, numerous song-birds, lotus-covered lakes, and fine trees, made early morning walks through the jungle in the fresh, cool air, most delightful.

The next day my father and I were on the point of starting for Galle to meet the China steamer, when word was brought, that the elephants had crossed the river, and were making on as fast as possible towards the kraal, indeed that it would be quite possible to kraal them that night. This news induced us to prolong our stay one day more, especially as Mr. —— said 'there wasn't the shadow of a doubt that we should be rewarded.' Our friends kindly wished us to delay our departure altogether for a mail or two, that we might have some elk-hunting on the elk-plains. But we were anxious to avoid the extreme heat in the Straits, so we made up our minds,

that unless the elephants were kraaled that evening, or early the next morning, we must abandon all hope of witnessing the sight.

In the evening there was service in Mr. ——'s bungalow, after which we walked to the kraal, though it was said to be dangerous to do so, as the elephants were within 300 yards of it, and we should find the enclosure surrounded with watch-fires. The only watch-fire we saw was that belonging to some coolies, who slept under the Grand Stand to guard the cloth hangings; and, in spite of our efforts, we were unable to distinguish the shouts of the beaters, and the crackling of the trees, borne down by the onward rush of the elephants, which we had been led to expect.

The elephants were not kraaled before noon the following day, at which time we were compelled to take our departure very reluctantly, not only because of the disappointment at losing a sight which can be seen nowhere else, but also at leaving friends, who had been so invariably kind, and who had made our three months' stay in the island so pleasant and enjoyable.

Our waggon took us to Ambepusse, forty miles distant; it was a very hot journey, but through lovely scenery. We went thence by train to Colombo, where the Governor had ordered rooms in the Queen's House to be prepared for us. It was with some difficulty we could persuade the driver of the cab from the station to take us there, as he persisted in the declaration, 'Mr. Queen—no got at home!'

The next day we left for Galle, which we found in temperature like a hot-house, damp and oppressive. Sir

H. had desired that we would take up our quarters in the 'Queen's House,' and we found the large rooms there very preferable to the small, crowded, public sitting-room at the hotel.

The next evening we went on board the P. and O. steamer, which was to take us to Hong Kong, but had scarcely started before it was found that the 'keying' of the screw was lost, and that this would involve the delay of a week. This was particularly vexatious, as had we foreseen it, we might have stayed to see the kraal, though from the reports which reached us of it, it would certainly have fallen short of our expectations. It came off the day after our departure, but was considered a great failure, as only five elephants were kraaled that day instead of thirty. A few more were taken the next day, but the sole excitement appeared to have been the escape of one of the tame elephants from his mahout,* who, after rushing about for some time in the crowd, was kraaled with the wild ones.

The Government Agent and his wife made a pleasant diversion for us, during our enforced stay at Galle, by taking us up the Gindara river to Baddegam, where, in a neat rest-house, some height above the river, and overlooking it, we spent the day. We went in a covered raft, supported upon a couple of boats, which was tracked up by coolies, and rowed down in the evening. The scenery is low and flat, with here and there masses of dense jungle and groups of bamboos, whilst occasional peeps of hills appear far off in the distance.

* Mahout: the keeper or driver of an elephant.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHINA.

On the 16th of March we really took our departure, though not without some doubts even then as to whether we should not have to return, for while we were yet in the harbour the bearings of the engine became heated, and we had to wait two hours before they were sufficiently cool for us to continue our progress.

We reached Penang the sixth night after leaving Galle. Steamers ordinarily stay here twenty-four hours, which enables passengers to see something of the very lovely island. But, unfortunately for us, our delay in leaving Galle obliged the captain to hurry over the discharging and embarking of cargo and mails as quickly as possible, and as this occupied only a few hours, we left before daybreak the next morning. The following night we arrived at Singapore, where we landed, and found rooms engaged for us in the hotel. All the afternoon we had been passing by islands, covered with trees to the water's edge, with low flat land beyond them.

Early the next morning we hired a vehicle resembling

a shigram,* drawn by a small pony, and drove about three miles to see the Botanical Gardens, over an excellent road, and under an avenue of fine trees, beneath which Chinese and Malays, principally the former, have their dwellings. Their houses were clean and neat, and their goods were arranged with so much taste, that it was quite a pleasure to look at them.

The gardens are charming, with green lawns and borders of flowers ; shady walks, with luxuriant creepers covering the trees, under the shade of which beautiful ferns flourish, while among the branches birds sing exquisitely. There is something entrancing in the early morning of these sunny, tropical climes.

Some Chinese gardeners were mowing the lawns. It is curious to watch them. They make a complete circle with each sweep of the scythe.

The English church here is more like a church in England than any I have elsewhere seen in the East. It has open seats with carved ends, a very lofty roof, clerestory windows, and a fine organ.

On leaving we drove to the new harbour, about five miles from the town, where the steamers take in coal after discharging their passengers. We amused ourselves until our departure by watching the Malay boys, who in their boats crowd round the steamers, screaming and chattering, and are delighted to dive for halfpence and small silver coin. They look like otters while struggling and squabbling under the water, where they will remain

* A 'shigram' is a somewhat enlarged palanquin, on wheels. In India they are much used, principally as hack-carriages.

for a considerable time, and dive to a great depth to secure their prize.

The view of the surrounding country on leaving the harbour is striking, the hills being covered with acres of pine-apples. The sea was like oil, the heat intense, as it had been for two or three days previously, and our cargo —opium—very disagreeable. The smell of it is exceedingly unpleasant, and the heavy, drowsy sensation induced by it most uncomfortable. At Singapore considerable additions were made to the number of living beings on board, through the purchase of a multitude of parrots by the passengers. Until death released them from captivity, these poor birds were constantly under people's feet while both parrots and people performed their quarter-deck perambulations, the birds with the toddling, top-heavy gait characteristic of parrots.

During the ensuing week we had a good deal of rough weather, with a head wind, occasional squalls, accompanied by rain, which in these latitudes are called 'Sumatras,' and sometimes at night lightning, more vivid and incessant than any description could convey to the mind. There were seldom any distinct flashes, but it continued in one blaze all round the horizon, rendering the night almost as bright as the day.

On the 31st, however, the weather, as we neared our harbour, became raw and chilly, like a November day in England, making us long for a cheerful fire and well-curtained rooms. I had no idea until now that here everything was so completely barren as it is. There is hardly more verdure on Hong Kong and its surroundings, than at Aden in the Red Sea. The town, as seen from

the entrance of the harbour and the opposite shore, looks very well, and thoroughly un-English, with its rows of fine granite houses, built in long terraces—many of them with handsome stone arches supporting the verandahs. They stand tier above tier on the steep hill-side, with the crowning pinnacle of the mountain called 'Victoria Peak,' rising so perpendicularly behind, that it seems ready to fall into the midst of these palatial warehouses, and to threaten with ruin the magnificent residences of their owners.

The harbour is crowded with craft of all kinds, and from all countries. Grand three-deckers, belonging to the English and French navies; graceful yachts and steamers, built, with the view of obtaining the utmost speed, for some of the immensely wealthy China merchants; awkward-looking junks, with their curious mat-sails, square rig, and huge blind eyes painted on the bows, owned for the most part by pirates, who give much trouble both to Government and to the merchants; small fishing-boats, wherein whole families are born, and live, and die, and which at night are formed into island villages, a certain number being fastened together, and arranged in streets of floating habitations. A literal forest of masts, seemingly innumerable.

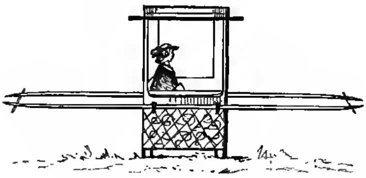
Not long after our arrival, the aide-de-camp in the Governor's barge came alongside, and on landing we received a cordial welcome from Sir R. and Lady MacDonnell.

Government House is a handsome granite building, with a good garden in front, and the Public Gardens behind. The rooms, though not large, are comfortable;

and from the verandahs we were particularly struck with the view; the red and grey tints of the soil add much beauty to the scene, notwithstanding the absence of all vegetation.

People who live in Hong Kong do not, I believe, dislike it, but to me the sense of imprisonment would be most oppressive. There is but one road, and this is unfit for driving or riding further than six miles on either side of the town. I believe it extends all round the island, but the more lonely part becomes very rough, as well as dangerous on account of robbers and pirates who infest it. The streets of the town rival those of Malta in steepness, and the only flat piece of ground of any extent is the 'Happy Valley,' which is just outside the town, and where, side by side, are the racecourse and the cemetery.

In the afternoon the Hong Kong world seems to think it right to ride or drive a few miles out of the town; and it appears to be necessary, for the honour and glory of some of the large merchants' houses, that a long string of horses should daily parade the road near their stables. For all other occasions, chairs are used made



of bamboo; some of them in pretty, open-work patterns, and with a sort of pent-house covering, which may be removed at pleasure. They are supported on long bamboo-poles, forming shafts before and behind; between which, if two coolies are carrying the chair, they place themselves, like horses, and bear a pole on each

shoulder. If four coolies are employed, a short pole is attached to a cross-piece connecting the shafts, and they carry the chair as Indian hâmâls* do. It is curious to see these chairs at night. They are invariably used for taking people out to dinner, &c.; and, at a ball or theatre, the crush is worse than at 'Her Majesty's' or 'Covent Garden.' It requires all the ingenuity of Chinamen to manage an accumulation of these long poles, while all are trying to rush up to the door first. The Chinese lanterns, which at night are carried in front of the chairs, look very picturesque.

The day after our arrival H. M. S. 'Princess Royal' came in. We had been delighted to find our old friend the Admiral here, and were much pleased when his flag-ship made her appearance. I think until one has been for a long time among people, who, however kind and friendly, are still strangers, it is impossible to realise the relief and pleasure felt in the utterance of that short and simple sentence, 'Don't you remember?'

We went one day to make purchases in the native town; everything there was exorbitantly dear, with less variety of choice than at Canton. The streets and shops resemble Indian bazaars, but are cleaner and larger, and the goods more tastefully arranged. The fruit and sweet-meat stalls by the roadside, which generally look very uninviting, are here arranged so prettily, and with little fancy-stands, made out of bamboo, which are quaint and uncommon, that they have quite a contrary effect.

* 'Hâmâls' are the bearers of palanquins, or tonjons. They carry the pole on their shoulders; the first man on the right shoulder, the second on the left, and so on: thus always keeping the pole steady.

Another day we found ourselves, unintentionally, in quite a different part of the native town, inhabited principally by ruffians of all sorts—pirates, thieves, and murderers. Here the streets were narrow, with small and very dirty shops on either side. The road was crowded by natives, with most sinister expressions, and we were told that we had been fortunate in escaping without robbery at least.

Some people have built small houses at Pok-fa-lum, on a cliff overhanging the sea; and here, in the hot summer months, those who are unable or unwilling to go to Japan for change of air, take up their abode. It has the advantage of being open to the sea-breeze, which is entirely shut out from the town by Mount Victoria. The most magnificent of these abodes is a grand castellated mansion, built by a watchmaker of Hong Kong.

A steep path leads to 'Victoria Peak,' the summit of Mount Victoria, where is a flag-staff and a look-out station. Here there is a fine view of the harbour. We were told that the 'Spectre of the Brocken' might often be seen on days when there were clouds hanging below the Peak, but it was not visible either time that we were there.

We went one day to inspect the Dockyard, and to see one of the combustible machines, known under the euphonious and elegant appellation of 'stink-pots,' explode. They are much used by pirates; and, although of simple construction, it is very difficult for those against whom they are employed to guard against them. An earthen jar has the lower part filled with explosive materials, and the mouth sealed; the jar is then tied up in a can-

vas-bag. When used the bag is opened, and two or three lighted sticks are placed in the upper part of the jar, and the bag drawn close; the whole is then hurled on board the attacked vessel. As soon as the jar breaks, the lighted sticks ignite the powder, a tremendous flash ensues, accompanied by a horrid smell and a cloud of smoke; and, when half-a-dozen or more are thrown one after another on an enemy's deck, the chances are very much in favour of the pirates being able to board the vessel.

There is nothing remarkable in the Docks, I think, nor differing from the usual order and regularity, which is a *sine quâ non* where sailors are concerned. But there is a spot which is pointed out to visitors as illustrative of the tenacity of life possessed by some persons. Passing between two walls, which enclose a narrow passage, with a steep staircase at the end, is the shaft of the driving-wheel of one of the engines, which crosses over a person's head about half-way up the staircase, and makes *eighty* revolutions in a minute. On one occasion, a Chinaman coming downstairs threw up his pigtail, which caught on the shaft, and was twisted round it in a moment; and there he spun round and round, eighty times a minute, until the machinery could be stopped. When released, almost every bone in his body was broken: but, notwithstanding, he survived, and when we were there he was employed in the Dockyard, in some service not requiring much activity. Just over the shaft they show the splintered beam, against which his heels struck with each revolution.

Chinese servants are strikingly good; they are as

quiet, quick, and full of resource, as the Indians, and much more neat and tidy. In these respects the best Indian servant is generally deficient. There is always some hole or corner, or drawer, which he uses as a 'rubbish-box,' however particular he may be in matters immediately under the eye of his master. But the Chinese seem to possess an inherent love of order, which leads them into the opposite extreme, and tends to encourage that want of invention, and the habit of acting from tradition, which are striking failings among all classes of Chinese. With the cooks this is particularly observable, and unless the mistress of the establishment orders dinner herself, she very soon finds that a certain round of dishes recurs with machine-like regularity. The same habit extends also to other things: for instance, if you once show a Chinaman the place for a certain book or chair, and afterwards remove either to a different place, he will persist in replacing it in the original position until you give him a direct command to the contrary. Good Chinese servants are scrupulously clean, in spite of the dirty habits of the people.

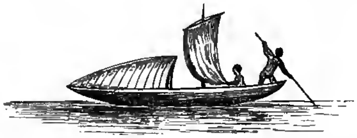
I can hardly credit what people say of the absolute necessity for learning 'pigeon-English,' and speaking it to your servants, if you wish them to understand you. The Chinese are not more dull, or dense, than other people at learning a foreign tongue, as far as I could discover; and yet, when teaching the latter to speak English, it is not considered necessary to translate it into their own particular idiom, and to compose a sentence of garbled and mutilated English words, strung together in a most *un*-English fashion. What English

person, who had had no intercourse with Chinamen, would imagine that 'You go talkee my one piecee man, chop chop, topside makee walkee,' means in English, 'Go and tell my servant to go upstairs at once?' To hear good (?) pigeon-English spoken is like hearing a new and unknown tongue, and, I should fancy, requires nearly as much learning. It is only in the south that pigeon-English is generally used; though sometimes, when a servant who belongs to Hong Kong, or Canton, accompanies his master to Shanghai, or still further north, you hear it there also. This, however, is not often the case, as Chinamen do not care to remain far from the place of their birth, if they can by any means gain a livelihood in their own part of the country.

The climate of Hong Kong is exceedingly unpleasant, and, I should judge, very unhealthy; not that it is excessively hot, damp, or dry, but extremely variable. One day bright, dry, and pleasant, as any one need wish; the next, so damp that the stone staircase and hall pavement look as if buckets of water had been thrown over them, and black leather boots are covered with blue mould in the course of a few hours. With this there is, perhaps, a raw, chilly feeling, making a fire most acceptable. The day after, again, may be hot and steamy, and one feels almost suffocated, even with open doors and windows. And this, perhaps, is followed by two or three days of tempestuous wind and pouring rain. We were not there in the worst months, but such was the weather we experienced. A description we were given of the sensation produced by the climate later in the year, during the hot weather, was, I thought, very happy: 'It makes one feel

like an unfortunate vegetable left to get cold on the sideboard, with the cover on!'

After we had been about a fortnight in Hong Kong we went to pay Canton a visit, leaving by steamer at 9 A.M. and arriving at 3.30 P.M. The river from Whampoa, fifteen miles from Canton, is striking. Flat plains of considerable extent reach to the water's edge, with a great many pretty-looking villages among groups of trees, and fine bold hills in the distance. As you go further, the many ruined forts and pagodas are picturesque. Close to the city the river is perfectly alive with the boat population, in craft of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions. Huge junks, with their neat square-rigged sails, with which they go along over the water at a pace that looks like flying. Enormous 'Flower-boats'—large, wide-built boats—serving as floating public-houses or hotels, in which Chinamen often give their friends a dinner, instead of inviting them to their own houses. The boat is moored alongside a floating kitchen, and the inside of it being fitted up into convenient rooms, the occupants are as comfortable as possible. Small passenger-boats, and the picturesque slipper-boats, both of which are generally worked by women. Great numbers of persons also inhabit sheds raised on piles above the water, having no communication with the shore except by boat, and live almost amphibious lives. One can form some estimation of the boat population of Canton and its suburbs when told, that in a typhoon which occurred in 1863, the fury of which lasted an hour and a half, 35,000



persons lost their lives between Canton and Whampoa! We were assured that the river has never been so crowded since, though, to all appearance, one would scarcely imagine it possible that many more boats could have found room on it.

On arriving at Canton we found Mr. Robertson, the Consul, waiting for us on the pier, with chairs to take us through the city to his house. All the merchants' houses, called 'factories,' and the Consulates, are outside the native town, built on a 'bund'* by the river-side. Mr. R., however, prefers the 'Yamun' in the midst of the city, about two miles and a half off; in which he certainly shows good taste. The Yamun was the Viceroy's palace, comprising within the enclosure a large amount of garden and park-like ground, besides the palace, and other detached buildings. The present Viceroy still lives here, but the part of the palace in which he resides is quite unconnected except by a gateway, which cuts off all communication with Mr. R.'s abode.

I have seen in no other city in the world such narrow and filthy streets as those of Canton. In most of them there is barely room for two chairs meeting to pass each other, and they are so crowded with people, that the chairmen go along shouting and yelling, and making a tremendous noise. The streets look even narrower than they are, from having great coloured boards, on which are painted the name and trade of the owner, hung lengthwise, at right angles with each door-post.

* 'Bund,' a broad wharf or quay, on which, at all the Chinese ports, the 'hongs,' *i.e.* houses of the foreign merchants, and of other foreign residents, are for the most part situated.

Looking down a street, the effect of these brilliantly coloured boards, of different lengths and sizes, is extremely picturesque; and the coloured lanterns, hung over every door, are very bright and cheerful. The shops are like those in Cairo or India, only, instead of the floor being raised above the street, it is generally on the same level.

In the course of time we arrived at the Yamun, which is a delightful place, and though in the very heart of the city, is clean and free from noise. Mr. R.'s is quite a domain, with a deer-park and a ruin in the grounds. The ruin formed part of the palace, which at the time of the Occupation was used as a hospital for our soldiers, but was, unfortunately, set on fire by a drunken hospital serjeant. As Chinese houses are, with the exception of the wall and gable at either end, built entirely of wood, it burnt down so rapidly that it was with difficulty the sick and wounded could be removed.

There are many fine old trees in the grounds, but several were blown down during the same typhoon that proved so fatal to the boat population.

This sketch is an attempt at giving some idea of what we saw from our rooms: all the stone balustrade of the terrace was beautifully carved.

That portion of the building in which our rooms were, as well as the original old gateway, were thoroughly Chinese, with red beams, and gigantic wardours painted on the doors, and supposed to be guarding the entrance.

Mr. R.'s own apartments are detached, but a covered way led, through a hole in the wall, from our rooms to the little half-court, half-garden, in which the building stands. This 'hole in the wall' is similar to those por-

VIEW FROM THE BRITISH CONSUL'S RESIDENCE, CANTON.

Formerly the Palace of the Viceroy.

trayed in the garden on a 'willow-pattern' plate; indeed, one constantly feels here like the old woman in the nursery rhyme:

'Surely, says the little woman, this is none of I!'

and as though walking in real flesh and blood through the garden where the trees bear those marvellous oranges, and the three little Chinamen are always on their way over the bridge, and the two preternaturally swallow-tailed swallows hover perpetually over the lake.

Mr. R.'s is a regular Chinese house, built entirely of wood, fastened together with pegs. The taking down and building up of a habitation here is a very simple process: in fact, '*moving house*' is no mere figure of speech. The only stone parts are, as I have said before, the end walls and gables, and the foundation upon which, if the house has pillars, they rest.

The atmosphere of Canton was much colder and drier than in Hong Kong, and fires were quite acceptable.

The day after our arrival (Sunday) we went in the morning to service in the church, which stands among the factories and consulates at some distance out of the native town, and beyond the wharf where we landed.

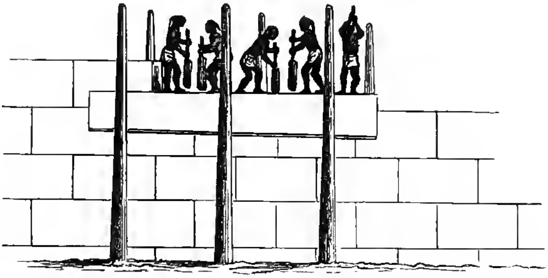
The streets of the native town were thronged with Chinamen of all classes, hurrying hither and thither, or standing chatting with friends. Chinamen are never without a fan, which, when the sun is hot, they hold above their heads as a parasol, and when not in use they carry in the collar of their blouse. The effect of this, sticking out at the side of the head from the back of the neck, is very comical.

This was the only place in China where we saw any good-looking pigs. They abound everywhere, and are generally too hideous to describe. On our way to church I saw a herd being driven along the road, which would have made any English farmer break the tenth commandment,—fine large animals, with small well-shaped heads and short legs, looking like prize pigs at an agricultural show. I imagine that Mr. Wingrove Cooke can only have been referring to the pigs of Canton, when in his letters to the 'Times' during the war (1857–58), he remarks upon the beauty of the pigs, and the cleanliness with which they are fed, saying, 'Their pork is far more white and delicate in flavour than the pork we see exposed in London, and it is fed with a care and cleanliness, from which some English dairies might well take pattern;' surely he cannot have seen the pigs feeding in the streets and ditches in other parts of China, for I don't think it would be possible even to *look* at pork as food, wherever it might have been reared, after once witnessing that sight.

In the afternoon we visited the Five-storied Pagoda—a large and prominent building, standing on a hill overlooking the city. It is built in a square, or rather parallelogram, not in the usual round pagoda form, and is full of coarse representations of Bhudha. The different stories are reached by means of very steep wooden ladders. During the war it was used as a barrack for our men. We then visited a temple at the top of the hill, to reach which it is necessary to ascend 742 steps (I did not count the number, but was told that such was correct). From this point there is a splendid bird's-eye

view of the city, which is of immense extent. The country beyond being at this time inundated with water, we could form but little idea of its beauty. All Chinese towns gain much in appearance by the clumps of trees which are always planted in the square court of any moderate-sized house. Just now these trees were looking their best, the fresh young shoots of the deciduous kinds showing a bright yellow green against the dark evergreens, and the whole enlivened by the scarlet blossoms of the cotton tree, which was in full bloom, and whose leafless branches were hidden by its friendly neighbours.

On our road to this temple we saw a wall being constructed in the following peculiar fashion. Two boards



are placed at a certain distance apart, and supported from the outside by stakes. The space between these boards is filled with disintegrated granite, which is puddled and pounded with wooden tools, somewhat resembling a large clumsy cricket-bat, until it becomes a perfectly solid mass, almost as hard and lasting as granite itself. It is then plastered over, and ruled in lines, to make it look like stone. The people are a most hard-working and industrious race, and afford a strong contrast to the labourers

in India or Ceylon. In the former country three men or women may generally be seen looking on, while one does a little work. In the latter, we one day saw some coolies beetling a road, when, though they all struck the ground simultaneously, they all also paused for about half a minute between every blow, their beetles suspended in the air, while they chanted an epic poem, or something of the kind, to keep up their courage for the laborious task.

Quitting the temple, we walked along the city walls, which are immensely thick and strong, to the spot where the breach was made by which our soldiers entered at the Occupation. Outside the walls is the burial-ground of those who fell. We descended on the outside, and returned by broken ground into the city, over a hill, which is completely honeycombed with Chinese graves, at many of which the friends and relations of the departed were praying and burning incense.

On our way home we stopped to visit the pagoda, which is seen from the Yamun. It is built entirely of brick, and its age is computed to be 2000 years *at least.* I was promised notes of the history and traditions belonging to it by the resident chaplain here, who has a large collection of such records, but I regret to say that they have never reached me. The staircase leading to the summit of this pagoda fell down many years ago, leaving an uninterrupted view from the base to the top. The entrance-door has lately been closed by order of the abbot of the temple, in consequence of rubbish falling upon opening the door. This individual was very polite, and after showing us the outside of the pagoda, invited

us into his house, where we sat down and drank tea. The reception-room in a Chinese house is very pretty, and much like the descriptions of those in Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is open at one end, where there are generally vases of plants, or sometimes rockwork and water. There is a table in the middle of the room, and chairs or China stools (like Minton's ware garden-seats) all round. One chair, at the end of the room, is never occupied; it is 'the Emperor's chair.' Not that in his wildest dreams a Chinaman would imagine the Emperor paying him a visit; but it stands there as a sort of *type* —the Emperor being 'the father of his people.' In every house, without exception, is found the shrine of the special 'Joss,' or god, of the family, with joss-sticks burning before it; and in some corner is the no less invariable stove, and on it the tea-equipage, ready for use at a moment's notice. Most delicious tea is, as drunk in China, a very different beverage from the coarse decoction to which English people are accustomed. The partitions between rooms in a Chinese house are made of wooden framework, in patterns filled in with glass, paper, or cloth. If the former, one expects the rooms to be more public than pleasant; but from the complicated nature of the patterns, and the arrangement of the rooms themselves, which fit into one another almost like a Chinese puzzle, it is difficult to see what is going on in the adjoining apartment.

The next day we began our visits to the lions of the city under the able guidance of Mr. ——.

To give any general account of the manners and customs of the Chinese is impossible, unless a person devotes

a whole life's attention to the subject. Many statements which I heard in the south were flatly contradicted in the north, when I alluded to them as manners or habits of the people, and *vice versâ*. But this cannot be considered surprising, as every one must acknowledge, when they reflect what a vast empire China is, and how densely populated; what different climates are comprised within its boundaries, and what an extraordinary effect difference in temperature produces, both upon the *physique* and the *morale* of people of the same race. I cannot pretend to vouch for the authenticity of the following traditions and legends. Unfortunately, entire ignorance of the language prevented our ever receiving information first-hand. I now only 'tell the tale as 'twas told to me,' by our good-natured and enthusiastic cicerone.

We went first to the 'Temple of the Serpent;' the legend attached to which curiously coincides with one of our ancient Bible-prophecies. Before Bhudha entered into his present state of omnipotence and bliss, and while still on earth, he had a desperate battle with a serpent, who wounded him in the foot, but was almost annihilated himself. When Bhudha reappears on earth the serpent is to die, but meanwhile remains here, ready to inflict evil upon mankind; to avoid which he must be propitiated and treated as a god. Consequently, there is always an egg and a cup of tea kept ready for the snake who abides in this temple. We did not see the snake, as this was his season of coma. The branch, upon which he usually lies, and his food were the only visible tokens of his presence. The next day was the festival of the god who is supposed to dwell in the serpent, and the temple was in consequence

being profusely decorated with flowers. Another curious coincidence between Chinese traditions and the Old-Testament history, is observable on this occasion. All the houses in the district belonging to this temple had a blood-red paper pasted on the door-post. The next day (the festival) one of the images of the god is carried through the district; and if he sees a house without this blood-red paper, he is very angry, and inflicts some injury on the inmates; but if he sees it, he passes on well pleased.

The Chinese are intensely superstitious. They consult their gods as oracles on every occasion; and the latter are as ambiguous in their answers, and as careful to shield themselves from mistake, whichever way the event may turn out, as were their brethren of ancient times, at Delphi and Thebes. We saw one woman in this temple consulting the oracle. After 'chin-chinning' the Joss for some time (*i. e.* making a salutation, something between a curtsey and an Indian salaam) she took two pieces of bamboo-root, of the same size and shape, cut flat on one side and round on the other; these she threw into the air, watching eagerly which way they would fall. Should they both fall on the flat side, or both on the round side, the answer will be negative; but if one falls on the flat and one on the round side, it will be affirmative. Hers fell thus, causing great joy, and she immediately set to work to pray for what she wanted, considering her prayer already granted. Another way in which they consult the oracle is by shaking a hollow piece of bamboo, like a match-holder, until one of the little slips of wood with which it is filled, and upon each of which a number is

written, falls out. This they take to a priest, seated near the door of the temple, with a box before him, full of narrow strips of paper neatly rolled up and numbered to correspond with the slips of wood. He gives one of these in exchange for the slip, and the oracular sentence or sentences written upon it are regarded by the possessor as the answer sent by the god or saint to whom they have just been praying, and as such infallible. If all contained sentences of the same stamp as one which a woman, seemingly much delighted, was carrying away, and which Mr. —— asked his interpreter to read to us, it is not surprising that they should so regard them. This one contained four or five truisms, such as 'Be good, and the gods will favour you;' 'Live at peace with your neighbours, and no one will harm you,' &c.

On leaving this temple we went to see a 'Cat-and-dog Café;' where poor little puppy-dogs, cats, rats, and frogs, were hung up and arranged in rows similar to a poulterer's shop in England. But most poulterers would, I think, be astonished if they could be suddenly transported from their own clean, well-arranged shop to a cat-and-dog shop in Canton; where they not only sell the meat, but also cook it. There are rows of little saucers, with a clumsy china-spoon in each, always ready for those who wish to stop and dine, and also large earthen jars or pans, containing a kind of stew, prepared for immediate consumption. On one of these we remarked a large red label, with something written on it. This on translation proved to be the following announcement, 'Good Black Cat always ready!' Black cat is supposed to be much better than any other. The higher classes of Chinamen do not openly admit the

eating of dog, which they look upon as a species of cannibalism; but there are very few, we were told, who would not do it *sub rosâ,* if opportunity offered. In these shops are also generally to be seen large baskets of what look like balls of reddish or bluish clay. These are eggs, which have been wrapped in clay and buried for months; after which they are exhumed, and regarded as great delicacies for the table.

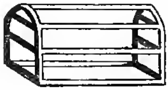
We then went to see a gambling-house. The practice of gambling is in China carried to a fearful extent; far worse, it is said, than in any of the most notorious houses in Europe. The Chinese are so thoroughly reckless of life, that they play on until they are completely ruined, and then frequently walk out of the house and commit suicide.* The game appeared to be a kind of 'odd and even:' a large heap of 'cash'† is put on the table, and a saucer turned over it, to prevent the gamblers, who are very quick at judging the numbers by the eye, from

* I fancy no other people in the world hold life as cheap as the Chinese. For a few dollars a man condemned to die can always purchase a substitute. A friend told us that his 'compradore' (head-servant) had given him notice of wishing to leave his service, without assigning any reason for so doing. Being a valuable servant, our friend pressed him for the reason. At last he confessed that his son was condemned to die, and as the latter was a young man, with many dependent upon him, and apparently with a long life before him, and as he himself was an old man, who would, in the course of nature, have but few more years to live, he had determined to act as his son's substitute and die for him.

† Round copper coin, of which 1000 or 1100 go to a dollar, having a hole in the middle by which to string them. It is no uncommon thing to see men in the streets with thousands of these cash strung on grass, which they are taking about in wheel-barrows.

seeing the pile. A square block of wood is placed near. The gamblers lay their stakes on either side of this block, according as they wish to bet, on 'odd' or 'even.' As far as I could make out, a man laid down a number of cash, either odd or even, on one side of the block, simply as his witness, the man taking his bet doing the same on the opposite side. The actual stakes were only named, not paid up, till the result was shown. When all the stakes were laid, the man who answers to a 'croupier' hooked away the cash with a four-pronged fork, until only a few were left; at which time the excitement among the gamblers was intense, while they grew more and more reckless, pulling handfuls of dollars out of their pockets, and, after losing repeatedly, continued staking higher and higher, till they had no money left. In an inner room rich men were gambling. No copper stakes were allowed here; indeed very little money appeared at all, the sums being so large that they could not be carried on the person, so were written on tickets and laid on the table, until made over to the winner.

From this place we went into a couple of opium saloons—large rooms, with divans all round, upon which is laid matting, with a bamboo pillow, of hard and uninviting aspect, and a small spirit-lamp at regular intervals. Upon these divans Chinamen, in every stage of intoxication, were lying; some sleeping so soundly, that it appeared as if nothing could rouse them; others only so far stupefied as to appear entirely unconscious of what was going on around, but with an expression of the most perfect



content on their countenances. In the second of these saloons, which seemed the resort of a wealthier class of persons, notices were pasted up on all the walls, warning people to beware of robbers, and not to bring money or valuables on their person when coming to smoke here. The opium looks like thick glue, or half-melted toffy, and is smoked in pipes with very small bowls.

There can be no doubt that this opium-smoking is a vice, and that it is a very sad thing to see young, strong, manly-looking Chinamen, quite incapacitated by the use of such a powerful drug: but the intoxication thus produced certainly seems far less objectionable, in every way, than that caused by spirits. You never see, or hear, a Chinaman while intoxicated from opium; he remains quietly in the saloon or in his own house, until the fit is over: and though the unnerving of the system, and the gradual emaciation and deterioration, mental and physical, consequent upon this habit, are much to be deplored, still I cannot think that they are worse than those which result from drinking, and they certainly are not so annoying to other persons.

We then visited a rope-walk, where ropes were being made out of rattan and bamboo, as well as hemp. The two former kinds are much used, and are wonderfully strong and lasting.

The beggars in the streets of Canton, and, indeed, in all Chinese towns, are very numerous and annoying, and many of them are terribly loathsome objects. The blind go about in strings, each holding by the shoulder of his predecessor, the string being led by a 'one-eyed king.' An allowance is made them by government; but as this is

not sufficient to keep them alive, they are allowed to perambulate the city all day long, begging, and in these narrow streets their propinquity is anything but desirable. Lepers are numerous in China, and are only allowed rope-selling as a trade. Numbers of those not actually suffering from the disease, but subject to it, stand at the corner of every street in Canton, with coils of rope and hanks of cord for sale. It is strange that this should be the sole occupation allowed to lepers all over the world. I have read in some book discussing the derivation and origin of names, that the term 'lizard,' still applied to that part of old towns in which a rope-walk is situated, is supposed to be a corruption of 'lazare,' the lepers' quarter. Moreover, some persons are of opinion, from the fact of rope-walks having been found in the neighbourhood, that both the Lizard Point * in Cornwall, and Lézardieux, a village in Brittany, take their names from a similar cause.

The Chinese have numerous charitable institutions and asylums, many of which are very well managed. Among the former is the Beggars' Dying-ground; a miserable place through which we had to pass on our way to one of the temples. Here wretched beggars crawl when in a moribund state, as they then receive decent burial at the public expense.

There is in Canton an outcast race, whose office it is to perform all the rites and ceremonies connected with the burial of the dead. This class is quite distinct from

* I may mention, that many persons derive 'lizard' from two British words, *lis*, lofty, and *ard*, projection; while others maintain that the Point takes its name from its resemblance to a lizard.

all others; no one has any intercourse with persons belonging to it, except when, owing to a death, their services are rendered necessary. A Chinaman of any other class is polluted by touching a dead body, and equally so by touching one of these outcasts.

We now turned to a pleasanter scene, viz., a 'tea-house,' which answers to a public-house in England (would that such could be established there in lieu of the latter!). Nothing could be better than the way in which everything was arranged in this establishment. On the ground-floor were the baker's and confectioner's kitchens, the ovens, and the flour-mills. The latter were simply two large stones, the upper one of which was turned by a mule. In these departments the greatest order and regularity prevailed. Each kind of cake or sweetmeat was made by itself, and neatly packed upon large wooden trays, to be carried upstairs. The ovens are large iron boxes, filled with fire, and slung with a pulley. When the baker has made the requisite quantity of cakes or biscuits, he draws the oven over the place where they are, holds it there until they are baked, and then swings it back into its former position. Upstairs are the public rooms, which are very large, and filled with small tables, on each of which stands a tray containing saucers of biscuits, cakes, and sweetmeats, &c. On coming in the visitor seats himself at a table, upon which a little red tea-pot and china cup are immediately placed. Before he leaves, the waiter comes up to the table, sees what has been eaten, and calls out to a clerk who sits at the door, with his table and money-box beside him, 'This man owes so much;' the man paying it as he goes out. In the

uppermost room, though it could not be cleaner nor more orderly than those below, there was an attempt at greater refinement; the tea-pots, cups, chairs, and tables, were more ornamented, and altogether appeared intended for guests of a higher rank.

It is curious to see how utterly impossible it is for a Chinaman to do the simplest sum in mental arithmetic. They invariably use the 'schwanpan,' as they call the wooden frame, with wires stretched between the sides and balls run upon the wires, resembling the abacus of the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Arabians. By the help of this they work the most difficult and intricate calculations; but without it they are perfectly helpless, and cannot even tell that two and two make four.

We went afterwards to see some of the numerous trades and manufactures which are carried on here. First, the grinding and sifting of flour, and the calendering of linen. Neither of which processes would be easy to describe without the aid of drawings or models.

As we were going through one of the streets a native oculist, a very celebrated man, came out of his house, and, greeting Mr. —— very affectionately, begged that we would go and pay him a visit. After partaking of the usual refreshment of tea and cakes, he allowed two of his elderly wives to come downstairs and see us, the younger ladies being only permitted to peep at us from the gallery above, their charms being considered dangerous. The extraordinary amount of paint and rouge used by the Chinese women effectually destroys any beauty they might otherwise possess. They rouge not only over the whole cheek, but also under the eyebrows, which has a peculi-

arly ugly appearance. The old ladies were very curious, and closely inspected all my garments; after which they sent for an ugly baby, fat and white, of which they all seemed immensely fond, though its mother was one of the young wives upstairs.

We went over two or three of the enormous houses owned by some of the wealthiest merchants in the city. As it was the season for the worship of the dead, most of the merchants themselves, and several members of their families, were absent, and this circumstance enabled us to see the interior of their dwellings more thoroughly. The furniture of some of the houses is very handsome, including fine bronzes, china, and 'landscape-stone,' a kind of moss agate, which is often let into the backs of chairs, and which is sometimes curiously perfect as a picture. There was one really like a Sir Edwin Landseer—the subject, a stag's head, appearing over the crag of a mountain, with moonlight streaming softly down upon it, and a lake beyond. It was almost impossible to believe it to be the natural blending of white, and very dark green, stone. Some of the stone and wood carving was also very fine, particularly certain screens exquisitely carved in wood, which the children present to their parents on the anniversary of either their fiftieth or sixty-fifth year. The silver and golden wedding-days appeared to be almost as much observed by the Chinese as by the Germans. On these festivals the children present their parents with magnificently-embroidered banners, which are hung up in the 'Ancestral Hall'—a large room, so appropriated, in the house of every wealthy man. In this apartment, besides these tokens of filial affection, are kept

boards, on which are painted, in gold on a scarlet ground, the names and titles of the families with which the family has intermarried. When a woman marries, all the boards from her father's ancestral hall are carried in procession before her; and, of course, the longer the string of boards the greater the distinction of the family.

In all these large houses there are not only seats of honour, but rooms for the reception of different ranks of guests, each room having its place of honour. It is, of course, in the highest room that the Emperor's chair is found.

The reverence for ancestors, and for age generally, is very remarkable. We witnessed a curious example of the latter. Two women, one very old and the other middle-aged, were standing in the midst of a crowd of people on the steps leading to one of the temples. The old woman was in a very wrathful and excited state, scolding and abusing the younger one in anything but measured terms, shaking her by the arm, and expressing vehement indignation in every tone and gesture. To this volley of abuse the younger woman returned no reply. She stood there, looking grave, not to say cross, but perfectly quiet, and without making the slightest retort or rejoinder to her infuriated enemy. Mr. ——'s interpreter demanded the reason of the clamour, and found that 'the younger woman had *kidnapped* the wife of the elder woman's son!' It was explained, that in all probability the son and his wife did not agree, and this woman, knowing some one whom she and the wife considered would make a better husband for the latter,

had aided and abetted her in becoming quit of number one.

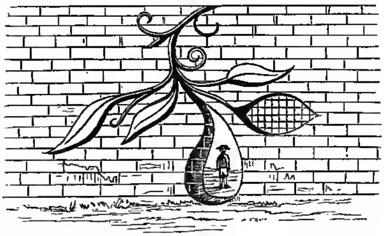
We then went to see the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, who are supposed to be the first disciples of Confucius. The effigies of these persons are carved in wood, washed over with gilding or bronze, and considerably larger than life, though hardly to be called colossal. The difference in expression, character, and general caste of countenance, given to each of these figures, displays marvellous skill on the part of the carvers. There was a pot of sand, with joss-sticks, burning before almost all the figures. Persons wishing to show great devotion, sometimes go round to every one, placing a joss-stick before each.

Proceeding on our way to the Temple of Longevity, we passed a house whose inmates were mourning for a woman of the family. When a death takes place in a house, a paper, notifying the same, is pasted on the outside of the door; on the left side if the deceased were a man, on the right if a woman. We entered the house,* and found the room hung round with banners, bearing inscriptions or condolences, which are sent to the house by friends; and on a table in the middle of the room the monumental tablet, with incense burning before it. This tablet is worshipped by the descendants of the deceased. According to one sect

* It seems strange, perhaps, to talk thus calmly of walking into a house in which mourning is going on, with no motive but curiosity; but it is 'the custom of the country.' There are many strange things in China, and not the least strange among them is the manner in which people walk into other people's houses, neither 'with your leave nor by your leave,' on the occasion of anything unusual taking place there—whether it be a festival, a death, or only a visit from 'strange people.'

among the Chinese, everybody is possessed of three souls. After death one soul remains with the body, another goes into the monumental tablet, and the third, if he were a very good man, into Elysium, or if not remarkably good, presides over woods or waters, like the Dryads and Naiads of ancient mythology.

In the Temple of Longevity all the priests were sitting at dinner; tables were arranged in rows the length of a large hall. Their food was rice and vegetables. A more unprepossessing, unintelligent-looking set of men it would be difficult to find. Behind the temple is a sort of grotto, made of rockwork, with bridges and arbours. Here, too, we saw some doors and windows of a very peculiar and fanciful construction. A plaster bas-relief on the wall represented the branch of some tree, as if spreading downwards over the wall; one leaf, however, instead of being solid and raised from the surface, was pierced through the wall, forming a window. The fruit was only



traced in outline, and left open to form a door. This sketch is one of a pear-branch; but there were many others made in the same way, melons, gourds, and lotuses, the latter extremely graceful and pretty.

After visiting a nunnery in the neighbourhood, which was by no means a model, the abbess, nuns, and children looking dirty and melancholy, we went to the Temple of Disconsolate Women, which, of all things we saw in Canton, was the most redolent of superstition. It is

so crammed with charms and spells, that there is hardly room to move in it, while little figures cut in paper are nailed all over the walls and the altar; some of these are suspended by paper chains, others nailed with their heads downwards, and making hideous grimaces, as though undergoing some fearful torture. These have all been placed here by women, who think that some one has been maligning them, or wishing them harm, and represent the torment, or ill, which they, in revenge, and by this means, hope to secure for their enemy! In this part of China it is not considered the right thing for a woman to marry twice (though many do so); but sometimes it happens that a widow falls in love, in which case she has a mask made of her face, which she deposits in the shrine of this temple, hoping that by this means her image may be brought before the object of her choice in his dreams, and that on awaking he will seek her out for his wife! It is easy to imagine, that in a country where a man is allowed the possession of as many wives as he can support, there must be numbers of 'disconsolate' and revengeful women, who would habitually frequent this temple from motives of jealousy and hatred, in addition to those who only come to pray for particular favours and benefits. One poor woman, when we first went in, was 'chin-chinning' the joss most vigorously, and continued so doing all the time we were going round the temple. As we passed by again, she had just thrown the bamboo roots into the air, and they had fallen affirmatively. On this she rose from her knees, looking much delighted, and taking some of the ashes which had fallen from the joss-stick burning before the altar, departed,

with the fullest belief, that he for whom she had been praying would, on drinking those ashes mixed with his tea, immediately recover.

On leaving this temple we returned to the manufactories; and first, to see the preparation of wood for lacquering. A layer of disintegrated granite, similar to that used in the construction of walls, and made into a paste with oil, is laid upon the panel. When dry it presents a smooth, firm surface, upon which successive coatings of lacquer are afterwards laid. The lacquer looks like very thick treacle, or pitch. We then visited a china manufactory. The most interesting process here was the painting. Each man had a picture, or pattern, before him, and a tray of brushes, and colours ready mixed. Holding the plate or cup in one hand, he laid on the requisite amount of colour with the greatest precision and rapidity, apparently never making a false stroke, nor touching his work twice.

Close by was an establishment for cutting jade-stone. It is very arduous work: the stone is extremely hard, and the implements used by the cutters are of the rudest description. In one of the rooms several little boys were hard at work: they were apprentices, bound for three years, during which time they receive nothing but food from their masters. The working of the treadle that turns the wheel on which the rough piece of jade is fixed, while being ground down with sand and water, seemed almost too fatiguing for such young boys. Some of the adepts in the art were engaged in elaborate and intricate carving, which appeared to make but slow progress under their hands. The proverb, 'God is with the patient,'

quoted from the Koran so provokingly by the Arabs, to excuse themselves for procrastination and unmitigated laziness, ought to be familiar to Chinamen, though not for a similar reason. The industry and patience of this race are wonderful.

The Chinese loom for weaving silk is exactly like that used in olden days by English weavers, and found even now in cottages in the north of Ireland. The Chinaman weaver whom we visited was making a rich silk, damasked with gold like 'kinkob,' for mandarins' dresses; and at the same place they were making very heavy, thick, corded silk ribbons, exactly like markers for church books. These are ladies' stockings, or what answer to stockings among Chinese ladies. They bind them round their withered, shrunken little legs, on high-days and holidays, letting the fringes at the ends hang down. Everything of silk is sold by weight: the scales are beautifully delicate and exact.

From this place we proceeded to a glass-blowing house, belonging to a looking-glass manufactory. Unfortunately, the blowing operation was the only process going on; and this was not very different from the same process in other countries, except that, while the man was collecting a lump of glass from the furnace on the end of his blowpipe, and while he was blowing it out by means of a pair of bellows attached to the blowpipe, another man stood by, fanning him the whole time. The glass was blown into an enormous bubble, and while still soft, but no longer red-hot, was cut into squares, and passed under heavy rollers to flatten it. The glass was not very clear, nor of a good colour; but this was deemed no dis-

advantage for looking-glass. Close by they were making windows of oyster-shells, which are much used. The shell is split off in very thin flakes, which are then cut into small squares and arranged between light bars of wood, like slates on a roof.

We went thence to see the manufacture of ornaments of kingfishers' feathers, which are extremely pretty, and much worn on fête-days by women of the lower orders, who cannot afford expensive jewels, or ornaments of jade and coral. They look like the most beautiful light and dark blue enamel. From the precision displayed in cutting the feathers, it is a more curious process even than the painting on china. The feather is stripped unbroken from each side of the pen, and laid on a board beside the workman, who has also a small saucer of very strong glue, and two or three sharp knives of different forms. The framework of the ornament is of some thin brassy-looking metal, with a slight tracing of the outline of the pattern raised in the same metal. Most of the patterns we saw were of birds, fish, insects, dragons, crabs, lobsters, and such-like; or else flowers, with stamens made of seed-pearls or very small bits of coral. The man took one look at the framework, and then, without the slightest hesitation, cut off the piece of feather, of the exact size and shape required. He fixed it in its place, by taking it up with a brush dipped in glue, and reversing it on to the framework.

After this we saw gold thread being made, which is a simple enough process, only consisting in spinning together very thin strips of gold tinsel and gold-coloured silk cord, with a machine like a distaff.

We then went to see the carving of those concentric ivory balls, which are looked upon as such marvels, but which, like many other extraordinary things, seem very simple when you see how they are done. A solid ivory ball is ruled into quarters, and in the centre of each quarter a circle is drawn, the size of the holes as they are to appear on the outside of the ball when completed. The ball is then fixed into a socket and put upon a turning-lathe. Each circle is then pierced till within a certain distance of the centre of the ball, when a 'bent chisel' (as wood-carvers call it) is introduced, which cuts away all round the spots where the boring ceases: thus leaving, when the same process has been gone through at the termination of every bore, the innermost ball detached from the solid block. The same process is repeated two or three times, by which means more balls are made; or, rather, a series of shells is formed round the innermost ball. The bent chisels are shorter in the shaft, and longer in the bend of the blade as each successive ball requires. After this, the outside quartering is subdivided, and more (but, of course, considerably shorter) bores are made. The same process is repeated throughout; the outermost ball remaining firmly fixed in the socket, and being the last worked upon. Some children were practising upon wooden balls. The exact markings in the first instance appeared the greatest difficulty.

We now visited some gardens belonging to the Temple of Longevity, but which are let to a gardener. In these were numerous trained plants and trees, in quaint and various forms; such as lions, dogs, dragons, dolphins, serpents, pagodas, or baskets. Some of the animals had

painted wooden eyes, which aided us considerably in recognising their species, and added much to their fierceness of aspect. In this garden were also many large tanks for breeding gold and silver fish. The former were very beautiful, quite different from those commonly seen in England: the colour is burnished gold, glistening and gleaming like metal at every movement. Their tails are double, and the motion of them such as one fancies must have suggested, to an intelligent and mechanical mind, the first idea of a propelling screw.

This was the end of our day's sight-seeing, and by the time we had reached the Yamun, we considered that we had well earned our dinner and night's rest, though I believe our zealous and indefatigable cicerone was quite ready, and willing, to have gone on as long again, had not the dread of being locked in (his house being outside the walls) compelled him to stop.

The people in the city are now very civil, and though we were everywhere followed by crowds to see the 'strange woman,' they were perfectly quiet and orderly. A few years ago European gentlemen were unable to walk alone and unarmed through the streets.

I have not described the external appearance of Chinese temples. It is rather difficult to do so, for most of them are in crowded streets, where it is not easy to obtain a general view. They are built of wood, usually painted dark vermilion. At the entrance of Bhudhist temples are generally placed colossal figures or pictures of four great beings, possessing different attributes, who are supposed to be the wardours of the place. The Confucian temples have by rights no images in them, the monu-

mental tablet being the idol of worship among the disciples of Confucius, and before which they burn incense and pray. In all other temples the idols are multitudinous, not only of Bhudha himself in his three attitudes, contemplation, exhortation, and repose, but of many other deities; such as the god of War, the god of Agriculture, the Queen of Heaven, and numberless others. These it is impossible to describe, unless one possessed a much greater knowledge than I have of the complicated religions, and sects of those religions, among the Chinese. There is the same adorning with flowers, burning of candles, and incense, and offering of fruits, in these temples as in Bhudhist temples elsewhere; and I may add, the same dust, dinginess, and closeness of atmosphere.

The next day I was up very early to finish a sketch from our verandah, and to watch the Tartar guard, attached to the Consulate, going through their drill, which takes place every morning in Mr. R.'s grounds. The 'barbarian woman' was evidently an object of great curiosity to both officers and men. The way in which they continually turned round to stare, must, I should say, have interfered considerably with the steadiness of their drill. They are a fine body of men, but not very soldierlike, though they go through their evolutions with exactness, and to *English* words of command. Many of them wear a fox's brush, sticking out at the back of their round, uniform-caps, which has rather a ludicrous effect.

After breakfast we went through the city, and across the river to a part called Honam, where we spent much time and money in an ivory-shop. Here Mr. —— met us, and took us to the Honam Temple, which is a fine

pile of buildings, better attended to, and cleaner than any others we saw. Extensive gardens and grounds surround it, and there are many beautiful old trees in the court in which it stands. In the gardens were numerous specimens of trees, dwarfed and trained into all manner of quaint forms and devices.

In one spot there is a small, open space, where the priests' bodies are burnt, and a huge granite mausoleum, wherein, once a-year, the ashes are deposited. There is a convent attached to this temple; and, as the bodies of the nuns are also burnt, there is a division in the inside of the mausoleum, the priests' ashes being placed on one side, the nuns' on the other. Burning of the bodies is not a *sine quâ non*, as those who prefer it are allowed to be buried, on expressing their wishes before death.

There is a very large printing establishment connected with this temple. Everything is printed from blocks; there are no moveable types, and yet the collection of books is enormous. We bought among others some curious mass-books. One was illustrated, showing the exact position of the priest's hands, and in some cases an alteration of attitude, at different parts of the service; this was a mass to be performed over a dying person. The priests printed me off a spell or charm of some sort, and gave as 'cumshaw* a sheet of paper about the size of a

* Making purchases in China is always a work of time, the Chinese being as great lovers of bargaining as all other Eastern nations, and in the same way, always at first asking about three times the price which they intend to take for any article. When, however, the bargain has at length been struck, they 'throw in' some trifle, which they call 'cumshaw,' or present.

page of the *Times*, on which various prayers and pretty pictures were blended with a total disregard of perspicuity. At the bottom of the page, was traced a large boat, in which the prayers and pretty pictures were supposed to be contained. Had I been a Chinese, I should have taken this down to the river, prayed for all I desired, and then, setting fire to the paper, floated it down the stream, and considered that all my woes and troubles were on board the burning vessel, and were being consumed in like manner, while thus borne in effigy away from me.

We then went to see the abode of a very rich Chinese gentleman, a particular friend of Mr. ——. It could not be called a house, for it more nearly resembled a village, with several families living together in patriarchal style; sons, and sons' wives, and children, and dependants. The gentleman and several members of his family were away worshipping their ancestors, but some of the ladies were at home; and Mr. —— made inquiries whether I might be allowed to visit them; he and my father were, of course, not to be admitted. Accordingly, a little old woman, apparently one of the servants, toddled into the room on her stumpy little feet, and leading me by the hand, conducted me to another room in which several ladies were assembled. They then sent for the interpreter, who was with us, to come and communicate our respective ideas. As soon as they had had one good stare, they began to examine me minutely, my dress, the few ornaments I had on, my watch, a small pair of opera-glasses, and everything else about me, asking innumerable questions all the time, which, as the interpreter only

spoke 'pigeon-English,' was for me nearly as difficult of comprehension as Chinese. 'They makee talkee, if you catchee one piecee husband?' I replied in the negative, upon which they inquired how old I was, and expressed great astonishment that any one should have arrived at the mature age of four-and-twenty without being provided with that desirable appendage. While this discussion was going on, one woman came forward, took off my gloves, and, seeing I had no rings on, explained to the others, that if they had looked at my hands they might have *seen* I had 'not catchee one piecee husband,' which caused her to be looked upon as a marvel of wisdom, and to be referred to on all after occasions. Having taken off my gloves they went into raptures over my hands, comparing them with their own, which were, without exception, very brown, hard, and bony. Each lady (and by this time they had become a multitude) coming in turn, putting one of my hands beside her own, and then laughing merrily, and making some remark, which the interpreter translated, 'she talkee—number one, very beautiful hands.' My hair was the next object of attention, which excited great admiration, being much lighter in colour than their own, free from the gum which renders theirs as stiff as cardboard, and all growing on my own head. I fear my feet did not receive their commendation, though they were too polite to make any disparaging remarks, or the interpreter to repeat them. Only, as a kind of silent censure, a pair of boots belonging to the lady, who I was told was the favourite wife, were almost immediately after brought in, to show me their idea of what feet *should* be. These boots were the length of the two first

joints of my forefinger, beautifully embroidered in gold, on rose-coloured satin, and with very thick soles, covered with white kid. We had been drinking tea and eating fruits and cakes all this time; the old ladies cramming me with the latter, for which I have no great affection, till I was in despair, but was afraid of hurting their feelings by refusing. I wished to see some of the very handsome dresses which Chinese ladies wear on high-days and holidays, so told the interpreter to ask if they would show me some of their 'number one,* very fine dresses,' which they appeared only too delighted at the thoughts of doing. Several of them went at once to fetch some, and most magnificent they were,—silk and satin, beautifully embroidered in different colours, mixed with gold and silver. They then insisted upon dressing me in one of these gorgeous robes, shrieking with delight like children, when they saw the effect of putting this dazzling garment, which was certainly never intended for any one exceeding four foot and a half in height, over my plain, black and white check dress, which appeared below it in startling contrast. It was difficult to get away from these merry, good-natured people, who, I suppose, found great amusement in such a visit. The lady, whose dress I had been wearing, presented me on parting with two little embroidered bags, in which every Chinese lady carries the keys of her own particular box or chest. Several

* In pigeon-English, everything of *the best* is called 'Number One.' 'My talkee, no makee foolo; my number one very good pigeon savez;' means, as it was said to us by a servant who was sent to buy some things, with a caution not to make a mistake, 'I won't make any mistake: I understand my business perfectly!'

of the others loaded me with cakes and oranges, and all begged I would come again the next day, giving it as their opinion that I was 'number one, very fine lady. Nearly all of them were much painted and rouged, none of them particularly pretty I thought, but with pleasant, gentle manners, and very merry withal.

I found the gentlemen being entertained at tea by some of the sons of the house. Fine, intelligent, gentlemanly-looking men, who had come in since our arrival, so more tea and cakes had to be consumed before we were free to continue our examination of the building.

The ancestral hall here was a very fine room; but the banners from this, as well as the hangings from other parts of the house, and cloth, and fur cloaks and rugs, were all being spread out in the sun on the pavement of one of the court-yards. The servants evidently taking the opportunity of the master's absence to dismantle the rooms, and have a 'regular turn-out,' as housemaids call it.

We then went to some enclosures, in which animals live in the blissful certainty of never being eaten. They are called 'freed beasts,' and are the birds, beasts, or fishes which have been purchased and set free, as votive offerings to the god in whose temple-grounds they are turned loose. They are tended by the priests belonging to the temple, who regard them as sacred.

After this we went in a boat some distance up the river to see the house and gardens of a celebrated Chinese merchant—Mr. Potinqua—one of the wealthiest of that class. The house resembled Chinese houses in general, with a number of small rooms fitting into each other like a

Chinese puzzle, with very handsome furniture and china in some of the rooms, but the same uninhabitable look which we remarked in every other large house. The garden can only be so called by courtesy, for it is in fact nothing but a raised, narrow causeway, running in and out, and winding round and about, an artificial lake. It exactly resembles the bridge on the china plates, except that it has a roof, supported on red, lacquered-wood pillars, with black, lacquered rafters. There are bridges, and draw-bridges, and grottoes, and bowers, and pagodas, and every kind of ornamental gardening that one can imagine. At that portion which forms the boundary to the garden, the outer side of the colonnade is walled in, and here are stone tea-tables at short intervals, and innumerable little square bamboo stools arranged along the wall. The walls themselves are covered with moral sayings, and sentences from sage authors, with which the friends of the family are supposed to improve their minds when they come to a tea-party.

We went to the top of one of the pagodas, three storeys high, whence the view of the river and distant town was very pretty, and the bird's-eye view of the garden and its colonnade extremely quaint and strange to English eyes.

We were rather late in arriving at the gates of the city on our return, and found crowds of people hurrying out who had been in the city all day, but were anxious to be outside the walls before the gates should be closed for the night.

We spent the greater part of the next day in curiosity-hunting. For those residing in the country, whose names

soon become known to brokers and shopmen, or who can 'pick up' good bronzes, or rare bits of china, by degrees, when by chance brought into the market, this 'curiosity-hunting' is a far more cheap and satisfactory process than it is for travellers. Shopmen are as well aware as the traveller himself, that it is the only chance the latter has of securing that upon which he has set his affections.

After our shopping Mr. —— took us to visit some other places of interest, and amongst these the Temple of Confucius, in which, contrary to his creed, is an enormous image of himself. There are also images and the monumental tablets of his five wisest disciples, enclosed in glass cases, round the chamber.

We then went to the Five Genii Temple. The five genii are the five Chinese elements, viz., earth, fire, metal,* water, wood. They are said to have ridden into the city on rams, come to the market-place, where they proclaimed a promise of wealth and plenty, and then disappeared. In the place where the rams vanished, five stones were left, which bore a supposed resemblance to rams' heads. Each of these stones was originally placed, and should now stand, immediately before each image in the temple; but, during a fire which took place some time ago, they were separated, and have not yet been replaced in their proper positions. In the enclosure outside this temple, is a very fine, large bell. There was a superstition that if this bell should ever be broken, it would be a

* I was told elsewhere that *gold* was the element, not metal generally, as I was informed on this occasion.

warning of the downfall and destruction of the city. Strangely enough, a shell from one of the French ships struck and broke a piece out of it just before the Occupation.

In the same enclosure is the print of Bhudha's foot, corresponding with that on Adam's Peak in Ceylon; but the impression here is in the rock itself, and not built up with plaster, and is so perfect that one can even see it to be the print of the left foot.

We then went into a Mahomedan mosque, which is principally frequented by Tartars. On the outside it is similar to a Chinese temple. The inside is perfectly plain, except the usual illuminated sentence from the Koran, over the kiblah.*

Mr. ——'s idea with regard to the origin of the form of the Chinese temples struck me as worthy of note. They resemble tents as nearly as it is possible for things built on the same model, but in a different material, to resemble each other; and he imagines, that when the Chinese first settled down in China proper, from Tartary and the northernmost countries of Asia, they, who had heretofore been an essentially nomadic race, had no other model than a tent to work from in the erection of stationary buildings; and, though as time went on, they found other forms more convenient for dwelling-houses, yet that the tent form answered every purpose required in a temple, and has, therefore, remained the same, even to

* The 'kiblah' in a mosque answers to our altar. It is that part which looks towards Mecca; in the direction of which city, Mahomedans, in whatever part of the world they may find themselves, turn while praying.

the present day. I also heard a theory, referring to the same remote period, the origin of the cruel system of deforming the feet of Chinese women. It is a practice for which no satisfactory reason seems hitherto to have been assigned, although the custom has obtained as long as anything has been known of China and its inhabitants. The theory was this,—women with these crippled, deformed feet could not belong to a tribe of nomads (Mongols and Tartars never adopt this practice); and therefore, when a struggle might naturally have arisen in the minds of the conquering race, between their inherent love of wandering and their desire to settle permanently in the country, this plan was adopted; which, by rendering it impossible for the female part of the community to roam from place to place, however great their desire to do so might be, ensured at any rate, in some measure, a certain portion of the population settling down and making their homes in the country. I don't know how far those who have studied the subject may agree with this theory, but hitherto I had not heard even a probable suggestion made, in any way accounting for this most barbarous, senseless, and inhuman practice.

The following day we spent a good deal of valuable time in holding a *levée* at Mr. ——'s house, where all the shopmen from whom we had bought curiosities were assembled, to receive payment for their goods. Mr. ——'s house was in itself a perfect museum, stored with all kinds of curiosities, which he had collected in the course of a long residence in the country. Some of these were exceedingly valuable, having been brought from places to which he and a friend had penetrated in the interior of

the country, far north, where they were obliged to adopt Chinese clothes and gait, and in fact, act Chinamen to the best of their abilities, as their days would have been soon numbered had it once been discovered that they were foreigners.

Our next visit was to the Imperial Temple—a temple found in every walled city, however small its dimensions; where, on the Emperor's birthday, all the mandarins and high officials appear in full dress, to worship the Imperial tablet. This 'birthday parade' is a secret test of the loyalty of every mandarin throughout the empire. If only one is absent, the cause is at once investigated by the authorities, to whom notice of such gross irreverence must immediately be given. Imperial dragons (*i.e.* with five claws) are beautifully carved in stone, in very high relief, on that portion of the pavement which leads directly into the temple. This is to prevent the possibility of any person showing such disrespect to the Imperial tablet as to walk directly in front of it. The colour of the tiles, and of the hangings in this temple, is the Imperial yellow—a very bright, almost orange colour; and the Imperial dragon, whether worked in the hangings, painted on the walls, or carved in the wood-work, shows his teeth at every turn.

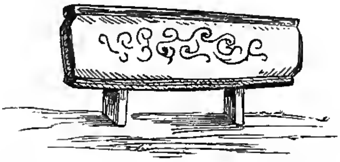
We then went to the temple of the God of War, whose image is enough to deter any one from ever becoming the disciple of such a fierce and terrible being, or from desiring to use the formidable implements of war ranged on either side of this grim deity.

Leaving this temple, we went to the Hall of Examination, where the master of arts' degrees are conferred. It

is a very large quadrangle. The entrance-gate, and the quarters occupied by the examiners, form two sides of the square. The other two sides consist of streets of solitary-confinement cells. At the end of each street is a portcullis-like gate, and each cell (which is, in fact, a *cave*, having but one opening), as soon as occupied, has a thick wooden barrier fastened securely across the entrance, forming a desk for the student about to undergo his examination. There is a wardour to every street, and no one is admitted, under any pretence whatsoever, except those who give and receive the examination papers. Those candidates who arrive first are placed at the further end of the street, so that none of those coming in afterwards have the power of communicating, either by sign or look, with any of their predecessors: nor, indeed, do any of them know so much as who the occupants of the cells on either side of their own are. There is accommodation in the cells for 7000 persons, and the open courtyard forming the centre of the quadrangle would hold many more. Each street is lettered, and the cells are all numbered: in short, it is a town in miniature.

We then went a long way out of the city, passing one of the parade-grounds, a leper village, the burial-place of criminals, and various other cheerful places, till we arrived at the 'City of the Dead.' This is certainly one of the most curious things to be seen in China. It is a regularly built, walled, and fortified city, with a guard at the gates, and streets of houses, just as for a city of the living. The only difference is, that here the houses are never more than one storey high, and that an oppressive and almost

awful silence prevails everywhere, which could only belong to a city of the dead. Here are deposited the coffins of those whose friends have not found the fortunate time and place for their interment, should they belong to Canton, or for removing them to their native place, should they belong to another part of the country.* Rent is paid for these houses by the week, month, or year; or else they are purchased, not as a family vault, but as a temporary resting-place for the dead, until their interment. Before every door hung a coloured Chinese lantern, waving backwards and forwards in mournful cadence to the soughing of the wind, which seemed to haunt the silent streets, and to wail out its surprise and grief on finding nought but solitude and stillness. Each house consists of two rooms. On a table in the outer room is placed the monumental tablet, with lights and incense burning before it; and very often fruits and tea. In the back room the coffin or coffins are placed, resting on two thick blocks of stone;



* I believe that in the latter case a coffin often remains in a strange place for good, as, by the time the fortunate moment arrives, any friends or relations a man may have had near him when away from his country may die, or remove, or be unable to afford the expense, if the deceased lived far off. But it would be a terrible thing for a Chinaman to die without the hope that, as soon as the lucky day should be known, his body would be taken to his birthplace; and equally so for his son to feel that he had left his father's body for so long a time in a strange land, unless he had this superstition to give him authority for so doing: when, instead of being a piece of neglect, it becomes for him an act of piety.

though in some of the streets we saw houses containing several coffins, evidently belonging to poor people, for they were piled one above another, as if many families had united to rent a house. Some of the coffins belonging to the rich are very handsome, being made of solid, thick wood, sometimes beautifully lacquered. The coffin, in the case of a mandarin, requires to be of a considerable size, for he is buried in his state robes of rich brocaded silk or satin, and with the usual appendages belonging to the full-dress of a mandarin. The city is fortified, to guard against raids which might be made upon it to carry off a body for the sake of the ransom. One can hardly imagine this to be more than a remote contingency, for, besides the superstitious reverence with which Chinamen regard the dead, even their ingenuity would find it a difficult matter to remove one of those very heavy, solid coffins, without creating a disturbance which must soon lead to betrayal.

In strange contrast to the streets we had been traversing for some time, we went, before leaving the city, to one corner of it, where there are refreshment gardens, with grottos, arbours, and pagodas, for the accommodation of those who come to worship their ancestors.

On our way home we stopped to see the Asylum for Aged Men. Filial piety forms so striking an element in the Chinese character, that though there are asylums for the aged of both sexes here, it is only those who have no relations, or whose relations are really so poor as to be incapable of maintaining them, who seek admittance. It would otherwise appear strange, that in a country where benevolent institutions are so well supported, provision

should only have been made in such an asylum for 500 inmates. We saw several of the old men, who all looked comfortable and happy. In some of the rooms two or three old friends, almost in their dotage, would be cowering over the fire, spinning long yarns to one another. In others, one or two had brought their dinners to cook at the same fire; which operation they watched with intense satisfaction as they sat round it. All looked bright and smiling, and mumbled out some words of welcome as we passed by.

We entered the city past the yamuns of the Chinese commander-in-chief and the Tartar general. The latter was from home, consequently his flag was flying. This is one of many instances in which the Chinese rule is exactly the reverse of ours.

On our way back to Hong Kong we had determined to stop at Macao, and accordingly took our places in a small steamer, which speedily brought us within sight of the clean-looking, little Portuguese settlement. The appearance of the town from the water is strikingly and essentially un-Chinese. But for the junks and sampans (*i.e.* small passenger-boats), and their occupants, and the brilliant colour of the houses, which are painted pink and yellow, it would be easy to fancy oneself approaching some small European watering-place, with its 'Esplanade' or 'Marine Parade' skirting the shore, and behind it the town with numerous spires, and the ruins of an old cathedral.

The harbour is on the other side of the island, so that on arriving from Canton, a fleet of small boats is all that is visible. Large vessels, steamers and junks, are how-

ever crowded within the harbour, as may be seen on mounting the hill behind the town.

Having deposited our baggage at the hotel—a particularly good one for these parts—we sent for chairs to take us to the house and grounds where Camoens' grotto is to be found. The place belongs to a Portuguese gentleman, and if better kept up might be made very pretty. There are innumerable walks cut through a wilderness of shrubbery, with occasional openings for flower-beds. But the walks are paved with a kind of coarse chunam, or lime, and not being regularly swept, were covered with moss, and so slippery, that skating would have been more comfortable than walking over them. We wandered about amongst the fine trees and shrubberies, and at last arrived at a summer-house, standing on a high rock, overlooking the harbour, town, adjacent islands, and mainland, and forming a beautiful *ensemble* in the soft, hazy, golden light of sunset. Still, we had not reached the grotto, where we had been promised to find 'a new bust' of Camoens, so we set forward again, till we came to some rough, steep steps, and ascending these found ourselves at the desired point. My father had some time before pointed out to me in a book of travels, a print purporting to be taken from a sketch of Camoens' grotto, but the reality was very different from what we had been led to expect. The grotto is only a brick-and-mortar enclosure between two rocks; there is no view from it of the sea, nor of anything else, except the tops of some straggling trees growing in the shrubbery below. There is Camoens' bust certainly, and on the pedestal many quotations from his poems; but after

seeing the spot where he is supposed to have written the greater part of 'The Lusiad,' it is no longer a matter of surprise that his biographers should censure this his greatest work for the want of truth in the descriptions both of scenery and character. Certainly external nature, as viewed from this cell, would offer so little inspiration, that he must have had to draw largely upon his own vivid fancy to supply the glowing descriptions of those warlike, patriotic scenes, which are so much extolled and dwelt upon by his admirers.

There is a neat little English church here, with a very crowded cemetery near it. Invalids are often sent from Hong Kong to Macao for change of air, and, to judge from the inscriptions on the tombstones, seldom return. The roads are excellent, almost equal to gravel walks. The present Governor is very active in keeping them in good condition; and, as there are only two vehicles in the place, and but few horses, there is little reason for their being out of repair. The number of priests, acolytes, and chorister-boys, walking about in their long coats, gave the place quite an European appearance.

There is the ruin of an old Portuguese cathedral on the brow of a hill behind the town, which looks picturesque from the sea, but is disappointing on a nearer inspection. There are no fine modern churches nor a modern cathedral in the place.

We left at 8 A.M. next morning, and, arriving at Hong Kong about noon, found the Governor and Lady M. on the point of setting out for Macao. They had, however, kindly made every arrangement for our comfort during their absence; and as there was the chance of getting to

Shanghai in some merchant-steamer, before the next P. and O. boat should arrive, it was not worth while for us to return with them.

About a week after, we learned that a steamer belonging to Messrs. Jardine's house was going to Shanghai; so we applied for passages, and were much delighted at discovering that she was to stop at Formosa on her way —a place which we had been very anxious to visit, but to which the P. and O. steamers never go, and other steamers very rarely.

We left Hong Kong on the afternoon of the 26th of April. It was a lovely night, and the effect of the phosphorescent light in the water was more beautiful than can be imagined. It did not appear in sparkles and flashes, as usual, but in a clear emerald flame, edging every wave and ripple as the steamer ploughed her way through the calm surface of the water. If the Arabs are accustomed, in their seas, to behold phosphoric light in this form, no wonder they account for it as described by Mr. Palgrave in his work on Arabia.

Unluckily the calm weather, which at this season we had every reason to expect, did not last. It grew rougher and rougher, till, by the evening of the 28th, the seas were breaking over us from stem to stern. Never, however, was there a steadier boat than the 'Rona.' We hardly felt a shake, or knew she had shipped a sea, until a torrent of water came rushing aft, bringing with it hen-coops, barrels, sheep, and any other loose articles which came in its way.

On the 29th, about noon, we anchored off Tam-sui (*Anglicè*, Sweet Water), the southern port (if port it can

be called) of Formosa. There were numerous speculations as we neared the shore, whether it would be possible to land here, or whether we should have to go on some thirty or forty miles to Tai-wan, which was not where they wished to discharge the cargo, but where landing is not so dangerous as at Tam-sui. Here the mouth of the river is full of shoals and rocks, and if the wind is at all 'on shore' the breakers are very high, and crossing the bar-line becomes extremely dangerous. We were rejoiced, therefore, to find but little wind, and that 'off shore,' and the sea perfectly calm. Some native boats soon made their appearance—great, clumsy-looking things, worked with a rude kind of paddle, with which the boatmen sometimes punt, and sometimes row. In one of these we took our places, and made our way between ugly-looking rocks, with a very strong current running past them, until we were in the river, and eventually reached a place where we could land, and walk through paddy-fields for some distance to the small Chinese town. The latter is very prettily situated at a bend of the river, with fine hills in the background, and marks of cultivation on every side, and large trees, from amongst which peep the quaint, turned-up ends of the roofs of temples and Chinese houses. It must be a dreary life for the half-dozen Europeans who live here; for though the interior of the island is beautiful, and rich in objects of natural history, it is not safe to venture far inland, for the natives are said to be savage and cannibals. They are described as being a very fine race, the women fair and perfectly beautiful.

The hills, close under which we were at anchor, looked

lovely in the moonlight—the outline, fine, sharp, and clear, and the barrenness not apparent. The cultivation here is principally on the level ground, and there is not sufficient natural wood or vegetation to make a perceptible show of green on the hill-sides.

The following day, finding that we should be detained here several hours, we set off to visit some sulphur-springs which we were extremely desirous of seeing, and which was about seven miles inland, up the river.

The wind was rising and blowing off shore, which kept us back a good deal, and our Malay crew were certainly not the strongest oars in the world; but they, at length, brought us up to the little creek, where we were to land. The row up the river was very inviting, and made us long to explore further inland, especially as Mr. Jardine's agent, who had penetrated some fifteen miles beyond, described the scenery there as truly magnificent. We passed one large Chinese settlement, with very neat-looking houses. Probably, more intimate acquaintance with the streets and lanes would have proved them to be as dirty as the generality of Chinese towns; but, seen from a distance, they had certainly borrowed the enchantment of cleanliness and order, for the refreshment of eyes that love such to behold.

On our way we saw numerous flocks of ducks being herded. The herdsmen live in small boats, and drive the ducks from place to place during the day, sending them home in the evening in the manner so charmingly described in one of Hans Christian Andersen's Tales. It was too early in the day to witness this scene, but we

were told that it is most amusing to see the bustle among the ducks, as they all scuttle off as fast as wings and legs combined will carry them, quacking with all their might, and tumbling over and over in their frantic endeavours not to be the last.

On reaching our landing-place, we had to wait some time for the boat bringing up the chairs, and were soon surrounded by a crowd of Chinese. Being the first time they had ever seen a foreign woman, both my dress and myself were objects of great curiosity. It was singular how quickly news of our arrival spread. All the way up to the springs, about three miles, whenever we passed any houses all the women came toddling out, peering into my chair, laughing, and making remarks to each other and evidently thinking me a *rara avis.*

Our road lay through paddy-fields as long as we remained on the flat ground, but we soon began to rise, and then other grain, and acres and acres of pine-apples, took the place of the rice-fields. It was very pretty all the way, and by the time we had risen to nearly the level of the springs, which are at some height above the sea, the view looking back to the river was lovely—a cultivated plain of emerald green, surrounded by fine hills, with the winding river glancing and gleaming at their base.

We had to cross one or two streams, of which the water was quite hot, and very disagreeable to the taste, but perfectly clear, and people say very wholesome. Within some few hundred yards of the springs the coolies could no longer carry the chairs over the scoria-like heaps which surround the sulphur-mines, so we had to walk,

much to the detriment of our boots, as the refuse, besides being rough and sharp, was so intensely hot, as to suggest to us the ordeal by fire.

The Chinese government have forbidden the present working of these mines, so that nothing was going on in the way of collecting the mineral. The furnaces still remain, where stood the iron pots, in which the crystals were separated from the clay, and the ground surrounding them is composed of lava-like scoria—the refuse from the furnaces.

The springs are all close together at the head of the valley, through which our road had lain. Hills rise high all round, entirely closing the valley, except on the side by which we had arrived. The combination of sun, sulphur, steam, and refracted heat, was something terrific, and required all the interest one felt in seeing the springs to render it bearable.

In some of the springs the water was bubbling up quietly, surrounded with very small crystals, of the most brilliant yellow and gold colour. In others the boiling was quick and continuous, and the spring resembled a caldron of seething mud, which would send back the stones or lumps of mud we threw in, to the height of three or four feet in the air. Others, again, were like basins lined with beautiful coloured crystals; a puff of white steam, which now and then issued from a tiny hole in the basin, alone denoting the presence of the spring below. We were very glad to have seen these springs; they are well worthy of a visit, though opportunities of reaching them are of rare occurrence.

We had left our provisions halfway up the valley,

under the shelter of a large tree. Here we stopped on our way back, and lunched, much to the edification of a crowd of Chinese, who stood round staring, and occasionally satisfying their curiosity by picking up and eating, or rather tasting (for it was passed round as far as it would go), some bone or scrap of the barbarians' food!

My father, instead of lunching, had gone down to a deep pool in one of the streams and taken a bath, from which he returned with his rings, pencil-case, and the silver he had in his pocket, turned perfectly black by the sulphur, and his face almost copper colour.

The wind had risen considerably since the morning, and by the time we reached Tam-sui had so much increased, that the captain thought it advisable to take one of the large China boats to convey us to the steamer, and to tow the small ones, as they might have some difficulty in crossing the bar.

As soon as we were off, and while the screaming, shouting, and scolding, which appear to be the necessary accompaniment of any movement on the part of Chinese boatmen, was still going on, one of the party proceeded to give a graphic description of the capsizing of one of these large Chinese boats, which he had witnessed in the morning, while going up the river. Of course this did not tend to reassure us, as the wind was now considerably higher. However, hoping that such would not be our fate, we devoted our whole attention to clinging firmly to the very uncomfortable chests, which were our only seats; for, though a chair was put on board at Tam-sui,

it was useless to think of sitting upon it. Before we had gone far, our old boatman discovered something to be amiss, and ran us on shore; when half a dozen of the crew jumped out, taking with them a couple of buckets, and a sack, which they filled with sand twice or thrice, and emptied into the bottom of the boat. From this we inferred that ballast was the want to be supplied in this original fashion.

After a repetition of the screaming and scolding scene at starting, on account of the difficulty in getting the boat off the sand, we once more set out. The springing of our mast soon after, and the uncomfortable position which the boat assumed in consequence, rendered our voyage far from agreeable. Still we hoped to reach the steamer, and get safely on board; but, overshooting our mark, the wind blew us under the paddle-wheel, breaking off a splinter here and bar there from the floats, and alarming us lest our already shaky mast should be knocked down by one of the boats of the steamer. The boatmen, meanwhile, vainly endeavoured with their teeth to unfasten the knots of the clumsy apparatus by which the sails are hoisted and lowered: but it had become so entangled, that it seemed a hopeless task. The captain being unable to make the boatmen understand anything he said, at last took the matter into his own hands, and cut the cord, bringing the heavy mat-sail rattling down upon us, and enabling us, though with some difficulty, for a heavy sea was running, to get on board, without further damage either to steamer or boat.

We left almost immediately, with the wind dead

against us; but it abated in a few hours, and we had fair weather for the next two days, arriving about noon on the second day at the mouth of the Shanghai river. About two hours afterwards we took in a pilot, who brought us up the river, where we lay-to till daylight, casting anchor in Shanghai Harbour at 7.30 next morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHANGHAI.

We landed at Shanghai in a dull, drizzling rain that did not improve the appearance of the place which is unusually flat—not a hill, nor even a mound, to be seen in any direction. There is the long bund, with fine houses belonging to the merchants upon it, and a forest of masts stretching as far as the eye can see.

On landing, we went to the hotel recommended by our late captain, but were soon sought out by some friends, who kindly carried us off to their house, which became our head-quarters during our stay in the country.

There is very little of interest or amusement at Shanghai. The climate during winter is said to be pleasant, but at this time of the year (May, June, and July) it was much the reverse. A damp, depressing heat prevailed at all times, when not raining, producing great enervation and drowsiness. There are roads here, but after rain they become almost impassable from the clayey nature of the soil. The land is much cultivated, and yields in some parts as many as three crops in a year. The country round presents the appearance of one vast

graveyard. Everywhere, wherever the eye rests, there is nothing to be seen but mounds, stones, sheds, and stone monuments, marking graves. All along the roadside are coffins, put down, apparently, without the slightest thought or care, until a favourable day can be found for removing them to a different part of the country, or for burying them.

We went one day to see a Jesuit College at Siccaway, about six miles out of the town. The priests who come here are obliged to adopt Chinese costume, habits, and customs, and to take a vow of expatriation. In the church belonging to the College, the pictures of saints and Madonnas were all by Chinese artists. It had rather a novel effect to see, as one of the altar-pieces, a conventional guardian angel watching over a juvenile Chinese mandarin, with a long pigtail and high-soled boots. In the school-room the Chinese boys were learning their lessons, and, as is the case in all their schools, at the top of their voices, rocking themselves backwards and forwards incessantly all the while. We also went into the School of Design, where some very good copies had been made by the Chinese from models and plaster casts. A Chinaman was in the studio, and showed us various Madonna's heads which he had been copying, and also the picture he was then at work upon,—Murillo's 'Assumption!'

We returned from Siccaway by a French military road, the only good road in the place.

In this part of the country wheelbarrows are the common vehicle. The wheel, which is very large, is in the middle, with a seat on either side, *dos-à-dos*, like a diminutive Irish-car; thus the greater part of the weight is

thrown on the wheel, not on the wheeler. On first seeing these, the effect strikes one as very ludicrous; particularly if only one person is to be carried, as he is often balanced on the other side by something very incongruous, either two or three large stones, a sack of potatoes, or even a pig.

The native town here is quite as dirty and unpleasant as Canton, but far smaller, and with nothing in it of particular interest. The tea-garden, which before the town was taken by the rebels was ornamented with large trees, rockeries, pagodas, quaint bridges, and small tea-houses, is now in an untidy and dilapidated condition. There were one or two curiosity shops, where we picked up some good china, and a few good pieces of enamel.

The 'Hong' life at Shanghai, as led by the merchants, a large majority of the foreign population, appeared to us most objectionable. They build enormous houses, in which nearly all belonging to the house dwell. If there are two or three married men among them, their wives each have their own sitting-room, but all take their meals and spend the evenings together. The result seems to be, that half the people living in the same house will often not speak to the other half. And of all the places I know, where scandal and gossip are rife, Shanghai seemed the very worst. I believe it is much the same in Hong Kong, but there we had fewer opportunities of judging.

Though Shanghai is so uninteresting in itself, yet there are some charming places within a few days' journey; and, thanks to the kindness of an American merchant here, we made two delightful excursions. One into the

country beyond Ningpo, the other, up the Yang-tse-Kiang to Hankow. Mr. H. was dining with us one evening, and, finding that our friends and ourselves were meditating a visit to Hankow, suggested that we should go first to Ningpo, where he had business, thence up-country to see some temples well worth visiting, and on our return accompany him, in one of his large steamers, to Hankow, and thus ensure stopping at any place of interest on the way up, which is not practicable in the ordinary weekly boats. This proposition was so inviting that we did not require much deliberation before accepting it. Accordingly on the 11th May, about 5 P.M., we set off for Ningpo.

We were roused from our slumbers, at about four o'clock next morning, to see the entrance to the Ningpo River and Chinhai—a fort near the entrance, where, in 1842, during our first war with China, a great battle was fought under Lord Gough ; Lord Clyde, then Colonel Campbell, being second in command.

At first the morning was raw and windy, but it improved as the sun rose, and we were able to enjoy the scenery. Soft grey hills of rugged outline rose in the distance, with richly cultivated plains, spreading down to the river's shores, broken now and then by rocks or promontories jutting out into the water. On one of these there was a most picturesque monastery, which, but for the form of the corners, might have been an old castle on the Rhine. As we neared the city, we passed many houses on the river banks, each, apparently, possessing its own ice-house, which looked like a gigantic haystack. In the possession of these, people living at Ningpo are much

in advance of their brethren at Shanghai, where ice is not stored at all.

We anchored at 7.30, breakfasted, and proceeded to the house of one of the merchants, which was close by, who sent for chairs to take us over the city.

Of all the Chinese cities we had seen, Ningpo was the least disagreeable, and its streets both wider and cleaner than any other. The Temple of the Queen of Heaven is very beautiful, and the stone carving wonderful: dragons and floral patterns being carved not only in very high relief, but raised like life, and standing out clear from the stem of the pillar. The lacquer-work had lately been cleaned and renewed, the gilding and paint were fresh and bright, and producing altogether an effect much richer and more brilliant than we had seen in any other temple. The embroidery of the altar-cloths and hangings was also very handsome.

In one of several other temples that we visited, we remarked some very beautiful wood-carving. Here we had our fortunes written out for us, by one of the old priests who sit at the doors to give charms, spells, &c. We had these translated afterwards. This was my father's :—'The gods will favour you. Food and clothing in abundance; an accumulation of pleasures, and extreme happiness. All are to be your lot in life.' This was mine :—'Be straightforward in your actions, open-hearted, and in mixing with your fellow-creatures be kind and cheerful: wealth and happiness will then immediately follow.' This was Mr. H.'s :—'One glance (at the character) declares your fate to be a happy one; another glance, that festive times are approaching. Perfect freedom

of action, intelligence, reason, splendour, and leisure, shall all fall to your lot.' The reference to the 'character' is this: What we received from the old priest was only a little slip of paper, with one or two Chinese characters written upon it in red. These were the key to the oracular sentences (as translated above), written by another priest on having the red characters presented to him. The promises made to my father and Mr. H. were of a much less ambiguous nature than they usually are: in general, they are of the same character as those made to me.

After this we went to the top of the celebrated Six-storied Pagoda, which was formerly held in great estimation by the Chinese, but is now in a very ruinous state, and not very pleasant to ascend. The bird's-eye view, however, of the city and surrounding country amply repays the trouble and fatigue. There is much more regularity and order displayed in the laying out of this city than one would imagine while passing through the streets.

The manufacture of sweetmeats is most extensively carried on here. We went to one of the large wholesale establishments, and were ushered into a room behind the shop, where we seated ourselves round a table, and on being presented with chopsticks indulged largely in all kinds of delicious preserves, the flavour of which, when eaten fresh out of the huge jars in which they are kept, is incomparably finer than when exported in small jars to India or England.

Our awkward attempts at using implements so familiar to them seemed to cause vast amusement to the

owner of the shop, the servants, and others, who stood round ready to attend upon us, or who sat in the room smoking their pipes, and making remarks upon our futile attempts at using chopsticks with ease or grace.

There does not seem to be any other specialty belonging to Ningpo, excepting the manufacture of furniture inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and dark-coloured woods. We went into one or two shops, but found nothing else, either curious or pretty.

After luncheon, we crossed the river to the place where our boats were assembled, on one of the canals. These boats are most luxurious, and well adapted for travelling in such a country as China. We had five; viz. a dining and sitting-boat, of which this is a representation,* containing one large room, or cabin, and having

the fore-part outside the cabin decked over; so that, when cool enough, we could have chairs placed there, and sit in the open air: a cooking and servants' boat; and three sleeping-boats. They are much the same as the Nile boats, but I have never seen any of the latter with so much furniture, and in all respects so much resembling a room, as the 'house-boat' Mrs. F. and I occupied. The cabin was quite a spacious apartment, containing two beds, the same number of tables, a chest of drawers, a couple of chairs, and our two portmanteaux. Opening out of it was a smaller cabin, with a washing-stand

* N.B. Those are our servants, not ourselves, on the top.

and folding-press. The boats are paddled along separately, and if you wish to speak to a friend in another boat, your boatmen either wait till it comes up, or shout for your friend's boatmen to stop until you join them.

As long as daylight or twilight lasted the view was very lovely, with the hills in the distance coloured by the reflection of a magnificent sunset. The land on either side of the canal was highly cultivated, and the different groups of persons working in the fields had a very picturesque appearance. Some were planting out paddy;

whilst others, standing on a sort of harrow, dragged by a bullock through thick mud, were preparing the ground for its reception. Others were irrigating the fields by means of a waterwheel, turned by a treadmill, worked by their feet, while their arms rested on a bar between two strong posts. This machine is extremely picturesque; and the different groups, so busily and variously employed, added considerably to the life and animation of the scene. On the tracking-paths, too, figures were perpetually

passing and re-passing, every one of them a perfect study.

Coolies, in their broad-brimmed, high-peaked hats, running along in a sort of trot, their usual pace when bearing loads, and with the latter slung in picturesque baskets at either end of a long bamboo, which they twirl from one shoulder to the other, without stopping their trot, or the grunt by which it is accompanied. Fishermen with nets. Women and children, the former generally with a long stick to help them on their way; and now and then a richer person, carried in a chair, or riding on a pony. Occasionally the groups of people became more numerous, on account of our passing by some small village, with its quaint turned-up roofs, or under a bridge made of enormous blocks of stone, resting horizontally on equally large perpendicular blocks; and over all, a glorious glow was thrown from behind us by the setting sun. Had we seen nothing else, this would have amply repaid our journey from Shanghai.

We continued our course through the night, which was cool, but not cold; the silence around only broken by the noise of the paddles, and the croaking of innumerable frogs in the paddy-fields.

Towards morning we arrived at Secou-bah, a village at the end of the canal, where we remained till daylight; when, after refreshing ourselves with tea and coffee, we set off to visit the temples at Tein-tung, about six miles

CANAL SCENE NEAR NINGPO CHINA

distant. There were chairs for all the party, but most of us preferred walking in the cool, fresh morning air. Three of the chairs were 'mountain chairs,' such as are used by the natives, and of most primitive construction, consisting merely of a piece of board, like the seat of a swing, slung between two bamboo poles; and a piece of bamboo slung in the same way, for the feet to rest on.

The country about here is beautiful, the hill-sides being covered with the most rich and varied foliage of pine, fir, bamboo, chestnut, juniper, and many other trees. The undergrowth was principally of azaleas, of various colours; such as lilac, white, and a most lovely deep maize. There was one very handsome shrub, of which I do not know the name, and cannot remember to have seen elsewhere. The stems shoot up straight and strong, as a hazel-rod; while spikes of mauve-coloured blossoms, in form somewhat resembling a foxglove or a gloxinia, grew thickly round the stem, the leaves being soft and velvety like those of an achimenes. The shrub was already between five and six feet in height, and did not appear yet to have attained its full growth. Some of the bamboos here were quite different from those common to most Eastern lands. They were growing, not in clumps, but in a forest, with single stems, and in foliage resembled the weeping birch. Many of the azaleas, which we were told had been a mass of bloom the week before, were a good deal beaten by the rain, which had fallen a day or

two previously; but they were still lovely, and the perfume of the large white ones exquisite.

Our road, like all the high roads in this part of the country, had a broad band in the middle, paved with large flat stones, which prevents the necessity for constant repair. This is a desideratum here, where the traffic is very great.

About midway to Tein-tung we came to a pagoda, standing half-way up a hill, whence the road descends on either side. The view from this point, looking each way, was lovely; towards Tein-tung showing a good deal of tea cultivation, in large fields on either side of the road. It was 'picking' time, and women in neat white caps were gathering the leaves from the low shrubs. They sat upon stools with a single spiked leg, which they ran into the ground, and carried with them from shrub to shrub. When their baskets were filled they sent them to the village, where their contents were spread out on mats, to dry in the sun. This sun-dried tea is far pleasanter, and more delicate in flavour, than any of the finest kiln-dried teas; but it will not bear packing nor exportation.

The whole width of the road over this hill was paved, which must have been a great undertaking. It is done with small round pebbles, after the fashion of *trottoirs* at some sea-side places.

From this pagoda, till within a few hundred yards of the temples, the road was a raised, paved causeway, through paddy-fields. We then passed into an avenue in the midst of a wood of fine fir-trees, with a clear stream running through it, and falling at one place in a cascade

into a deep basin, surrounded with ferns and plants. Turning a corner, past a large tree, in the trunk of which were two little shrines containing figures of Bhudha, we came suddenly upon the temples—a large pile of buildings, standing on the side of a pond or tank, from which several flights of wide stone steps led up to the entrance. The temples stand amid splendid old trees, with hills rising close behind, covered with trees and shrubs, in every variety of form and colour. Upon these the morning sun was shining brightly, and bringing out the brilliant hues of the blossoms, and the rich colouring of the wood-work of the temples, with striking and admirable effect.

We sat in the shade of the large temple, or wandered about exploring, until the servants and baggage arrived, when we took up our quarters in the rooms assigned to us. They were at the top of a long flight of steps, in nearly the highest range of buildings, and the same which are appropriated to pilgrims on any great festival, when more than the usual amount of accommodation is requisite. Our suite of apartments consisted of five rooms; a large sitting-room in the middle, on either side of which were two smaller bed-rooms, opening one behind the other. From all these rooms we had a view of the curly corners appertaining to the roofs of buildings below. There are two very large temples here, and many smaller ones, apparently answering to the chapels of saints, or shrines in Roman Catholic countries; and, besides these numerous buildings, the dwelling-houses of the priests and their attendants, who form quite a colony.

While waiting for our baggage, I tried to make a

sketch of some of the picturesque figures of the priests and others who were loitering about; but the dislike of the Chinese to having their portrait taken made this a difficult matter. They have a superstitious idea that it throws a spell over them, and often, when inconvenienced by a crowd, it was quite sufficient to take out pencil and paper and pretend to take a likeness of one amongst them, to disperse the whole assembly. There was one man here holding a curious wooden bowl close to his mouth, while, with his chopsticks, he shovelled in the rice it contained, in a way that appeared as satisfactory to the performer as it was amusing to the beholder. I wanted to make a memorandum of the operation. But he had no idea of affording amusement to barbarians; so, moving off to a little distance, he sat down again with his back towards us, and went on with his rice as composedly as before. As he would not allow me to see his face I made a portrait of his pigtail, much to the amusement of some of the priests who were standing round. When they saw what it was they told the man, upon which he took refuge from his persecutor, behind a friend who was standing near, until his meal was finished.

There was nothing remarkable in any of these temples to distinguish them from the generality of Bhudhist temples in China. There were the same large images, with offerings on the altar in front of them, and the same coarse, gaudy colouring and grotesque sculpture. In the evening, as the priests did not object, we sat inside the large temple while their evening service was going on. About eighty priests were present; and a more unprepossessing and unintellectual-looking set of men I have

rarely seen, or such low, cunning, animal-like countenances. They were dressed in loose, grey robes, with a kind of yellow surplice over them (in some instances it would have been hard to tell the original colour). They stood in rows, on either side of the altar, and at right angles with it, and had each of them a hassock before him. A precentor led the monotonous chant, and beat a kind of tom-tom, which was continued throughout the service. A triangle was also constantly struck, a bell rung at intervals, and a drum sometimes, though rarely, beaten. A young priest, with perhaps the most intelligent, but also the most hypocritical, countenance among them, was officiating. His hassock was just inside the door, opposite the image, and there was another, of which he occasionally made use, further on, close to the altar. His movements were apparently regulated by the ringing of a bell; they consisted principally in pacing round the open square in front of the image, 'kow-towing' (*i.e.* kneeling down, placing the back of the hands to the forehead, and then bending forward till the fingers touched the floor), and occasionally kneeling and bowing on the hassock in front of the altar. When this had continued a long time, the priests all marched in procession round the inside of the temple, those on either side performing exactly the same manœuvres, and meeting again at the door. They went round the temple two or three times, keeping up a sort of drone while marching. At one point in the service there seemed to be a kind of libation or offering made to the god, the priest came up to the altar, and, after making some arrangements among the vessels placed there, carried a small cup (probably of tea, which is a

customary offering) outside the temple, and in a short time returned with it empty. When we went out we saw a small pillar, standing by itself near the entrance, with a few grains of rice and some liquid upon it, from which we inferred that this was the spot on which the daily offering was made. It may seem strange to those who have never been in China, that one does not by inquiry learn more respecting the various customs and ceremonies peculiar to the country. But, in the first place, the translations, as given by Chinese servants, become complete transmogrifications. Also, as Lord Elgin remarked in one of his despatches, written during the war, the Chinese are such a scrupulously ceremonious people, that they endeavour to answer any question put to them exactly in accordance with the preconceived idea of their querist. Consequently, unless the question is of a perfectly neutral tint, you must expect to receive an answer deeply tinged with your own colouring. So that on such occasions as this, it would be useless to ask questions, for probably the answers would only tend to mislead.

After the priests had marched twice round the temple in procession, there was more chanting and kow-towing, the drum was beaten violently, and two and two, in a very orderly manner, they went out; the appearance of the cook, and the strong smell of garlic, leading us to suppose that dinner was to be their next occupation.

So much mechanical devotion was really a sad sight. The rites and ceremonies were performed with the requisite decorum and solemnity, but evidently only from habit. There was not one who appeared to think of or

even understand what he was doing and saying, and this applied quite as much to the officiating priest as to the others.

After the service, which lasted nearly an hour, we went down to the tank to see if the sacred fish were as greedy as they generally are in other parts of the East; but they appear to be too well fed here, to take the trouble of coming to the surface for bread or anything else thrown to them. On the other side of the tank are some large jars, standing on high pedestals, in which are preserved the ashes of sacred papers burnt before the shrine.

Very early the next morning, by a steep and rough, though not difficult, path, we made our way to the summit of the hill behind the temples. From the topmost point there is a fine view over the whole country. The formation of hill and valley about here resembles that of the Western Ghâts in India. The valleys and lower part of the hills are very extensively cultivated, principally with paddy, which had brought so much water over the land, that it was difficult to trace the course of the Ningpo river, and the numerous canals which intersect the country. The view extended beyond Ningpo, far away to the sea, and islands on the coast. The colouring was beautiful; distance upon distance melting into soft mist, with wood-clad hills rising at our feet. We returned another way, by an extremely steep, rugged path, which, as we neared the temples, became a perfect scramble through a thick jungle, where it was impossible to see the path, or any one on it, and it was only by calling to each other that we knew our respective positions. The last

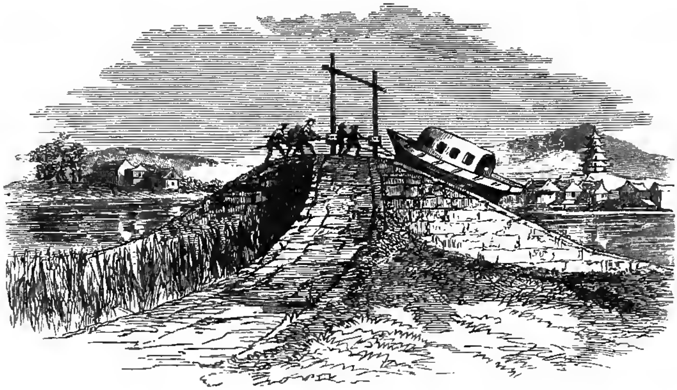
few hundred yards lay through a lovely wild garden, in which there were azaleas of all colours, and a single 'ash-leaf' rose, with a rough calyx and delicious scent, the pure white, starlike blossom of which formed a striking contrast to the dark glossy leaves. Ferns and small plants also grew in great variety and beauty, while fine trees rose overhead, covered with creepers, orchids, and parasites.

In the afternoon we again visited some of the temples. One of them we found to contain a very fine bell, of enormous size, and hung from a beam by a bronze dragon. There seemed to be a long history carved upon it in Chinese character, and the inside was adorned by a number of pig-tails. These were offered by priests, who, on taking orders, are obliged to shave off that pride of a Chinaman's heart! The bell is rung by swinging against it, with a good deal of force, a heavy block of wood, which is suspended near. The sound was very clear, and rich in tone.

In the afternoon of the next day we had to leave this very attractive place. It rained at intervals all the morning, but cleared by the time we were to start, and brightened into a lovely evening. When we reached the pagoda, on the hill-side, the sun was just setting, and the view, looking towards Ningpo, was like the most exquisite of Claude Lorraine's pictures. The bright, soft, yellow light casting a glow over everything; the distant hills, which seemed to float over the plain in a golden haze; the sparkling water, winding like a silvery snake through the green valleys; the graceful bamboos, and dark cedars, with their rugged stems lighted up like burnished

copper in the foreground, formed a picture that is not easily to be forgotten.

We set off as soon as we reached our boats, and continued our journey through the night, turning out of the canal by which we had come into another, which brought us to the Tung Hoo (*i.e.* Tung Lake). This canal was crossed at short intervals by stone bridges, similar to those described before, only these were narrower, and the noise of wood and stone grating together, as the boat passed



through, in unpleasant proximity to one's head, was not favourable to sleep. By daybreak the next morning we had arrived at a village, and the first thing I saw on looking out was one of our boats presenting much the appearance of a turtle turned on its back on dry land. It was being wound, by means of a capstan of the very rudest description, and bamboo ropes, to the top of a paved causeway, from which it gracefully slid down into the lake on the other side.

It seems strange, that with every natural advantage,

a good flow of water always running from the lake over a corner of the wall close by, so ingenious a people as the Chinese, who generally adopt the most simple method of doing things, should still practise this primitive mode of raising boats from one level to another. But they are an essentially traditionary race, and always maintain, that whatever means for accomplishing an end has been handed down to them by their forefathers must be the best. Probably, if locks were made for them, they would still make use of their original slide, and declare it to be far preferable.

While the rest of the party walked to the top of a hill overlooking the village I made a sketch of the lake, and a pretty little island in it, on which, as denoted by a pair of mandarin poles in front of his house, one of that brotherhood resided. We then made a tour of the lake, the scenery of which resembled that of some of the Swiss lakes, with picturesque little villages, embowered among trees, at the foot of fine hills; and the houses by no means unlike the Swiss *châlets.* In the foreground were numerous boats, with their rich brown sails and queer square-rig, passing from place to place, with vegetables, hay, &c., each of them forming a picture by itself. There were curious little patches of green dotted over the lake, about a yard square, and the same distance apart, which seemed like floating islets fixed in their places by a long bamboo. One of our boatmen explained, that these were placed there by the fishermen, when there is no other shelter, that the fish may take refuge under the shade they afford, and thus become an easy prey. They appeared to be formed of a water-grass, or duckweed.

SUNRISE ON THE TUNG HOO (LAKE TUNG), CHINA

After floating quietly along the lake for some time, we came close to a fleet of boats at anchor in a creek. The contrivance for anchoring here is extremely simple: a long bamboo pole is run through a hole in the stern, into the mud of the bank, which keeps the boat in its place, and certainly saves a vast amount of trouble.

When the afternoon was sufficiently cool to allow of walking we landed, and my father and I climbed to the top of a hill overlooking the lake, and a wide extent of cultivated country, as beautiful as anything I have ever seen coming under the term *paysage riant*. From this point, too, we had a good view of the curious outwork of trees planted in the water before most of the villages, which forms a sort of harbour for the boats, and looks very picturesque. The hills were remarkable for that harmony of colouring which is so striking in views of distance in this part of the country.

The lower part of this hill was almost covered with graves and tombs, among which we sat for some time, enjoying the cool air and shade.

We returned to our boats for dinner, and then re-descended into the canal, by means of the rude windlass and paved causeway, and continued through the night, paddling onwards towards Ningpo. We had a repetition of the same process the next morning, when we entered the Ningpo river, where we anchored for a short time whilst waiting for the tide to carry us down to Ningpo. A strong current was running, and the boat, in which Mr. and Mrs. F. and I were, very nearly met with an accident in going under one of the bridges. A large boat, a short distance ahead of us, was being borne rapidly down

the stream; but by some means, instead of shooting the arch, she struck against one of the piers, and turned across the opening, right in front of our bows. There was no possibility of stopping with such a tide, and the next moment we crashed into her, with a violent concussion. But when the usual shouting and confusion had subsided, both boats were righted, and passed through the arch without any great damage having been done to either, and the glass and china, having fortunately been packed up, also escaped.

We left the same afternoon, in a thick, raw, mizzling rain, which made everything hazy outside the steamer, and damp inside. We arrived at Shanghai about 8 A.M. the next morning, and found the heat as great as ever. In the evening we again set forth for our visit to Hankow and other places of interest on the Yang-tse-Kiang. We went on board the steamer after dinner, but did not leave till three the following morning.

River-travelling, in such a steamer as the 'Kiang-Loong,' particularly with her owner on board, is most luxurious. The cabins which Mrs. F. and I had were spacious, and the others far larger than the generality of cabins. The saloon was magnificent, and was divided in two by a screen and sideboards, forming separate rooms, in either of which fifty people might have dined comfortably. But the great charm of this steamer was that the saloons were forward; by which means one saw everything, and had all the fresh air. A still greater advantage, to my father and me, beyond travelling in such comfort and luxury, was, Mr. —— being with us, as he stopped the steamer at every place we wished to see, and

thus enabled us to have a view of places which we should have had no other means, nor opportunity, of visiting.

The morning after our departure we neared Chin Kiang, 150 miles up the river, where the hills became higher than those we had hitherto passed, and many small islands dotted the river. Among the prettiest of these is Silver Island, where, previously to the war, there was a large establishment of priests, attendant on a temple of great sanctity. We landed here, and were joined by Mr. K., the Customs officer at Chin Kiang. The temple, before it suffered so much during the war, must have been very fine. The marble carving is rich and abundant, and the colouring good. The situation, too, among fine trees, overhanging the water, is very picturesque. The island is conical, with a small pagoda on the summit. The Chinese are not fond of climbing, and generally contrive to render their ascents as easy as possible, by means of paved paths and stone steps, with a convenient shrine here and there, offering a plausible excuse to those who wish to rest.

From the pagoda at the top we had a fine view of the hills, with their strangely serrated outline; a tortuous river, with many small islands studding its broad surface; and a vast, cultivated plain, dotted with towns, and here and there a pagoda, marking the site where a town had stood before the country was desolated by war. It was very interesting to read Lord Elgin's despatches while among the scenes he described, and in the very places where some of them were written; particularly as Mr. F., who was one of the staff when Lord E. explored the river (nine years ago), was of our party. It was just here (near

Silver Island) that they were detained some days by their vessel having run on a mud-bank.

One of the largest towns visible from this point is Yang Chow, about twelve miles distant. It was of this place that Marco Polo was *Taoutai*, in the thirteenth century. The Taoutai seems to correspond in the town to our Mayor: but he is also a kind of lord lieutenant of the county, and has judicial authority in his district; being, in short, a very powerful and responsible official. It is a very difficult matter to arrive at any clear ideas respecting Government and Government servants in China, as they differ widely in different parts of the empire.

On leaving the island, Mr. K. took some of the party up the river, to Chin Kiang, in his boat, the others following in one from the steamer. The two crews displayed great jealousy, which eventually resulted in a most exciting race. We had six oars in the Customs boat, but it carried five persons and a large dog; the other had four oars, but only three persons. Both crews pulled well, as Chinamen can pull when they choose; but at length our men headed the others, and brought us up with a triumphant sweep to the landing-place.

Here we saw for the first time the large timber-rafts, numbers of which come down the river annually. The logs are floated down from the interior of the country to a town about a hundred miles above Hankow. There they are made up into enormous rafts which are really floating villages with as many as from fifty to sixty persons living on them. The value of a raft is sometimes 7000*l.* or 8000*l.* The wood is many months, indeed sometimes three or

four years, in coming down to the place where the rafts are constructed. The raft-population is from the roughest and lowest class; and formerly a foreigner, generally one of such a character that he could get no other employment, used to be sent in charge, which resulted in the perpetration of most lawless and outrageous deeds at all the native towns or villages where they stopped, and served to add to the hatred and mistrust with which foreigners are regarded by the Chinese.

We dined with Mr. K., who then returned with us to the steamer, in order to accompany us the next day to Nanking. We were rather afraid that the permit from the Chinese authorities at Chin Kiang would not arrive before our departure; but, just as we were leaving, it was sent on board, giving authority for our landing at Nanking, and ensuring our meeting with no opposition from the guards or officials, civil or military.

We were off Nanking very early next morning; and, after a hasty breakfast, at 5.30 A.M., pulled up a creek, on the banks of which Mr. K. had desired his servants to meet us with chairs. These, however, not being visible we passed on under two picturesque bridges—one of them with houses and shops built upon it, the other crowded with people. There were the ruins of a third bridge, of which hardly more than the piers remained. On the banks nothing was to be seen, except, here and there, a heap of ruins, with a patch of cultivated ground in the midst. It was a melancholy sight; ruins everywhere—ruins and graves—and even the graves in ruins: verily, a city of desolation and without inhabitants.

On arriving at the gate where we were to enter, we

landed first on the opposite side of the creek, and proceeded to visit the remains of the far-famed 'Porcelain Tower of Nanking.' It is now nothing more than a ruined heap of broken bricks and pieces of mouldings, and ornamental tiles of bright colours. The only thing which retained its original form was an enormous bronze bowl, which formerly stood at the very summit of the tower. A marvellous specimen of the ingenuity of those who could raise such a mass of solid metal to the height at which it stood. The metal was very fine, and, when struck, the tone clear and ringing.

There is a large village here, apparently inhabited by very poor people. All the porcelain bricks (which only formed the surface of the tower) have been collected by these people, and it was not long before a large quantity of small, broken pieces was brought for us to buy; but it was difficult to find any bricks that were not imperfect. The porcelain is very fine, white, and with a most beautiful glaze upon it. The tower as it stood here in its pristine glory, just outside the southern capital of the empire, must have been a truly splendid object.

A new arsenal is being built close to the ruins of the Porcelain Tower, but at present it is a mere shell. I believe we were the first ladies who ever visited Nanking. The treaty opening the port is declared, but there is as yet no commerce. The news of our arrival, therefore, caused great excitement, and a large crowd of curious, but civil and good-tempered, natives soon flocked round to behold us, and the owners of bricks to press upon us their wares.

Crossing the creek we entered the city, and took re-

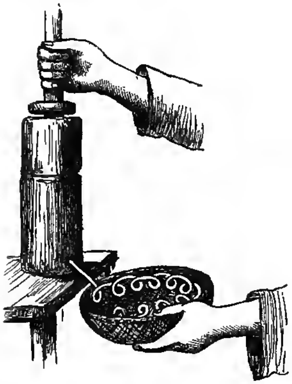
fuge from the crowd in the gatekeeper's house, who had had his heart warmed towards us by the present of a cigar, while Mr. K. was showing our permit to the authorities, and receiving an escort of a few soldiers to accompany us through the city.

When the escort arrived we went to the top of the city wall, in order to gain a general idea of the situation and appearance of the city and its surroundings. That part of it which remains and is inhabited, is similar to other Chinese towns. This, however, is but a very small portion of what was formerly Nanking. According to some, the walls extended sixteen miles round the city; others say, thirty-five miles. There is a slight discrepancy in these statements; but I believe something between the two, *i.e.* twenty-two miles, is generally thought to be the right measurement. Whichever it may have been, ample space would be contained within that area for the cultivated lands, villages, and small camps, containing guards or detachments of soldiers, which, though far away from the city as it now exists, are still within the walls. From this point we could also gain a distant view of the ruined tombs of the first two emperors of the Ming dynasty. They were, unfortunately, at too great a distance to allow of our visiting them, which we, however, regretted the less, as the tombs of all but one other of that dynasty are near Peking, and not in ruins, and these we hoped to see before long.

Upon the top of the walls where we were standing were stables for a number of little country ponies, who had need to be as sure-footed as they appear to be, to enable them to scramble up and down the roughly-paved cause-

way, leading from the streets to their abode. On descending from the wall and reaching the street, we found chairs and coolies to take us to the ruined palace of the Tai-wan, the rebel king. The Tai-wan was originally a common coolie at Hong Kong; but, to judge from the remains of his palace, he must have had magnificent ideas of a royal residence. The ruins cover a considerable extent of ground, and some of the apartments must have been very spacious. Upon the walls there still remain traces of the frescoes with which all Chinamen love to adorn their houses; some of these were spirited in design, but invariably rude and coarse in colouring.

There was little to be seen or learnt among these ruins, so, after having partaken of refreshment in a shady little grotto, in what was formerly the garden of the palace, we returned to our chairs, and our march through ruins. We mounted the walls again, at a point near the Tai-wan's palace, whence we could see the Ming tombs more distinctly, and some of the gigantic stone beasts, an avenue of which originally led up to the tombs.



At one of the places where the chair-coolies stopped for rest and refreshment, we found a joss-stick manufactory, and went in to see the process. The pastille is made from the powdered stem and root of some plant (I could not learn its name), mixed to a paste with water, and then, by means of a block, which exactly fits a bamboo tube, is squeezed out of a small hole, near

the bottom of the tube, in long strings into a basket, where it looks like brown macaroni. When a sufficient quantity has been thus prepared, a string of this paste is wound round and round on a board, forming flat circles, like this:

a small cylinder of wood being held in the centre, to ensure their all being of the same size; and when the board is covered, they are taken away to be dried. The whole process is extremely simple. Besides those made in this form, there are some resembling the common Indian pastilles, and also like this:

in which shape, when very large and hung up, three or four together in a temple, they present exactly the appearance of a row of crinolines suspended over a shop-door.

After having drunk tea and been sufficiently stared at by the numerous family, and the neighbours of the manufacturer, we took our leave. Our road lay through rough ground, much of which was broken up in patches of wheat, barley, or beans. Then past a small camp, with a different flag waving over every tent. Finally, through a short portion of the city, to the gate closing the entrance to the creek, where we had expected to land in the morning. This was only a few minutes' pull from the steamer, on reaching which we immediately weighed anchor, and steamed up the river.

About sunset we passed through some fine scenery, the river banks much higher than heretofore, and at one point forming scarps on either side, called the east and west pillars. These fine cliffs rise perpendicularly from

the water, into which they jut out, with a bold, sharp outline.

The next morning the channel was narrow and complicated, and while the necessary soundings were being taken, I had time to make a rough sketch of some of the grotesque hills by which we were passing, with outlines more strangely peaked and jagged than I ever remember to have seen elsewhere.

At about 10 A.M., we passed the town of Nganking, where is a fine pagoda, which was partly destroyed during the war. The mark is visible of the shot with which, when Lord Elgin was going up the river, the rebels opened fire upon him; though, fortunately, the shot hit the pagoda instead of his Lordship's vessel.

The rain which fell in the morning prevented our landing on 'The Little Orphan,' a curious conical rock, standing by itself in the middle of the river. The area it covers is small, but its height is about 400 feet, and the sides are very precipitous. There are temples and a large establishment of priests here; and it looked green and fresh, with trees covering every ledge or level space on the rocky sides. There were many birds perched on the rocks, but they appeared far too well accustomed to the passing of steamers, and the discharge of blank cartridge, to care to move from their position. As we hoped for better weather on our return, we only stayed here a few minutes, and then went on for fifteen miles, through fine scenery, with bold scarps and headlands on either side of the river. After this we came to a tract of country nearly as barren and uninviting in appearance as Albany,

in Australia; excepting that, at one point, a most picturesque temple and monastery stand on a hill overlooking the river. They were the only objects of interest in this dismal-looking region.

A little further on is the entrance to the Poyang lake, where the scenery is said to be lovely. We stopped shortly before reaching this point, landed at a little town called Hukau, and went up to see a temple on a hill behind the town. We were followed by crowds of people, who were so noisy and disagreeable that it was quite a relief when the civil old priest, who attended us in our rounds, shut the door of the grounds upon them. The temple was Confucian, and with very little either curious or noteworthy within the buildings; though the grottoes, quaintly arranged rooms, bridges, rockeries, and little puddles of water, railed off with ornamental trellis-work, in the grounds, were worth seeing. So also was the view from one of the highest points, where the mountains looking towards Kiu Kiang and the Poyang-hoo, some of which, on the other side of the lake, are 5000 feet high, were very beautiful. The day, however, was rather cloudy; and though the soft grey lights were effective, the scene might have been viewed to greater advantage. Unfortunately, it was not until some days after that we were aware, that the chief sight of Hukau is a large bell carved out of the solid rock, which, when struck, rings as if made of metal, and accounts for the name of the temple, which is that of 'The Sounding Stone.' The priests are very reluctant to show it to foreigners, making a great ceremony about unlocking the

building in which it is; and, indeed, often refuse to do so.

On returning to the boat, the crowds again surrounded us, and were not only noisy and disagreeable, but very rude. They continually ran up against us, pushing and jostling, and shouted the whole time. When we reached the boat, and while waiting for the crew, they began throwing stones at us, and continued so doing till we were fairly out of reach.

At Kiu-Kiang, fifteen miles further up the river, we anchored to discharge cargo, and while here a very violent storm, with thunder and rain, came on, clearing the air, which had been heavy and sultry all day. The storm was so heavy during the night, that we were unable to leave till 4 A.M. next morning, which delayed our arrival at Hankow. The scenery, till within about forty miles of that port, is pretty, but then becomes flat and dull. A tall strong reed is much cultivated all the way up the river, and is used for thatching houses, also for firewood, and many other purposes. We anchored at Hankow at 5 P.M., close under the good, substantial-looking houses of various European inhabitants, which are built on a very fine bund. This bund is constructed so as to enable vessels to come alongside when loading or unloading, instead of the river being choked with a small pier or jetty in front of every 'hong,' as at Shanghai.

The Yang-tse-Kiang is certainly a magnificent river. Here, at 783 miles from the mouth, it is more than a mile in breadth; and later in the year, when the summer sun has melted the snow on the mountains, among which

it has its source, the 'flushes,' or floods of melted snow which come pouring down, increase its width to a vast extent.*

The native town of Woo Chung is almost opposite Hankow, on the other side of the river. It is in another province, and is the residence of the Viceroy. The divisions and subdivisions of the Chinese empire are even more difficult of comprehension than the states and principalities of Germany, besides being of much greater extent. To gain an accurate knowledge of the constitution of the government would require the study of a lifetime. As far as I could learn, there are in China eight Viceroys, each of whom reigns over two provinces, or, in some instances, over one province only. Under the Viceroy is a Governor for each province. A province is divided into so many departments, each department being under a Taoutai, who has under him chief magistrates and other high officials, in charge of every district. Every department is divided into so many districts, each being about the size of an English county. The territory under the Taoutai is, at a rough calculation, about the size of Belgium; so that the Viceroy, who is two steps higher than the Taoutai, must undoubtedly be considered as a magnate. When one thinks of China in comparison with our little island, its magnitude is really startling. That part alone which is within the walls, and called China Proper, comprehends as much as eighteen Great Britains!

* Two or three months after this was written a succession of these 'flushes' came down the river, causing immense damage and loss of property—destroying a great portion of this fine bund, and rendering the houses built upon it uninhabitable.

Mons. G., the Commissioner of Customs here, came on board soon after our arrival, and took Mr. and Mrs. F. and me into his house (my father and Mr. H. living there also, but sleeping on board); and through his hospitality our three days' stay at Hankow was rendered as pleasant as possible. Mons. G., besides besides being remarkably clever and agreeable, is also a distinguished man. He began life in the French navy, but left that for the Customs' service in China. During the war he organized and commanded a troop, called the 'Franco-Volunteer Contingent,' which did good service at Ningpo, where Mons. G. received a terrible wound in his arm, the use of which he has never completely recovered. For his services on this occasion the Emperor made him a General in the Army, and a very high Mandarin; thus rendering him a person of great power and authority among the Chinese. In his hall stands his huge red mandarin's umbrella, the hoisting of which before his chair on all occasions ensures him attention and respect. He has also some very beautiful pieces of silk and other presents made to him by the Emperor on the same occasion. Mons. G. is much more of a soldier than a sailor, and was at this time drilling a regiment, consisting of 750 men, with 12 European and 31 native officers under him.

His house was very comfortable, with large airy rooms and passages; and he had a German tide-waiter, who looked after him and his guests like an old-fashioned English servant, taking both him and them completely under his protection, in a way that used to amuse us very much. He was 'quite a character,' and had

devoted much energy to the arrangement of a small plot of ground before the house, where he had made a fountain, and lawn, and borders, combining the smallest possible dimensions with the greatest possible pretension.

The day after our arrival we set off very early, to go up to Han Yang, a town on the same side of the Yang-tse-Kiang as Hankow, but with the river Han, which flows into the Yang-tse, between the towns. We started in a boat, but the tide was running against us with such force, that, in spite of sails and oars, we made no progress at all. We therefore landed, and preferred walking, passing a place on the road where they were making bamboo ropes, which are much used here. This was not done as at Canton, in a rope-walk, but by two men standing in a little wooden building like a pigeon-house, leaning out of the window, and as they wove the strands letting the coil twist round on the ground. They had nothing but a piece of curved wood to help them bend and bind the stiff, unyielding-looking strips of bamboo; and the whole erection looked so rickety and unsteady, that I did not in the least envy the position of the rope-makers.

We went through and beyond the town of Han-Yang to a temple on a low hill, overlooking the town Woochung, on the other side of the river.

The old bonzes (priests) at the temple brought out their low tables and stools for us to sit on, and then regaled us with tea, cakes, and sweetmeats. The tea was

all very well, but the other good things were rather a trial; and I much pitied Mons. G., upon whom, in their great desire to do him honour, some of these old men kept pressing their delicacies, taking them up, and almost putting them into his mouth with their grimy fingers. But it was well meant, and had to be acknowledged as a great attention.

On our way back we stopped in the town to pay a visit to an institution, corresponding to our Humane Society. A small sum is allowed annually by the Government, but it is principally supported by voluntary contributions: the owners of rafts and junks being the largest contributors. When a 'flush' comes down, the river rises several feet in an incredibly short time, and the violence of such a rush of water is irresistible; consequently many boats are lost, particularly such as, through accidents or unskilful management, come in the way of one of the large timber-rafts, which are likewise being borne down the stream, without those in charge of them having the slightest power to guide or keep them clear of the boats or junks that may be in their way. On these occasions the life-boats of the institution follow in the wake of a runaway raft, and pick up many unfortunates, who would otherwise be washed away without hope or possibility of swimming to either shore. Between thirty and forty persons, we were informed, had been thus saved during the last three months. If these persons are rescued alive clothes and food are given to them, and, if only the bodies are recovered, they receive decent burial. The boatmen receive a bonus for the numbers saved, and formerly were, by a strange regulation, paid more highly for rescuing a

body than a living being; but this gave rise to great abuse, as many who might have been restored to consciousness were brought to the institution dead. That order has now been cancelled, and the number of lives saved is great.

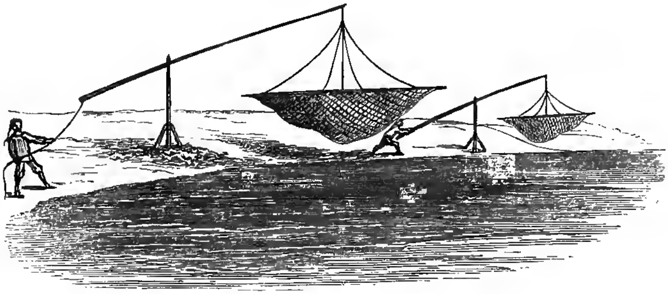
Fire-engines are also attached to this institution. They looked very well, standing in order in a room, with their buckets ranged in rows, and everything belonging to them neatness itself; but I was informed afterwards, that it occupies so much time to set them to work, and, when working, they are so slow and clumsy in operation, that any building would in all probability be burnt to the ground, long before they could come to the rescue.

In the afternoon we hoped to cross the river and witness a review of Mons. G.'s troop, but a storm came on, and it had to be postponed. It was curious to watch the rapidity with which the river rose in waves, like the sea in a stiff breeze, and to see the rush made by small boats for a shelter under the lee of large junks, if they had not time to reach the shore. The boatmen here row standing, like Venetian gondoliers. A beautiful rainbow, which appeared during a break in the storm, and the effects of light and shade on the water and opposite shore, were enchanting.

The next morning we went across the river to see Mons. G.'s troop at drill. Chinamen cannot bear rain, and, as the day was showery, the exhibition was not as good as it would otherwise have been; yet they executed their manœuvres very fairly, the only defects being in keeping step or standing still, neither of which can a

body of Chinamen accomplish. There is a constant fidgeting and shuffling of feet going on, which is very different from the motionless 'pose' of a line of British soldiers. The drill was shortened in consequence of a storm, which displayed to great advantage the power possessed by the troop of *running away.*

We took shelter till the rain was over in the house of one of Mons. G.'s officers, and then went into the native town of Woochung. There is one temple standing on a hill, whence we had a good view of the town, river, and country surrounding it. On the Woochung side the river



is rendered picturesque by the curious nets which are placed at many points for fishing, and the numerous boxes for breeding fish, which border the edge of the water. Just outside this temple is a Bhudhist dagoba, with a modern Sanscrit inscription upon it. We could obtain no account of it, however, as the people here seemed to care little about antiquities or historical remains of any kind.

Soon after our return the deputy Taoutai called, to arrange with Mons. G. a visit which the Taoutai himself

wished to pay to Mr. F. In the afternoon the great man arrived, but I did not see him; for it would so shock a well-bred Chinaman, should he catch but a glimpse of the ladies of the house where he is calling, that they are obliged to keep out of the way. The treatment of women in China is horrible to English minds, even worse than in Mahomedan countries. A Chinaman appears to regard his wife as a necessary evil, and to be rather ashamed of her than otherwise. The women are, however, said to be very happy, except that, where the wives are numerous, domestic brawls are equally so.

The next day the Taoutai sent a 'cumshaw' to Mr. F. and my father, of boxes of tea, fans, and so-called champagne. A suitable present was made to the people who brought it, and civil messages returned. I kept the Taoutai's visiting-card; it was about the size of an ordinary sheet of note paper, of a brilliant scarlet colour, with his name in large black letters.

We left Hankow, on our return journey, on Trinity Sunday, on which day a new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Woochung was to have been opened. Mons. G. had made arrangements for taking us there, but the storm, which had been raging all the previous afternoon and night, was still unabated, and Mons. G. received a letter at breakfast informing him that the ceremony had been postponed. We therefore attended service in a room, which is the only church they have here, and it certainly is not performed in a manner likely to inspire much feeling of devotion. Hong Kong itself would probably be without a resident chaplain did it depend upon Go-

vernment or the inhabitants of the place to provide for his support.*

On returning from church we went on board the 'Kiang Loong,' leaving the poor tide-waiter in a state bordering on distraction, for his garden, upon which he had bestowed so much anxious care, was being gradually washed into the river! It was extraordinary to see the effect of the rising of the river in two days. The ground had sunk and slipped, as though an earthquake had taken place, so uneven and broken was the surface. The garden-wall near the river had sunk almost a foot, and left a gaping chasm between the upper and lower parts. The river itself had quite a heavy sea on, causing the small boats to pitch up and down, as if it were the ocean itself, instead of being 800 miles away from it; the current also was running with great violence.

We arrived at Kiu Kiang at daybreak next morning, and on landing found that the chief of the Customs here had provided chairs for us to go through the town, and to some higher ground beyond it, about two miles off, whence the view was very good, in spite of the haziness of the atmosphere. We had taken a basket of sandwiches and biscuits with us, and distributed the remains among the natives standing round, who scrambled eagerly for them, and particularly appreciated the wine and salt.†

* While we were at Hong Kong, the Bishop (who is paid by a benevolent lady in England) was away. The community was, therefore, entirely dependent for Church services upon a chance chaplain belonging to some man-of-war, or a stray missionary passing through Hong Kong.

† In some parts of China salt is among the articles so heavily taxed on importation that the lower orders can never afford to buy it, and value it accordingly.

On our way back I gathered some lovely flowers and grasses, growing by the roadside. There were two curious pitcher-plants in blossom, which I hoped to have been able to draw, but they faded before we reached the steamer.

Soon after leaving Kiu Kiang an American steamer, which was lying there when we arrived, passed us: this much distressed the captain and chief engineer of the 'Kiang Loong,' who, convinced of the superior power of their engines, made a moving appeal to Mr. H. to be allowed to race. He gave them leave, and a most exciting race ensued for some miles; our steamer, at last, fairly beating her adversary, and leaving her a mile, or more, behind. Fortunately for us, this was satisfactorily settled before we arrived at the 'Little Orphan,' or I fear it would have been too much to expect any of those interested in maintaining the character of their steamer to stop while we landed and explored this curious little island.

I mentioned before how precipitously it rises from the water. The path is a sheer ascent of 373 steps from the river to the little building at the summit. I believe it to be a temple or pagoda, but as we saw it, it was only a shell, undergoing repairs. There are some temples half-way up, into which the bonzes invited us with civil gesticulations; though when we had accepted their invitation, and entered the dark, small rooms in which their Bhudhas 'reposed,' or 'contemplated,' they soon brought trays made of wicker-work to beg for 'cumshaw' for their shrine. They were, however, very civil, although foreigners are rare visitors on the island; either their civility or (which I

think more likely) their indolence, made them leave us to ourselves for the remainder of this steep ascent. In one place the steps are cut out of the solid rock, and chains, similar to those on Adam's Peak in Ceylon, are put at the sides, to assist pilgrims in toiling up. There is at the summit, for a short distance, a comparatively level strip of ground, covered with bamboos, through which an avenue has been cut leading to the little building mentioned above. On the stems of all the bamboos, on either side of the path, are carved the names of Chinese pilgrims, who wished to record the accomplishment of such a feat as arriving there. The sides of the rock close to the little pagoda are so precipitous that we could almost drop stones into the river; they required a very slight impetus to carry them away from the island. The birds here were even more numerous than on the other side, and were startled into flight by hundreds when we threw stones in their direction.

The next morning, about 7.30, we arrived at Chin Kiang, and were soon joined by Mr. K., who informed us of the arrangements he had made to further our wishes, with regard to spending a day at Yang Chow (the town of which Marco Polo was Taoutai). Mr. H., with his usual kindness and consideration, detaining the steamer for us. So, after breakfasting in haste, we pulled across to the opposite shore, where chairs were in readiness for all but Mr. K., who rode; and we set off for the town, a distance of twelve miles. The country through which our road lay consisted of a flat marsh, cultivated principally with paddy, or the large reeds used about here for thatch and firewood.

Now and then other grain appeared, in smaller patches. Through these large water-fields was a raised causeway, just wide enough to admit of one chair being carried along it, and extending almost the whole distance.

There were many houses (farms) on our road, generally raised a little above the marsh, in a corner of a field, and most of them with a threshing-floor of chunam before the door. A good deal of threshing was going on. The corn is strewed on the floor, and a heavy stone roller drawn over it by a bullock; after which it is threshed by men, with a flail like those in our own country. There were also, near some of the houses, stacks of reeds cut, and ready for use. We measured some of the reeds, and found the average length to be one-and-twenty feet.

As we went on our way, we overtook a troop of soldiers marching to a town some 200 miles up the Grand Canal, of which the rebels had taken possession, and were intercepting the supplies, going south by means of the canal. I cannot say that the soldiers presented a very martial appearance, but perhaps this is generally the case with regiments marching by easy stages, and accompanied by camp-followers.

It was an intensely hot day, but our coolies carried us well, in three and a half hours from our starting-point, to the borders of the Grand Canal, on the other side of which the city is situated. We were to cross in a ferry-boat, and to find other chairs awaiting us on the opposite side. While Mr. K. rode forward to see if these were ready, we remained the gazing-stock of numerous

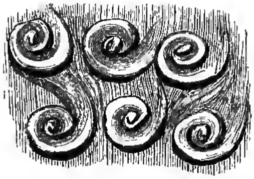
natives, who flocked from all directions to look at us, and poisoned the air by trampling over a bed of garlic in their anxiety to see the strangers.

But this crowd was trifling compared with that which awaited us on the other side, in the city. Wherever the eye rested there was nothing to be seen but a dense mass of heads. However, the people were very civil and good-tempered; and thanks to Mr. K.'s good arrangements, and partly to the official button* on the chairs, and the uniform of the coolies, we met with no annoyance. The town is tolerably clean, and has wider streets and larger shops than any we visited, except Ningpo. In the shops there was very little display. There is not much retail or local trade; though from its position, in the midst of water communication, both by canal and river, from all parts of the country, it becomes an emporium for the commerce of the north, on its way south or to the coast.

We visited the Temple of the Thousand Genii in the city. The building is of two stories. In the lower room there was some very beautiful wood-carving, surrounding a shrine containing a figure not at all equal in taste to the carving. There was a miniature pagoda in the middle of the upper room, and over it a sort of canopy or dome, which, as well as the roof of the entire upper story, is carved in what is intended either to

* The round brass knob at the top of the consular and other official chairs, which, together with the dark blue cloth and black braid of the chairs themselves, and the dark blue blouses bound with red of the chair coolies, denote that the occupant of the chair is an English official, and therefore to be treated with respect, and dealt with circumspectly.

represent waves, or more probably clouds, as here represented, very irregular and rough, and with a small figure of Bhudha, either sitting or standing, on every projection. In recesses in the walls were shrines similar to that in the room below, with large, coloured figures of different gods in them. The priests of the temple say there are 3000 figures in this chamber. It was surprising not to hear of a larger number, considering the propensity of the Chinamen to exaggerate, for I think there must be fully as many as they said. There was no chink or cranny out of which some little head was not peeping. Most of the carving in this room was very rough and coarse, but there was one piece, forming a doorway, which was exquisite. It represented bamboos, having stems on either side, and the foliage forming an arch overhead. There is nothing which the Chinese artists represent so truly as the bamboo, either in the rough cartoons which they hang on their walls, in delicate painting on china, or, as in this instance, in a piece of incomparable wood-carving. It is always spirited and true to nature, while many other things, which seem as easy of imitation, are hardly recognisable, unless from their 'conventionality.'



On leaving this temple we tossed the heap of bamboo slips for our fortunes, which the old priest who presented them assured us were very good. It was not till some time after that, Mr. K. having kindly translated them for us, we found them to be as follows.

This is my father's:—

'Always, be it day or night, of the first importance it must be to {trust in / rely on} Bhudha for assistance; and, notwithstanding your {experiencing / meeting with} ill-luck, after all it will not be ill-luck.'

'Be ready to be led by honourable people, and wealth and happiness will accompany you.'

Explanation.

'Dangerous impediments pass by to make place for undisturbed repose; and by happening to be supported by honourable people, not insignificant wealth has been obtained.'

Answers to Questions supposed to be secretly made by those who draw lots.

'Pray to God, and your sickness will leave you. Do not wrangle any more. You may please yourself to {become an official. / enter the government service.} Your prospects in business are not small.'

The following is mine:—

'In regard to propriety of behaviour, you must regulate your conduct by a respectful mind; your language must be upright and {moral, / natural,} you must thoroughly understand {your business. / what you are about.}

'Clear thoughts are {true / in reality} wisdom, and shine as bright and splendid as the sun at noon.'

Explanation.

'Your heart must not shelter vicious projects, but be as pure and clear as the water in autumn: you must not harbour doubt or suspicion, but be straightforward, upright, and candid.'

Answers to supposed Questions.

'You have both prospects as Government servant or tradesman. Do not stop lazy at home with praying; forgive those who have offended you. Your sickness will soon be cured.'

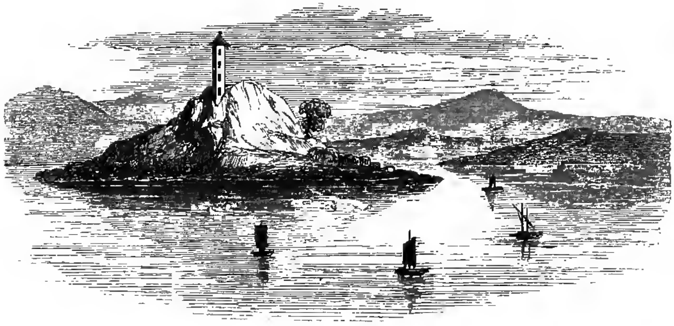
These sentences are badly printed on flimsy, coarse, yellowish-white paper; but as it is considered an act of piety to have them reprinted and presented to the priests for use, the name of the individual who does this good deed is inscribed under the date, which is always recorded. The number of the slip of bamboo is also printed, as well as a summary of the tenor of the sentences. In mine, this was 'Middling good prospects;' in my father's, 'Middling prospects;' and below this was written, 'It is a sort of rule, that by hardship ease is attained.'

After leaving the temple of the Thousand Genii we went to the house of a Chinese gentleman, in whose garden Mr. K. had arranged for us to lunch. The garden was, like all others belonging to Chinamen, the fac-simile of a willow-pattern plate: no other description conveys so good an idea of their appearance. Soon after our arrival, the ladies of the establishment sent to ask if Mrs. F. and I would go and pay them a visit. Of course we were only too glad to do so, but having no interpreter with us our conversation was limited to signs. They were not nearly such grand ladies as those I saw at Canton, but they seemed much edified by our appearance; and while we were at luncheon sent a message to beg we would go back again, as two of the sisterhood had not been present at the former interview.

After lunch, a few curiosities were brought for our in-

spection; but they had no intrinsic value beyond serving as mementos of the place.

On leaving, we went in our chairs to the Grand Canal, where Mr. K.'s boat was in readiness to take us back to Chin Kiang. We met the General in command of the troops that we had passed in the morning, who, with his suite, was going to rejoin them higher up the canal. He was in a magnificent junk, adorned with flags of many colours. When we entered the river the scene changed; high hills rose on the other side of the noble stream, and both 'Golden' and 'Silver' islands appeared, worthy to be called 'golden' in the beams of the setting sun.



SILVER ISLAND.

We set off directly, and arrived at Shanghai at nine o'clock the next morning, feeling extremely grateful to Mr. H. for his invariable kindness in showing us so much, which otherwise we must have missed. We were anxious not to delay our departure for Peking longer than necessary, as, later in the year, the temperature there becomes very trying, on account of the dry heat.

The next mail did not leave for some days; but there was a small steamer leaving for Tientsing, the nearest point to Peking, that steamers can reach on the Peiho. She was to start about 3 A.M. next morning, and was bound first to Chefoo, and then up to Nieu Chuang, the most northerly of our ports in China, not in China Proper, but outside the wall in Manchu Tartary. This, it was thought, might be an objection with us, but it was quite the contrary. Our only doubt was, whether it would be possible, after a fortnight's absence, to make the necessary preparations for so speedy a departure, especially as we had to read a pile of letters awaiting our return, and reply to them by the next mail, assuring anxious friends of our welfare. While still debating the *pros* and *cons* a gentleman, with whom the Admiral was staying, came in to invite us to a dance at his house that evening. As we wished much to see our old friend once more, and this was our only chance, we accepted the invitation, and set ourselves diligently to work to accomplish what we had to do before leaving. Everything being in readiness we left our friends after dinner, saw the Admiral, stayed at his friend's house till one o'clock, and then went straight on board the steamer 'Japan,' whence I sent back my ball dress, which I did not anticipate requiring among the Manchurians or Pekingese, by the boat which brought us off.

About an hour after, the 'Japan,' the tiniest steamer, I suppose, that ever trusted itself on the treacherous China seas, started on her northward course.

CHAPTER XV.

MANCHURIA — MONGOLIA.

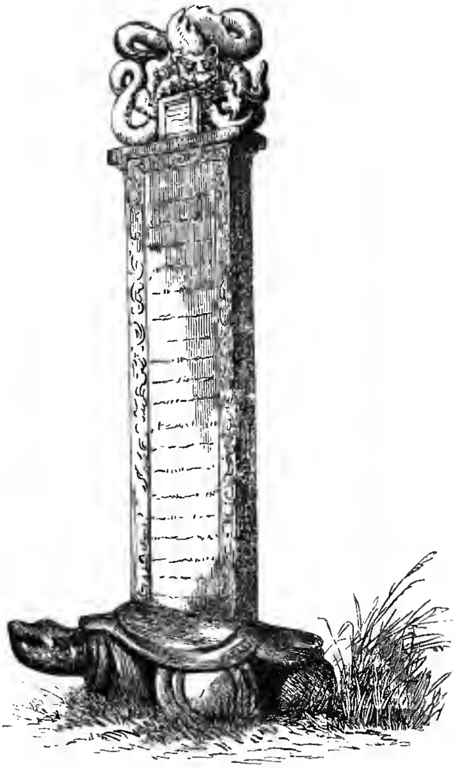
For the first two days the sea was rolling, and the 'Japan' pitching to such an extent, that I spent the greater part of my time in my berth. Our present vessel could, I think, have been put, with perfect ease, into the saloon of that which we had so lately left.

On the third day the sea was still rough, but became calmer as we neared Chefoo, where we arrived about mid-day, on the second of June. This is a pretty little port, and declared by residents to be the healthiest place in China. The air was certainly delightful, and as fresh and crisp as an early autumn-day at home. People sometimes come here from Hong Kong and Shanghai for change of air and sea-bathing, deriving great benefit from both.

The settlement lies on a cultivated plain, surrounded by low hills. There is a certain look of comfort in the substantially-built stone-houses of the native population and farmers, which is rare in China. But on closer inspection dirt and untidiness appeared to prevail here as elsewhere.

The agent for the steamer, a Chefoo merchant, came

on board, and good-naturedly asked us on shore to see all that could be seen in a short time. The most interesting object near is a cemetery, some little distance out of the settlement, belonging to a family of the name of



'Wang.' 'Wang,' I believe, among Chinese, corresponds very nearly with 'Smith' among English.

In the cemetery are some curious and well-preserved tombs. It is a walled enclosure, with trees and grass inside. On entering the gate a handsome stone archway fronts you, made after much the same pattern as the

stone bridges about Shanghai and Ningpo, viz., large stone monoliths, resting horizontally upon others, as large or larger, standing upright. Passing under the archway, the path led through an avenue of monuments, the same on both sides. First, a couple of tall pillars; then horses, fully caparisoned; then rams; then what looked like cats, but were said to represent tigers; then warriors; and further off, flat pillars, supported on the backs of tortoises, as represented in the preceding page. These monuments were all hewn in stone, and very Egyptian in character, except the tortoise pillars, which are essentially Chinese. There is a good view of the harbour from this cemetery, together with the distant hills. In leaving late at night, the water was a sheet of brilliant and sparkling phosphorescence, which almost eclipsed the flood of soft light poured down by a nearly full moon.

The next day was calm, and very cold. On deck, *four* blankets were hardly sufficient to keep me warm. At night we took on board a pilot, who brought us to Ing-tse, as the port of Nieu Chuang should properly be called.

Coming on deck the following morning, the most dreary, dismal prospect presented itself. The aspect of Ing-tse is that of a mud flat: with mud houses, mud walls, mud-coloured water, and mud-coloured dust; it would be hard to imagine a more uninviting or disagreeable town. On landing, our previous impressions were fully confirmed. The Captain had accompanied us on shore, and we wandered about for some time, vainly seeking an European dwelling. At length, after struggling against the high wind and dust, through this desolate

and apparently deserted place, we came to a building which we assumed to be the Consular Office, and entered a very bare room, where my father and I waited, while the Captain went on a voyage of discovery. This chamber seemed to contain within itself all the public offices of the place—church, court-house, post-office, registrar's office—everything: truly a *multum in parvo!*

In the course of an hour the Captain returned, having found the Consulate after diligent search, in the course of which he nearly frightened an unfortunate lady, who was unaccustomed to such an apparition as a strange face, out of her wits. Mr. M. (the Consul) was suffering from lumbago, but at once sent his assistant to find us out, and say that he would come himself as soon as possible. Also, that having heard from Capt. B. we wished to explore the country further inland, he would accompany us to a place in the mountains, about five-and-twenty miles off, next day. Such a miraculous effect had a little excitement upon lumbago!

The Captain most good-naturedly agreed to remain at Ing-tse for the three days that this excursion would occupy; and we were meanwhile taken into the house of Dr. and Mrs. ——, who at once set to work to make all needful preparations for our expedition, and treated us with as much hospitality as if we had been old friends.

Ing-tse boasts of only two European ladies, of whom our hostess was one. It must have been a great change to her, poor thing, when brought as a bride, straight from a cheerful home in Scotland, to such a place as this. I do not think there are many who would, under similar

circumstances, have appeared to so much advantage as she did, and have preserved so well the bright manner of a 'bonnie lassie.'

In the course of the day we went into the native town, to see the manufacture of bean-cake, and the pressing of oil from the beans. Bean-oil and bean-cake (the former used both for cookery and burning, the latter as manure for sugar-plantations) are the principal exports from this part of the country.

The machinery used for both processes is rude in the extreme, and there must be great waste of oil in consequence. The mill for crushing the bean is a very heavy, broad, stone wheel, fitted into a groove, in which it is worked by a couple of mules, or ponies, attached to a pole passed through the centre of the wheel. The inner part of the circle formed by the groove is filled with beans, which are pushed into their place under the wheel by a stick fastened to, and moving round just in front of it. After a certain quantity of beans have been crushed, they are taken out of the groove, steamed in huge caldrons, and, while quite hot, put into baskets made of dry grass, hooped round with iron. They are then stamped upon, and when five moulds are thus prepared are put one above the other, on a rack, over a reservoir, the pile at first reaching to the strong cross-beam of a frame raised over the reservoir. Wedges are then driven in between the cross-beam and the moulds by two men, one on either side, each swinging a heavy iron mallet attached to the frame. The oil runs out, and spreads all about the place, but a good deal goes into the reservoir under the press. When all the oil has been extracted, the cakes, which

present much the same appearance as 'single Gloucester' cheeses, are smoothed round at the edges, and, like cheeses, packed away till wanted.

Carts drawn by mules, or ponies, are much used here, and the state of the roads is, in consequence, very bad. Of course, it would be impossible for a Chinaman to choose out a path for himself; he must follow in the track marked out by his ancestors. This results in ruts being worn to a considerable depth in all the streets of the native town, which would otherwise present a more civilised appearance than is usual in Chinese cities.

We returned to the steamer to pack our small travelling-bags, and then came to Dr. ——'s house, where was a pony which Mr. M. wished me to try. These China, or Mongol ponies, are good, useful little beasts; but their tempers are so uncertain, that they give infinite trouble to their owners: and Mr. M. wished to ascertain before we started if one of his own would carry a habit. Accompanied, therefore, by his assistant, I set off. The result proved the wisdom of the measure. My poor, little, unshod pony, suddenly turned a complete somersault while we were going along at a gallop. We were neither of us hurt, strange to say; but my companion discovered, on examining the pony's feet, that he had something the matter with the frog of one forefoot. He had not been ridden since his return from an expedition into the mountains, and no one had found out his lameness, as he had shown no symptoms of anything being amiss until he fell, when he rolled over as if he had been shot. These ponies have no canter, only a short and rough, but rapid gallop, and a rough, shuffling trot, to sit which with com-

fort requires an apprenticeship in the cavalry. In riding them, the only chance of finding them pleasant is to give them the rein entirely, and let them choose their own way over the rough ground and through the ruts: consequently, one has not the least power to help them if they do make a false step.

I never saw anything so dreary as the country immediately surrounding the port. Doubtless, when all the crops are grown, the aspect is less melancholy; but the desolate appearance of it at this season, with the howling wind, and a cloud of mud-coloured dust, is indescribable. Fortunately, residents anxious to find some redeeming quality, declare that the healthiness of the climate reconciles them to nearly all its disadvantages. They maintain that it is a finer climate than even Chefoo. I fear I should not take this cheerful view of things. The very fact of feeling in such robust health would make me chafe at having to waste life at such a place as Ing-tse.

Next morning we were up early 'to start by six o'clock,' but it was a quarter-past seven before we were in the saddle. Our party consisted of Mr. M., ourselves, and two grooms riding, and six other servants, who distributed themselves among the seven carts containing our baggage; each cart drawn by a pair of very fine mules, tandem. A spare pony completed the *cortège*, who followed at his own will and pleasure, and was as merry and jolly as possible, cantering over the plain, kicking when he passed the others, and behaving himself altogether more like a wild puppy than a discreet and sober pony. Occasionally he would, for a few minutes, join a

wild herd of ponies (of which we saw many, and among them some very handsome animals), have a game of play with them, and then scamper back to rejoin us. It was a sore trial, on those rare occasions when we passed a patch of green, that his muzzle (the only sign of servitude about him) would not allow of his making a feast. At such times he would come up to one of his companions, and try to rid himself of his torment by rubbing his head and nose against them. The pony I rode was very good. They are wonderfully strong, hardy, and enduring, very sure-footed, and get over an astonishing amount of ground with their short, scrambling pace.

I called our seven vehicles 'carts,' but they represented the 'carriages' of the country. The carts have solid wheels without tires. Ours were really not bad vehicles, and had covers much like those of Maltese carts. Our cavalcade presented quite an imposing appearance, with the red tassels on the harness of the mules, and the tops of the servants' hats; the Consular uniform, blue bound with red; the little yellow flags, fluttering at the back of each cart, demonstrating that their possessor was a person of consideration, and to be treated with respect; and the martial aspect of Mr. M. and his retainers, who were all armed to the teeth, in case of meeting with 'braves:' by which name the rebels were commonly designated all over China. Only two months before, Mr. M. had had an encounter with some of these rebels, who were then disturbing this part of the country, and were very troublesome to the agriculturists and quiet inhabitants of the towns. On that occasion he found firearms very necessary. He also found it desirable to be

always provided with them when visiting the larger towns, in which there are many who regard the English with no friendly eye, and who lose no opportunity of offering them insult. When first exploring these parts, finding this to be the case, Mr. M. had it generally made known, that if ever he heard a man calling out 'foreign devil' when he was passing, he would flog him; and if any one threw stones, he would shoot him. This so inspired the cowardly set with awe, that he never afterwards had the least trouble. Intimidation appears to be the only mode of dealing with the Chinese; they look upon any conciliatory measures as the result of fear on the part of semi-barbarians (in which light they regard us), when brought in contact with such a powerful, highly-civilised people as themselves. And they miss no opportunity of exhibiting their feelings of contempt; thus making it necessary for foreigners to take stringent measures, in order to maintain their proper position among them.

To return to ourselves. One of the grooms rode ahead to show us the way. There was no road whatever: we seemed to be passing over a barren waste, now and then coming upon a few scrubby trees, indicative of one or two habitations surrounded by mud walls, our track faintly marked by cart-ruts, which were hardly distinguishable from the roughly-ploughed mud land which sometimes bordered it. The groom, however, led us with unerring precision, never turning in the least from the exact point he wished to gain. This, Mr. M. said, was a peculiar faculty possessed by the man: he had done the same one night, when everything was so obscured that,

though riding close behind, Mr. M. could hardly see the horse in front of him. This man had led him, nevertheless, without hesitating for a moment, over the plain, which, even by daylight, seemed as destitute of landmarks as the ocean itself.

Such was our road for about ten or eleven miles, excepting that, now and then, we came upon a patch of blood-red saxifrage, which is a usual indication of very poor soil. For some distance we were obliged to keep near the carts, for fear of their losing sight of us and missing the road, should we go faster; but when within two or three miles of the inn where we were to breakfast we cantered on, and rode with a great flourish into the courtyard of the inn of 'Profit and Harmony.'

This was real China, nothing cockney or hackneyed here! The inn is much like an Eastern serai—a large, square, walled court-yard, surrounded with buildings, and filled with rows of troughs. Towards these the ponies and mules made a rush as soon as they arrived, in hopes of finding the very uninteresting-looking food, consisting of chopped straw and a measure of bran, mixed with water, which was ere long brought to them. Our carts were not long in making their appearance; but we had meantime found our way into the inn by a low, narrow passage, filled with bean, and bajree* stalks, and which was also, it would seem, the meat larder of the establishment. It led us into the kitchen, a long, low building: in one corner of which cooking was going on,

* Millet, the grain of which is much used as food among the lower orders, both in India and China.

at a raised brick or mud stove. 'Kangs,' the Chinese bed-places, built of brick to about the height of a table, and hollow to admit of fires being made inside during the cold weather, were ranged round the walls, leaving the middle of the room vacant. Lounging on the 'kangs' were Chinamen, variously occupied in eating, smoking, or sleeping. This, however, was the 'common room,' and not that which we were to occupy. Our apartment was the 'best parlour;' a much smaller, but long and narrow, chamber, opening out of the kitchen. Small, single rooms, with a 'kang' in each, and partitioned off, with doors and windows of paper pasted over a wooden framework, opened into it on one side. On the other, one long 'kang,' filled up the whole length of the wall, under the windows. Only a narrow passage was left between the 'kang' and the partition of the rooms, against which were placed, down the whole length, small square tables, with a chair on either side. There were two small rooms at the end of the apartment, which seemed to be store-rooms, or the private chapel of the inn. They were very dirty, and had large bundles of dried herbs, jars of oil, shrines, joss-sticks, skins, and other heterogeneous articles, piled upon the 'kangs.'

There were a good many Chinese constantly coming into the lower end of the room to take their meals, or to smoke, neither of which was at all agreeable to our olfactory nerves. We particularly objected to a kind of pickle made from decomposed cabbage, which they seemed greatly to relish with their large dishes of rice, and which was kept in great earthen jars at our end of the room. Here were also large earthen bottles of 'samshu' (the

commonest spirit among the lower orders, made from rice), which were frequently opened to replenish the little china bottles, containing about a couple of wine-glasses, which seemed to be the usual measure for two persons at a meal. The smell of this also was remarkably disagreeable. There was a cupboard in a corner near the samshu, where the small china saucers, china spoons, chopsticks, and wee china cups, for spirit or wine, which form the table equipage of Chinamen, were kept, proving that the 'best parlour' in a Chinese inn is not merely for show.

We had to wait for our breakfast, the greater part of which had been brought with us, until one of the stoves in the kitchen could be placed at the disposal of our servants. This was not for some time, but a little after 1 P.M. we resumed our journey. I kept the bill of the inn expenses. For six horses, eight servants, and our three selves, it amounted to rather less than one dollar and a half; a dollar being here worth 4*s.* 6*d.* Think of it, ye usurious hotel-keepers of the West! All must admit that the inn is worthy of its name, 'Profit and Harmony.' If the landlord can find it profitable, few guests would be disposed to break the harmony on the score of extortion.

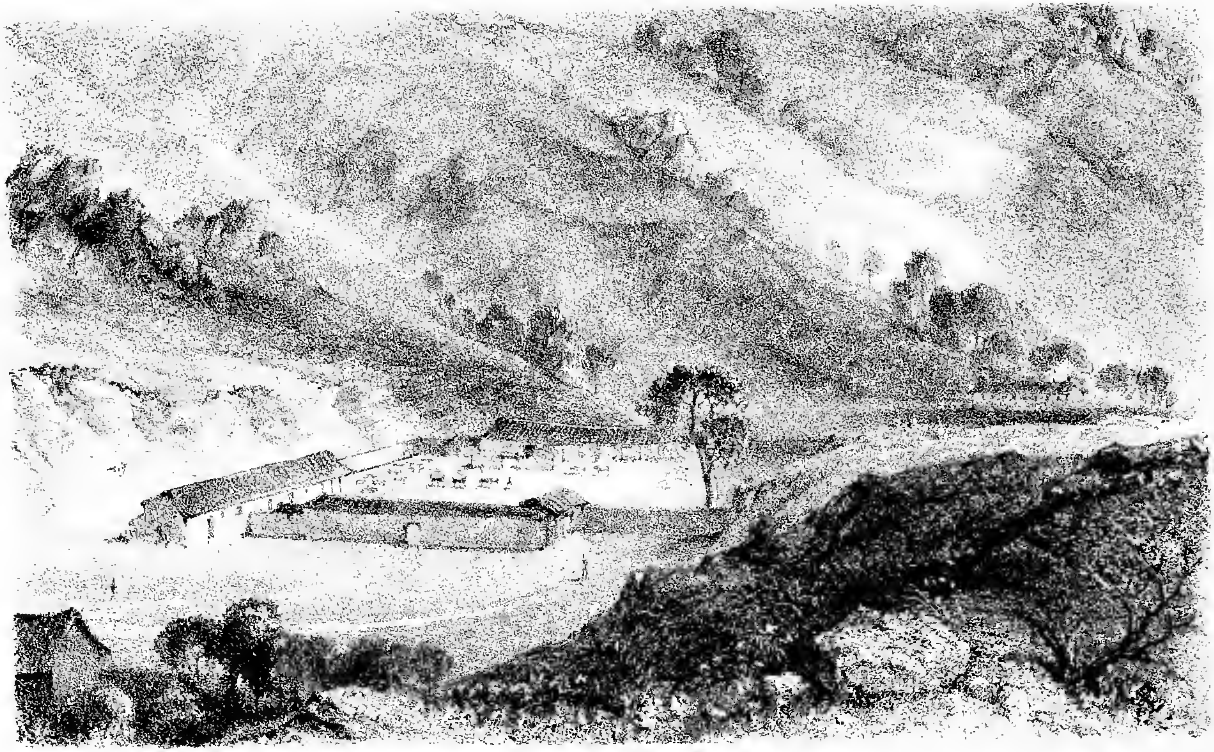
From here (Lan Kea Chang) our road became gradually more interesting, and was enlivened by bunches of a very pretty, dwarf lilac fleur-de-lis, in full bloom. As we neared the hills, cultivated land and a few trees became more frequent. Ten miles further brought us to the foot of the hills, where is a large village entirely agricultural, surrounded by many trees. Our course had lain hitherto about south-west, but we now turned nearly

north, by a pass leading over the mountains, to a large, walled town, called Kai Chow, the capital of the district, about eight or nine miles off. Following up the road for a short distance, we soon descried the walled square of the inn of 'Glory and Felicity,' in which we were to take up our quarters.

It is a singular fact that, though in the course of our wanderings, we were peculiarly fortunate in finding means and opportunity for visiting those little-known places we particularly wished to see, yet we almost invariably met with bad weather when we had reached our goal, preventing the full enjoyment of the pleasures there attainable. It was so in this case. Hardly had we realised the changed appearance of the country immediately surrounding the village, with its abundant cultivation and tribes of labourers, hoeing, digging, ploughing, and weeding, before a thick drizzle came on, which lasted from 3.30, the time of our arrival, till seven o'clock, rendering it quite impossible for us to go out.

For antiquarians all this part of the country is extremely interesting. The plain is one vast battle-field, and on many of the surrounding hills are towers, apparently watch-towers, of Corean build. These are of great antiquity, the Coreans having been driven out by the Manchurians during the Tang dynasty, in which dynasty Christ was born.

The inn of 'Glory and Felicity' was built on the same plan as that of 'Profit and Harmony,' except that the quarters for distinguished guests were more adapted to their comfort, and to the exclusion of the 'vulgar herd.' They stood within their own little courtyard, of which it



THE INN OF GLORY AND FELICITY. MANCHU, TARTARY.

was only necessary to shut the door to keep out all intruders. No one had occupied these quarters since Mr. M.'s last visit, so we found the rooms clean and ready for us. Not that much preparation, except sweeping, is necessary in a Chinese inn bedroom; for it is rare even to find a chair there. No other article of furniture is dreamt of, and the 'kang' is large enough, if only one person is sleeping on it, to answer the purposes of a table as well as a bed. In the large courtyard were numerous troughs for the mules, and here many of them were made of stone.

A little way up the road beyond the inn is a curious stone bridge, spanning the pass and connecting the hills on either side without any apparent object. It is supposed, however, from the position of a square tower on one of the hills, to be part of the remains of Corean defences, a chain of which crowned the range.

We were much disappointed to find the rain still continuing next morning. Mr. M. was in despair, and suggested our immediate return to Ing-tse; but we begged that that might be only a last resource, and that we should at any rate wait till after breakfast, which was not likely to be till twelve o'clock, for he had sent a cart into Kai-chow (eight miles off) to see whether any fish were procurable. By that time we thought the weather would be either fair or hopeless.

It was about 6.30 A.M. when we came to this determination; and, long before noon, we had had so many bright gleams that we determined to stay. In one of these we had made a rush to the top of the hill close by, to see the tower more closely. We were driven down by

a sharp shower, but had time to observe that another higher hill beyond the tower shut out the view, and that the tower itself measured between twenty-two and twenty-three feet square. These towers are solid; whether they were always so, or whether they were originally guard-houses, like those on the Great Wall, and only filled in at the time of the Manchurian invasion, seems a mooted point.

Our patience in waiting was rewarded by a lovely afternoon; so we ordered the horses directly after breakfast, and set off for a sixteen or seventeen mile ride round the country. First, by a mountain-pass to the north and north-east of our inn, whence, from the point where the road descends into the valley on the other side, was one of the most lovely views I have ever seen. We were looking over vast plains of the richest cultivation, studded with numerous little villages embosomed in trees, and surrounded by mountains of beautiful form; over which gleams of light and shadows of cloud were chasing each other with great rapidity, producing varied and wonderfully lovely effects. We were fain to confess, that the rain had, after all, been our friend; for without it we should not have seen the country as we did, rendered more than ordinarily beautiful by the transparency of the atmosphere and intense blue of the shades.

We descended the pass, and crossed the plain to Twan-tien; which a couple of months previously had been burnt by the rebels, who came down from their strongholds in the mountains, and devastated the country from this place to Nieu Chuang. They avoided Kai-chow, however; which, being the capital of the district and a

walled town, they appear to have been afraid to attack. They had a sharp skirmish close to Twan-tien, and the Imperial troops were beaten; after which the victors set fire to the village. It is now being rebuilt; but so great was the suffering and loss brought upon the agriculturists and labourers, that the Emperor had been obliged to remit two-fifths of the land-tax in all this part of the country.

We rode on for some miles across this highly-cultivated plain, meeting with beautiful views of rugged hills and rich-looking valleys, till we arrived at Kai-chow. To us it was not very evident why the rebels should have feared to attack this town on account of its walls, for anything less like a defence it would be hard to conceive. There is not one bastion the whole way round, and the loop-holes are not 'splayed' in the least; so that the attacking party might consider themselves tolerably safe as long as they were not directly opposite the loop-hole, however near they might be to the guns of the defenders. We rode round outside the walls first, and then entered the city. We were, of course, followed by ever-increasing crowds of natives who had never seen a foreign woman in their lives, and the excitement was in consequence extreme. There was a great rush, people tumbling over each other and pushing everything out of their way, to obtain a glimpse of our faces as well as our backs. But they offered no molestation of any kind, and very few followed us beyond the city-gate when we left.

The use of carts here necessitates the streets being much wider than those of southern cities; which is an advantage, but the ruts are atrocious. The people hereabouts are very proud of their cart-teams: they prefer

driving a pony in the shafts, and six mules, three abreast, before him. The mules, which are very fine animals, should all be of the same colour, and have a bright crimson tassel hanging over the forehead. Such a team, however, is by no means common; and one which we passed in the course of our ride consisted of a mule, a pony, a donkey, and a cow!

In one or two places by the side of the road we saw some handsome flat stone pillars, supported on the back of tortoises, like those in the cemetery of the Wang family at Chefoo, and with a fierce Imperial dragon twisting and twirling his tail all over the top. Mr. M. explained that these were monuments erected by Imperial decree to women who, having lost their husbands, remained widows till death. So virtuous is such conduct considered, and so rare!

On our return, as it was still daylight, we put a sheet of the 'Saturday Review' against one of the rocky points of the hill behind our inn, at about 150 yards, and amused ourselves with rifle-shooting, much to the edification of the natives. They crowded round, and expressed their astonishment and admiration at a more than usually good shot by the '*Ai-yah!*' which is the only approach to demonstrativeness which a Chinaman ever indulges in, and which, when said as they say it, certainly conveys the idea of intense wonderment. When we had done shooting, some of these simple villagers scrambled up the hill and brought down our target, which they carried off as a trophy, pointing out to each other, and expatiating upon, the numerous holes with which it was pierced. Mr. M. thought it would have a salutary effect upon the minds

of those officials in the district, to whom all our movements were of course being reported, when they should learn that the barbarian women, as well as the barbarian men, could ride and shoot.

During the night a very heavy thunderstorm came on, which caused a great commotion among the animals in the yard. Next morning we were up early, and while the carts were being loaded and sent off, walked up to the top of the hill beyond that on which the Corean tower stands, which is of some height, with a small temple at the summit. The temple was locked, but from the platform just before the door there was a beautiful view of the valley and plain we had crossed the day before. On the other hand lay the brown plain by which we had come, and were to return, stretching away to the sea, and the river, on which, with a glass, we could see the masts of the shipping. I tried to find a point from which a sketch would be possible, but the view was everywhere beyond my powers; so I had to content myself with making a drawing of the inn, which may, perhaps, give some idea of the 'glorious and felicitous' abode where we passed our time.

About 9.30 A.M. we followed the carts to Lan-kea-chang, through the mud, for ten long miles, and arrived at the inn of 'Profit and Harmony,' where we breakfasted; and starting immediately after, reached Ing-tse about 5.30 P.M., and found the captain of the 'Japan' rather in alarm lest the rain should have prevented our return. We went on board in the evening, as the steamer was to leave in the middle of the night, much wishing we had been able to see more of this beautiful and interesting

part of the country. We had much enjoyed this short trip, thanks to Mr. M., whose knowledge of the people, and large amount of general information, made him a most agreeable travelling companion.

On awaking next morning we found ourselves still in the river, for such a hurricane had been blowing through the night that the pilot was afraid to take us out till the morning. A mistake, as it proved; for when we reached the gulf the sea was perfectly calm, the hurricane having been one of those local storms which are very common in these regions. By this delay we lost the tide in the Peiho, at the mouth of which we arrived in the afternoon of the day after our departure from Ing-tse, and were obliged to lie-to till nightfall; when a pilot came on board, ostensibly to take us up the river, but practically to run us foul of a junk and carry away part of her bulwark. We anchored till morning just opposite the Taku forts, where, during the war, we were repulsed, and lost many of our men.

We set off up the Peiho at daybreak next morning, and did not wonder, on seeing the curves and windings of this narrow river, that no pilot should venture to guide a vessel up in the dark. It was almost impossible for even so small a vessel as the 'Japan' to follow the sharp turns of the river without grounding; and it was invariably the case, that whenever we came to the narrowest part of the channel, a great junk was sure to be just in our way, causing delay and confusion. We did not reach Tientsing till the afternoon. The river banks were very green with orchards and crops, but the rest of the country, as far as the eye could see, was a flat plain, principally

mud-coloured, and as desolate as that round Nieu-chuang, but in some parts cultivated, and with innumerable graves in every direction.

As soon as we arrived, Mr. ——, the Consul, came on board, to offer us hospitality, inviting us to his very pleasant house on the bund.

The foreign settlement is at some distance from the native town of Tientsing. It is, like the latter, situated within the wall, or rather earth-work, which extends for fourteen miles outside the city, and was raised during the war (two years having been spent on its construction) by the Chinese general, San-go-lin-tsin,* as a protection against the Allied force. It proved of so little use, that it is now generally called 'San-go-lin-tsin's Folly.' Where this joins the river to the south of Tientsing, about two miles from the foreign settlement, there is a small mud fortification, called the South Fort: it has three fortified trenches, and looks to *civil* eyes as if it would be a formidable place to attack.

We stayed here for two or three days, while making preparations for our journey to Peking; there is not much of interest to be seen. The 'Treaty Joss-house,' as the small temple in the midst of the barren salt plain is called in which Lord Elgin signed the treaty with China, has no interest beyond that fact.

There was great excitement among the young men of the place, owing to some theatricals that they were getting up; but the materials for which it was difficult to

* During the war this famous general was, I believe, called, in the vernacular of our soldiers, 'Sam Collinson.'

procure in this out-of-the-way region. Mrs. ——'s talents were being put to the proof to devise substitutes for indispensable, but unprocurable, articles of attire and disguise. We spent a whole evening in making experiments of wrinkles, and the next day in manufacturing a flaxen wig, which was to metamorphose a very unladylike man into a languishing beauty. I did not see the result, as the performance took place while we were at Peking, but I heard that our tow coiffure was most successful.

CHAPTER XVI.

TIENTSING—PEKING.

In the native town of Tientsing there are numbers of Mahomedans. Their mosque is the only temple at all worth seeing; but I am not sure whether the result repays one: for, before arriving there, the filth to be encountered exceeds everything of the kind, even in other parts of China. The rain of the previous day had flooded the streets, making the ditches and pitfalls almost unbearable. One wonders how the Chinese can exist in an atmosphere which seems enough to breed a pestilence. The mosque is a very plain, large building, with no ornament except the usual vermilion pillars.

There was a glorious sunset as we rode back, making even the mud-flat and flooded plain look beautiful. Everything was *couleur de rose;* and the gates of the city, by no means picturesque in themselves, were standing out, clothed in a deep purple hue, against a golden sky, which, if immortalized by an artist, would give a very erroneous idea of the town of Tientsing as seen by us, arriving in broad daylight, when it all looked colourless and sterile.

On the 14th we left for Peking. The distance from

Tientsing to Peking is about eighty miles. The travelling carts are small, covered vehicles, very strong, without springs, drawn by a pony and mule, or two mules tandem, and just contain room for one person. In this cart you make your bed, stuffing pillows in every direction in order to soften the concussions, which are inevitable in this mode of conveyance. The first eighteen miles we rode, accompanied by two gentlemen from Tientsing. Our carts went by a different road. When we overtook them, both Lucien and our Chinese servant were walking. I asked the former whether the cart was very rough. His expression was most piteous on replying, 'Oh, *awful* shaking, ma'am! *much* worse than Guzerat carts!' This was consolatory, with twenty-four miles of it in prospect that day, as I had hitherto looked upon bullock-cart travelling in Guzerat as about as uncomfortable a means of locomotion as possible.

The country we passed through was flat and uninteresting, the crops looking very thin and poor. Perhaps, if this had not been a 'civilised' country for about 6000 years, the roads and bridges might now be better. One could only be thankful to be in daylight while crossing the latter, for there were holes and pitfalls in every direction, and, by way of improvement, some of them had been covered by a bit of matting, with earth strewn over it; and others had a plank, which about half filled the cavity, laid across them, which rendered them still more dangerous.

I do not know the name of the town, in one of the inns of which we breakfasted at the end of our ride. The inns of the country I have already described. They

seem to be the same in construction everywhere, and to vary only in the amount of dirt to be found in them. Our friends left us at this town, and we proceeded in our carts. Certainly Lucien's description of the shaking was not exaggerated. I had mattrasses and pillows in abundance, but before we had been five minutes on the road everything in the cart was shaken into one confused heap, myself included. In such hot weather one certainly would not, from choice, be buried under pillows and mattrasses, not to mention the unpleasantness of having all the minor articles indispensable to travellers, such as sticks, bags, wrappers, binoculars, books, and hats, which must go in the same cart, perpetually recalling their presence in a very forcible manner. So we went on jolting and bumping till 11 P.M. It was impossible to find any position at all comfortable, and the bruises from being thrown suddenly from side to side of the carts were terrible. The rain had made the roads so heavy, that we did not accomplish even the promised four miles an hour; and very tired we were after eleven hours of this incessant shaking and jolting. But it makes one believe in the possibility of people sleeping on the rack, for that could hardly be greater torture; and, after a fashion, we slept, though more from actual exhaustion, I fancy, than anything else. We were glad to find that Mr. M.'s servant had had two rooms in the best inn swept and cleaned for us, with tea and rice ready. We did not devote much time to eating and drinking, but brought our mattrasses out of the carts, and made up our beds on the 'kangs' as soon as possible, having to be up again at 4 A.M. The carts were ready by five o'clock, and accordingly at that

time we started. Throughout the twenty-four miles we accomplished this day, I shared the shafts with my Jehu, which, though not a dignified position, was far more comfortable than any attainable inside the cart. I had, moreover, the benefit of his conversation, which would doubtless have been most edifying, for he seemed of a loquacious turn, could I have understood what he said. The country was similar to that we had seen the day before, but became less barren-looking, and with more trees, as we proceeded. These were principally jujube, of which the blossom was very fragrant, and a pleasing contrast to the usual poisonous odours of the country.

At the end of our stage we found a groom and couple of horses, kindly sent by Sir R. Alcock, for us to ride the remaining eighteen miles to Peking, the relief of which may be imagined after our former mode of travelling. For some miles before arriving at the Imperial city, the crowd of carts, together with the dust, bore evidence that it was the highroad to some large place. At about 5.30 P.M., on the 15th of June, we reached one of the gates, which, with the walls, forms a striking feature for some distance. Standing out of the plain, without any other lofty object with which to compare them, they have a very imposing appearance. I cannot say that, when inside it, the aspect of the city is attractive. The dust smothers everything, till all nature, whether animal or vegetable, seems to attain the same dingy hue, outwardly and inwardly.

The British Legation, formerly a palace of one of the Imperial princes, is very well arranged for its present purpose. The large building, which formerly contained

the public rooms, is now the minister's residence; and the small, detached houses, of which there are several in the enclosure, are occupied by the secretaries and those attached to the Legation. A grand entrance-hall to the quadrangle, containing the minister's apartments, is altered, and built up for public offices. This spoils its appearance a good deal; and so, too, does the masonry, by which the verandah, from the minister's rooms to the drawing and dining rooms, has been converted into a covered passage. But though not picturesque, it must be very necessary during the intense cold of winter. The building is in the regular Chinese style, with very *retroussé* corners to the roof, and a great deal of vermilion paint about the pillars, and bright-coloured borders on the walls. Sir R. and Lady Alcock were at some temples in the hills, about twelve miles off, but had left orders for our reception, and Mr. Wade (the Secretary of Legation) most kindly and hospitably entertained us in his own very comfortable house. It was a great pleasure to us to make his acquaintance; for he is, I believe, universally acknowledged to have a better knowledge of China, its people, customs, language, and history, than any foreigner in the country.

One great drawback to living in Peking must be the absence of flowers, and the apparent impossibility of growing them. There is no garden or pleasure-ground attached to the Legation. Even the little squares in front of the different buildings require so much attention, that it is doubtful whether the result is worth it. In the city itself the dust is indescribable. It is not surprising that those living there should never leave the Legation from

one month's end to another. The condition of the streets, too, is extraordinary; they are paved, but the paving-stones are worn into ruts, nearly up to the axles of the little carts, and with the recollection fresh in one's mind of these little carts on soft muddy roads, one couldn't help feeling glad to have escaped the same exercise taken over *stones!*

We went one afternoon to pay a visit to the best curiosity shop, where there were many beautiful things ready for those who could purchase them regardless of expense. One of the Secretaries of the Legation had a rare collection of china, enamel, and jade-stone. Being a connoisseur to a certain extent before he came to the country, he soon learnt what was really worth having, though to the eyes of the uninitiated perhaps possessing no value. He consequently avoided the misfortune of many, who buy their knowledge very dear by the purchase of a vast amount of rubbish, for which they probably pay as much as they would afterwards, when more experienced, give for valuable and beautiful things. Time is another great requisite for making a good collection. Very often a Chinaman, not being in immediate need of money, asks an exorbitant price for something in his shop, knowing that even the usual third of his demand would not be given by the purchaser; but if the article remains a long time unsold, and the same purchaser returns, and begins bargaining for it—though he may not obtain it even then for what he considers its proper value—he most likely gains a considerable reduction in the price, and will probably succeed, finally, in getting it for a comparatively small sum. The best time for making

purchases is just before the Chinese new year, by which day it is a point of honour for every Chinaman to have paid his debts. So much so, that he will sell almost anything far below its value to enable him to do so. With those who cannot free themselves from debt at this season suicide is a common alternative!

But to return to our shop and its owner—a quaint little old man, very knowing about his goods, and keeping the best things hidden away till he began to see signs of departure, and then slily producing something which he knew would keep us. I confess that I am not an enthusiastic admirer of jade-stone; it certainly is very pretty, but I can hardly understand its enormous money value nor appreciate the raptures into which its admirers go on seeing a particularly good piece. But the enamels, old china, bronzes, and carved work, delighted me. Before leaving, our old friend gave us some very refreshing iced drink, a sort of syrup, and presented me with a painted white silk fan, 'as a remembrance of my visit to him.'

One day we were treated to a regular Chinese breakfast. Some of their dishes are excellent. They reverse our order in serving their meals, as in most other things: they begin with the fruit and sweets, and end with the soup. All the dishes remain on the table, increasing in number as the courses are brought; so that, by the time the meal is ended, the table is completely covered. Fortunately, the dishes are about the size of our saucers, so that a large number can be placed on a table at once. When a dish has been brought in they go on eating from it, if they like, all through the meal, whether sweet or savoury; and a Chinaman wishing to do honour to a guest,

picks something out of any dish with his own chopstick, and hands it over to his friend, either piling his plate, or letting his friend receive it with his own chopsticks —a manœuvre requiring great dexterity. Some of the best dishes were a preparation of sharks' fins and sturgeon-bones, which, as well as the birds'-nest soup, are considered very strengthening. Doubtless they are so; at least, as much as isinglass or gelatine. The bêche-de-mer is also very good. Preserved eggs, such as I mentioned our seeing in the shops at Canton, which are eaten after having been rolled round with clay and buried for eight or nine months, are excellent: the white becomes a dark green colour, and the flavour is very delicate, like that of plovers' eggs. Their *hors d'œuvres* are also much to be commended, particularly the lotus root. It is a beautiful white colour, and is cut into little lozenges and put in a dish at each corner of the table: it is very refreshing, and cools the mouth wonderfully. Another 'zest' is a small dumpling, filled with some very sweet stuff, which is by no means to be despised. The wine *sakki* is drunk hot, out of tiny cups: it is not bad in itself, but is too sweet as wine. We were told that we were much too hasty in our movements for Chinese ideas of propriety and decorum. With them a meal is as solemn an affair, lasts as long, and is as well regulated, as a set English dinner; and is, I daresay, quite as tedious and dull.

In the evening Mr. Wade took us for a walk on the magnificent, wide, high city walls, whence there is a good view over the whole city. It looks much greener, seen from this point, than one would believe possible from below. As in Canton, every house of any pretension has

a courtyard, and in it a few trees. The hills in the distance, which we saw but dimly through the haze, must in the clear winter air be very pretty. From the walls there is a good view of the Imperial Palace, with the brilliant 'Imperial yellow' tiles of all its buildings. In the pleasure-grounds is a small artificial mound, said to be made of coal, on the summit of which is a pavilion, in which, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the last Emperor of the Ming dynasty committed suicide, when the rebels were at the gates of the city. He had previously put all his harem to death, with the exception of one princess. The whole of the city is something in the form of a stumpy T. The *Tartar* city is nearly a square, and in it are the Legations. The walls (on which we then were) are fourteen miles round. Inside the Tartar city is the Imperial city, the walls of which are of the Imperial yellow hue. Inside this, again, is another wall, enclosing the precincts of the palace, with a moat surrounding it. The cross of the T is the Chinese city, which is outside the walls of the Tartar city. It is most puzzling trying to find out all about the different nationalities, and for any one only spending a short time in the country, quite impossible to obtain more than a most superficial knowledge, either of the government or history of this extraordinary people. For this reason, and also because there are so many carefully written works, by those who have spent years in the country, in which any one wishing for such information can find it, I do not attempt an account of the 'how, why, and because' of the Tartar army and guard; nor, indeed, of any of the intricacies of history, past or present, interesting though

they are, even to those unacquainted with the places or people.

Upon the walls, over each gate, is a large building (guard-house), which, though very fine, high, and imposing, leave rather an oppressive effect; much as if they were gaols. Near one of them is an observatory, which is in a state of decay and ruin, like everything else: only an astrolabe, a globe, and one or two other instruments, are still standing on the roof.

On the 18th, about 5.30 A.M., we rode out with Mr. Wade twelve miles to the temples where Sir R. and Lady Alcock were spending the summer. We lengthened our road for the sake of seeing more of the Imperial city, and a favourite corner of Mr. Wade's, where there is a fine marble arch; also a green ditch, which ought to be a lake, a few trees, and a little mound with a pagoda on it. Altogether, a very pretty oasis-like spot. The dust in the city covered everything, and the bright colouring and gilding, with which most of the shops are adorned, was quite tarnished and destroyed. The architecture is very picturesque. The different signs of the shops are as quaint and numerous as they must formerly have been in London, and most of them had a piece of bright-coloured cloth hanging from the end of the sign, which gave them a very festive appearance.

On leaving the city, we had heavy sandy roads until we reached the hills; some little way up which are the temples. Near them are a few trees, and a picturesque pagoda, supposed to have been erected by the devotees of a religion far older than Bhudhism, and of which hardly any tradition remains. One can get into a Bhudhist

shrine in a chamber formed in the lower part of the building, by ascending a ladder; but this is modern, and no one knows what is under or over the chamber. Near the ground are some grotesque hobgoblins, flattened by the weight of the building; but that was the only curiosity I could find.

It was extremely kind of our host and hostess to take us in, for the house was very small and the heat great—quite equal to that in Peking, and with the additional annoyance of tiny sand-flies, who left one no peace. Not content, as those in India, with simply impaling themselves on one's eyelashes, they also sting sharply and unmercifully. Still, to be away from the dust and noise of the city was a great relief. As the house only contained one sitting-room, the courtyard at the back of the house was matted round as a dining-room. The mats prevented the glare while daylight lasted, and as soon as it became dark, Chinese lanterns hung around gave plenty of light, and made a pretty scene. The few flowers there were, being in the courtyard, with the oft-repeated watering of the ground, almost deluded one into forgetfulness of the general dryness and sterility around.

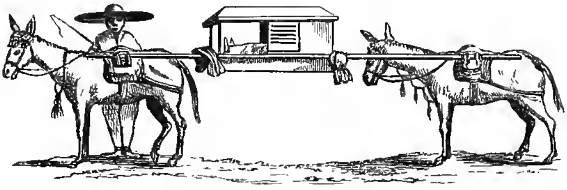
We were only able to stay here two days, as having fortunately met a friend at the Legation, who was on his way home *vià* Mongolia and St. Petersburg, we were only too glad when he and Mr. M., one of the Secretaries, who was to accompany him for a certain distance, asked us to join them. We left the temples about 5 A.M. Even then the heat was great before we got into Peking. We occupied nearly the whole day with arrangements, and in-

spected the little Mongol ponies which were to be our steeds for the expedition. They were very diminutive, and I felt as if I ought to carry mine rather than be carried by him. But the serjeant of the escort who was exhibiting them, seemed quite indignant at such a suggestion, and assured me he was a '*very* good pony indeed' (as certainly he afterwards proved), evidently expecting rapturous admiration for his little skew-bald.

For this expedition I will follow my journal as nearly as possible, and write it journal-wise.

21*st June.*—We were up at 5 A.M., but not off till 8.30. Our party consisted of Messrs. B. and M., ourselves, and Mr. M.'s retriever 'Prince,' a very jolly puppy, at the hobbledehoy age, and, like his biped compeers, somewhat *gauche* and undignified in manner, and mightily afraid of the horrid Chinese pariahs, who rushed out at every village we passed through, quite prepared to eat him up. He, being of opinion that 'discretion is the better part of valour,' soon learned to retreat within reach of his master's protecting whip whenever we neared a village. A very handsome little Pekingese dog of Mr. B.'s, 'Iching' (the pet name by which the Emperor calls his favourite wife), at first timid and frightened at European faces, but very affectionate, and gradually growing bolder as she became more accustomed to them; Mr. M.'s head-servant, cook, and groom, our faithful Lucien, a Chinese who looked after Mr. B.'s mules and muleteers; and between whom and his master long and animated discussions constantly took place, each holding forth in his own language; a muleteer to each of our mule-litters, vehicles something

like a palanquin, only carried between mules instead of on men's shoulders, like the *takht-i-rawan* of Persia, and



some odd men for the baggage-mules. Of these Mr. B. had twenty, besides donkeys, which seemed to 'turn up' in all directions, on which the servants rode, and which added not a little to the noise made by the mules and their drivers. Mr. B., being about 6 feet 4 inches high, and broad in proportion, had, instead of ponies, a couple of huge mules to ride. They are splendid animals hereabouts. Some of those one sees in the streets are 15½ or 16 hands high.

We started in the litters, as being better adapted for escaping the dust and crowd of the city and suburbs; but Mr. M. and I found the motion too much like that of a ship, so that riding even in the hot sun seemed preferable. I fancy the whole of this country would be very interesting to a geologist; but, as far as I can learn, no professed or even amateur geologist has studied it at all. The vast plain on which Peking stands bears unmistakeable evidence of having been submerged. All the stones are water-worn; and wherever a *section* of ground is visible, the soil appears in the layers of sand and gravel, with which one is so familiar in geological charts and diagrams, showing the various deposits formed in the beds of rivers, or the bottoms of lakes, into which rivers have flowed.

At Ching-ho (the Pure River) five miles out of Peking, we breakfasted. Hitherto the inns we have seen in China have been much smaller, though built on the same principle as those I described in Manchouria. Consequently, with all our own beasts, and any others that may be there at the same time, the noise is something overwhelming. I am not aware what the technical term is for the shriek made by mules, but it is by no means a cheerful sound, particularly in the middle of the night. We ate our breakfast at this 'Old Established Inn of Heavenly Harmony,' and then went on twelve miles to Chang-ping-chow: a walled city, with some fine trees in and near it, and more verdure in the plain than immediately round Peking. Here it was that the poor English prisoners, Mr. Boulby, 'Times' correspondent, Mr. D. Norman, *attaché* to Lord Elgin, Major Anderson of Fane's horse, and others, died from the effects of the tortures and exposure they underwent in 1860. Just before reaching the town we crossed the remains of two remarkably fine bridges, composed of enormous blocks of stone, fastened together with iron bolts, many of which have been stolen. As we were passing through the streets to our inn, a respectable-looking Chinaman called out 'foreign devils' after us—one of the only two instances in which we met with any incivility during our tour. When Mr. M. stopped and reproved him, he shrank away ashamed. That 'he had lost face' (a Chinese expression, meaning that he had been disgraced), 'the devil himself having heard and rebuked him,' was the reproach.

22nd.—After breakfasting and dispatching all our goods to Nan-kou we set off for Shih-sang-ling—'the

Thirteen Tombs'—the burial-place of thirteen emperors of the Ming dynasty. After a ride of five miles, during which the heat was intense, we reached a large triumphal arch, built in white marble, after the usual Chinese fashion, of monuments to the dead. About a mile further is a gateway, standing by itself, built of brick, covered with a kind of coarse felt, and then painted red, and tiled with Imperial yellow tiles. A little way beyond this is a large, square building, cruciform inside, with an open arch at each arm of the cross. In the middle of the building is a huge white-marble tortoise, supporting on his back a tablet, bearing an inscription in honour of the Emperors of the Ming dynasty, and declaring the tombs to have been restored by Chien Lung. The tablet is an enormous block, and the top of it is wonderfully carved. Chien Lung was one of the Emperors of the present dynasty. He reigned from 1736 to 1796, and was the particular patron of art. From this building you have the first view of the tombs; and a grand sight it is. There is, to my mind, something really solemn in the sight of these thirteen temples—each one a distinct and separate portion of what forms a grand harmonious whole. Lying at the base of an amphitheatre of hills, the vast, lonely plain stretching away before them, and no human habitations in sight, there is something in the isolation and solitude almost oppressive. The great yellow-tiled buildings, standing each in its own group of trees, are monuments truly fitting for the Emperors of such a dominion as China.

Immediately outside this building are four enormous white-marble pillars, beautifully carved, with dragons twining round them. At the top of the pillars, standing

out on either side, is something resembling the rostra of old Roman pillars. After these comes the avenue itself of gigantic beasts hewn in stone: it is about three-quarters of a mile long. Two lions sitting, two standing; two chih-ling* sitting, two standing; and in the same order camels, elephants, hippogriffs, horses; then two warriors, armed to the teeth, in ancient costume, with terrific Medusa-like heads on their breasts; two warriors, with swords sheathed, hands folded, and calm, peaceful countenances: eight courtiers complete the figures, and the avenue itself ends with another triumphal arch.

We rode through the avenue, and it was singular to see the terror of our animals at their stony brethren. The ponies were frightened, but Mr. B.'s mule positively refused to go through them, and had to be led a long way round before he would pass at all. Here we again took to our litters, and leaving the main road—once magnificent, and with splendid bridges over two rivers, but now utterly dilapidated, the rivers dried up, the bridges broken down—we proceeded about two miles to the largest of the tombs: that of the Emperor Yung-lo, the third of the Ming dynasty, but the first buried here. He it was who moved the capital from Nanking to Peking. The last of the dynasty, as I mentioned before, committed suicide, but all the rest were buried here.†

* A fabulous beast, unicorn, with mane and cleft hoofs, said to appear once in ten thousand years: the last time was at the birth of Confucius. Known to curiosity-hunters as, and commonly spelt, 'Kyling.'

† The present dynasty has its burial-place about a hundred miles from Peking, at Tung-ling, 'the Eastern Tombs.' No foreigner is allowed to visit the place; but, from what I was told of having been observed from a hill near, it must be constructed on the same plan as the Ming tombs, with an avenue of figures and triumphal arches.

When we arrived at the tomb, it was a long time before we could get the keys of the entrance-gate. Parched with the intense heat, we had to wait under what shade a few lignum vitæ trees afforded ; and in the meantime attracted the curiosity of a few labourers, who straggled up from the surrounding fields to stare at us. At last, both keys and water appeared ; and after quenching our own thirst, and that of the poor dogs, we proceeded to examine the building. It is magnificent, and in such fine proportion, that at first one hardly realises the vastness of its dimensions. On entering the gate, which is painted vermilion, tiled with the Imperial yellow, we found ourselves in a courtyard, full of trees of various kinds—oak, fir, persimon, walnut, lignum vitæ, and a small yellow pagoda standing amongst them to our right. At the end of the courtyard is a very richly-carved marble terrace, and steps : the latter are on either side of a broad slab of marble, carved with dragons ; which is for the spirit to ascend ! The steps lead to an open court, whence you descend by a similar terrace and steps into another courtyard ; crossing which, a triple terrace and three flights of steps, exquisitely carved in marble, lead into an enormous hall, about 212 feet long by 110 wide. The roof is supported by pillars formed of the single trunks of huge trees, of some 'precious southern wood :' what it was we were unable to discover.

In this hall is a small platform, raised four steps and railed round ; and inside the railing are an altar, and a shrine containing a Confucian tablet, with the record in gold characters, on a vermilion ground, 'To the memory of our deified ancestor, Wên' (pronounced 'Wun'). The

name Wên being that under which the Emperor, whose reign was known by the style of 'Yung-lo,' was canonized.

The arrangement of the Imperial names is very curious. When an heir to the throne is born, he receives a name like any other Chinese child; when he ascends the throne this name is no longer used, but a 'style' is invented for his reign, by which he is afterwards known. At his death he receives divine honours, and is canonized by another new name. On the Emperor's accession, not only is his first name no longer used for himself, but the character which represents it is struck out of the Dictionaries, and mutilated in such a way that it may never be used again at all. While reigning he is 'the Emperor,' and after death receives his new name; so that, *personally*, the name of his childhood is no longer required, and for literature it would be desecration to use it in the same form as when he bore it before his accession.

The character under which Yung-lo was canonized means Letters or Literature.

In front of the shrine is a large altar, on which stand the five Bhudhistic offerings; viz. two plates of fruit, two candles, and a large incense-burner in the centre. Passing out of this hall, and descending a triple terrace of carved marble, as on entering, we came into another courtyard, among the trees of which are two miniature shrines, entirely built of yellow tiles. In the middle of the courtyard is a wonderfully carved altar, composed of five large stones, or blocks of stone, covering a stream of water, which is generally flowing, but of which, when we were there, in consequence of the extreme and long-continued drought, there were only traces. This courtyard led to

a tower on the hill behind the buildings, to which you ascend by a sloping, paved tunnel. From the top of the tower there is a fine view of the country—the vast plain, the fine outlines of the somewhat barren-looking hills, and the green tree-tops and bright yellow tiles immediately below. At the top of the tower is a chamber containing a very large marble tablet, with a somewhat similar inscription to that on the small one in the hall. Behind the tower is an enormous artificial mound, and in it reposes the body of the Emperor. Where, no one knows, as much mystery attends the interment. There are many caverns in the mound, but in which of them rest the sacred bones remains a secret.

We had no time to see any of the other tombs. They are all on the same principle, this being the finest and best preserved. There were many pretty and curious beetles in one of the courtyards, which greatly delighted Mr. B., who was collecting insects, and went about armed with instruments of torture, and bottles of deadly poison enough to exterminate the whole race!

On leaving the tombs we pursued our road in a westerly direction, over rough, rocky ground, to Nan-kou, a small town, with some fine, rugged hills standing up behind it. We took up our abode at an inn at the foot of the hills, where the air was much cooler and fresher than in the town itself. Soon after our arrival a man with baskets of apricots and white mulberries came into the inn-yard. These were very refreshing after the hot, dusty ride. While we were sitting round our dim, tallow candles after dinner, a dirty, half-tipsy-looking man came in, and going down humbly upon his knees, craved about

two inches of one of the candles burning on the table, declaring that it was the only cure for some dreadful disease in his stomach from which he was suffering! As may be supposed he was speedily ejected.

23rd.—We had to get up at about 3.30 A.M., but the mules were not packed and harnessed till nearly six o'clock. After a very hot, sultry night, the breeze through the Nan-kou Pass, where our road lay, was pleasant and refreshing. I say 'road,' but it is too great a compliment to call it so. It is, apparently, the course of a mountain-torrent, though now only a tiny stream runs through the middle of it. The mules have to scramble the whole way over huge boulder stones. The mountains on either side of the pass were sometimes very fine. The road rises steadily to within five li ($1\frac{2}{3}$ mile) of Cha-taou, which is fifteen miles from Nan-kou, so we also had occasional glimpses of distance as well as the pass scenery. There were some picturesque temples, surrounded by trees, on our road. One of them dedicated to Kwan ti, the god of war. We also passed a fortified town, in which an archway remains, dating from the Mongol dynasty, with an inscription on it in six languages,—Chinese, Thibetan, Arabic, Sanscrit, Manchou, and Oui-gour, the most ancient form of the Mongol. The quaintest-looking bas-reliefs of that period were also carved on it, but being in my litter I could not make out what they were intended to represent. At the top of the pass there is a square of fortified walls, called Pa-ta-ling (eight great peaks); eight low hills are contained within the walls. The inside is in ruins. Constantly recurring along the road are cone-like erections, built of mud and white-

washed, looking much like large sugar-loaves. They are always five in number, and are generally painted with rude representations of bats, tigers, or other wild beasts. When Mr. M. travelled this road before, he asked three Chinamen the meaning of them, and from each received a different answer. One said they represented five li of road; the second, that they were a charm to keep off wolves and tigers; the third, that they were some Bhudhistic emblems. Mr. M. imagines the third reason given to be most probable, and that they represent the five usual Bhudhistic offerings as generally seen on altars.

At Cha-taou we breakfasted, and then went on rather more than fifteen miles to Hwai-lai-hsien, where, at the 'Inn of Widely-dispersed Righteousness,' we dined and slept. The jujube-trees along our road were numerous, and scented the air delightfully. There must have been a fine bridge at the entrance of the pretty little town, judging by the remains now left. At this time of year, when the crops are bright and young, and the foliage of the trees enlivens the mud walls, these towns are rather pretty; but they must be as dreary as Nieu-chuang or Tientsing, when the crops are off the ground, and everything of the same dull mud tint.

The 24*th* was not a very interesting day's march. Ten miles of stony, dusty, barren road, brought us to a little village, where we breakfasted at the 'Inn of Lofty Sound.' In the afternoon we had another ten miles of much the same kind of road, but gradually rising, and approaching the hills. These, however, were almost hidden by the dust which a thunder-storm was blowing across them. We slept at Hsin-paou-ngan, where the

atmosphere was very sultry, and poisoned by the bad smells of the town.

25th.—Seventeen miles of sandy plain to Hsin-iang-shiu-pu, the road running beside the Yang-ho (Sheep river). Hills of intense sterility, but fine outline, on either side. One of them, close to the town, of a fine conical shape and very steep, possesses these legends. A certain prince, during some war, engaged to throw a bridge across the river in a single night. The cock crew, and the bridge was unfinished. The prince, in despair, threw himself into the river, and his widow built a temple on the summit of Chi-ming-chan (Mount of the Singing Hen, or Cockcrow Hill), called Ni-ni-miaou, so that she might ever remain in sight of the spot. Five priests even now reside in this temple; but everything, to the very water they drink, has to be brought up the steep ascent. The other legend states that a young lady, having promised her hand in marriage to whichever of her many suitors should accomplish the same feat (of building the bridge in a single night), erected the temple for a similar reason when her favoured lover, having in like manner failed, hid himself and his defeat beneath the flowing waters. It may be as well to state, that though these legends are given in an old work of the seventeenth century, by one T. Law, and quoted by Mr. Michi, who has recently published his travels through China, none of the Chinese know anything about them.

As we proceeded, our road became merely a track cut through solid rock, over which the mules managed to keep their feet wonderfully. Before leaving the sandy plain, we had noticed many large pieces of madrepore

lying about, and now came upon the region of coal. We met many mules and donkeys laden with the coal, which is said to be very fine. We had no opportunity of judging of its merits. The mining process is remarkably simple. A hole is dug in the side of the hill—if coal appears within a certain distance it is taken out; if not, another hole is tried a little further off, leaving the surface of the hill with the appearance of having been prepared for the reception of plants or shrubs.

Our afternoon's ride was suffocatingly dusty to Hsuen-hwa-fu, a large town, where we put up at an inn rejoicing in the title of 'Precious Perfection.' Though not quite realising that idea, it was clean and tidy, with numerous cartoons, bearing happy omens and sentences of cheerful import, hung round the rooms and painted on the walls. We had hoped to have obtained some ice at this large place, but, on inquiring for it, were informed that the ice-house was not opened till the sixth day of the sixth month: so that, however hot the weather, until the 16th of July (the Chinese new year being in February), no ice could be procured. Tradition *versus* comfort is the rule in China. During the great heat which prevails at this season these Chinese inns cannot be considered comfortable abodes. The visitors' rooms are often in close proximity to the servants' quarters and kitchen, whence the odours are detestable: while at night, the constant chattering and movement among the Chinese, added to the oppressive and disagreeable atmosphere, render sleep out of the question.

26*th.*—A ride of thirteen miles through a desert-like, sandy plain, with one little bright band of green marking

the course of the river, brought us to a Pass between walls of lava-like rock, with the remains of a very fine paved road ascending it. On reaching the top, we found ourselves within sight of the Great Wall of China; or, rather, of the numerous towers built upon it. The wall itself, at this part, is much ruined, and seldom visible; but upon almost every peak of the mountain range which here bounds the view stands a tower, by which one can trace its course. People who have visited the Ming tombs often say that they have seen the Great Wall; but this is a mistake. There are many walls, or portions of wall, built like outworks of the Great Wall, in that neighbourhood; but the actual wall cannot be seen in this direction before arriving here. Stretching away to the foot of the mountains was a plain, with clumps of trees dispersed over it; indicating the presence of groups of houses, or a small village. In one of these, Maou-yu-lin, we breakfasted at an unusually clean inn, with the courtyard covered in with matting; which formed a grateful shade after the glare and dust.

After a ride of ten miles in the same dust and heat, we arrived in the evening at Chang-chia-kôu (in Mongol, 'Khalgan'), a large town, just inside the wall. A tremendous thunderstorm, which we fortunately escaped, had turned the street down which the road to our inn lay, into a river, wherein all the juvenile population were disporting themselves, paddling about up to their knees, and apparently in a state of entire enjoyment. The real river, which runs beside the town, we crossed by a very fine seven-arch bridge, with fruit and animals carved alternately at the top of each stone upright of the parapet.

A wooden archway, with two square stone pillars on the inside, stands at either end.

27*th*.—Our 'Inn of the Five Woods' boasted but scanty accommodation, though apparently much frequented. Fortunately for us in our small rooms the storm had cleared the air, or the heat would have been insufferable.

All this day processions were passing by, going to a temple outside the city, to pray for rain. It appeared to be a service of humiliation, for many of those forming the procession wore the kang: a wooden board, worn round the neck by criminals. Others wore wreaths, and carried banners, arms, a sort of small halberd, small shrines with figures of Bhudha, and various other things. Droning instruments of the bagpipe kind were playing the whole time. In the afternoon we took a walk through neatly-kept kitchen-gardens outside our inn, which is not in the actual town, to the river, now a mere stream; from the other side of which the view of the mountains and Great Wall towers on one side, and the town and handsome bridge on the other, was very good.

We remained here three days. Mr. B. was here to have left us, *en route* for Russia across the Steppes! but he changed his mind, and agreed to continue sharing our fortunes for the next few days, as we then hoped to reach Johol, the Imperial hunting-ground. But his camel-drivers, who were to have met him here, had decamped, and taken the camels with them. Other arrangements had, therefore, to be discussed with the Russian agent who resides here. This gentleman came to breakfast one morning. As he spoke neither English, French, nor Ger-

man, it was fortunate that Mr. M. could speak a little Russian, or they would have had to converse in Chinese: a somewhat roundabout way in which for Europeans to communicate their ideas.

This halt was an opportunity for setting various little matters to rights in our travelling gear. Washerwomen were, of course, not to be found on our road, and Mr. B. improved the occasion by attempting some laundry-work. The result was, that white silk pocket-handkerchiefs reappeared beautifully mottled magenta, having been washed with flannel-shirts of that colour. I was hardly more fortunate. Pocket-handkerchiefs were all that I attempted, but their appearance was not admirable, as the only substitute for ironing that Lucien could devise was to put them between the kang and a board, and sit upon them! I was more successful in the manufacture of a crochet-needle out of a bit of bamboo, and, by its help, of some wicks for a spirit-lamp belonging to Mr. B.'s coffee-pot. The latter article was a great stand-by, and always furnished one satisfactory incident in our meal, however meagre our fare might otherwise be. Tea was the only thing we were sure of finding in the Chinese inns. Having to carry every single thing with us, it was very desirable to be content with as little as possible; and we therefore trusted as much as we dared to the food of the country, and were sometimes placed on very short commons in consequence.

Here, too, we renewed the spirit for the lamp. For an old and experienced traveller, Mr. B. had a wonderful way of letting things take care of themselves. Every morning his muleteer appeared with his arms filled with

an *omnium gatherum*, comprising various toilette and scientific articles—chloroform, papers of pins, boxes for beetles, bottles of spirits for reptiles, and many others. These were all put higgledy-piggledy at the bottom of his mule-litter; the result being, that corks were lost, spirit evaporated, and other mishaps occurred. It is but fair to add that their owner's equanimity was never disturbed, nor his good temper ruffled, whatever inconvenience or discomfort he was subjected to.

One day it poured with rain till the evening, when we got out to the banks of the river, now not to be crossed on foot. It was flowing fast, the colour and consistency that of pea-soup. 'Prince,' however, greatly enjoyed a bathe in it, except when, in his excitement and delight, he poked his nose under the water, and withdrew it, spluttering and shaking, with his mouth full of mud.

30*th.*—Up very early, hoping to be off by four o'clock; but the muleteers, who were at another inn, did not make their appearance till five, and it was just six o'clock before we started. To those accustomed to travelling in India and Ceylon, where the arrangements for marching are almost perfect, these constant delays, and the necessity of always accompanying the baggage and muleteers, together with the difficulty of urging on the latter, are most trying and wearisome.

We did get off at last, and passing through the gates, which are on the Wall, left China Proper behind us, and entered Mongolia—'Outside the Mouth,' as the Chinese call it. The Russian agent's house was on our road, a little way beyond the gate. He had very kindly prepared

tea for us, and was waiting to ask us in as we passed; but, on account of the lateness of the hour, we could not accept his hospitality, and pushed on as quickly as possible over a dull, sandy road, bounded, on either side, by steep, rugged hills of indescribable barrenness. The air was fresh and cool after the rain, and a delicious breeze was blowing down the pass, giving us a foretaste of the air on the plateau. About ten miles of a gradual ascent brought us to Tū-ting: a most miserable little village of mud huts, cut out of the side of the barren hill; on which stood three stunted trees, the sole representatives of vegetation. As far as I could see, the huts were entirely scooped out of the sandy ground, not built at all. Here, in a small shabby inn, at some little distance beyond the village, we halted for breakfast. Hitherto we had always found chairs in the Chinese inns, but here there were none; neither did we meet with them again until we returned to China Proper. We ascended, almost immediately after leaving Tū-ting, by a very steep road to the plateau. So steep is the ascent, that horses are kept at the foot to help in drawing the carts, hundreds of which pass up and down daily, to a ledge about halfway up, where stands a temple of Kwan-ti (the god of War). On arriving at this point pious carters deposit offerings after a successful ascent. From this temple there is an extensive view over the plain, which was, after the rain, clear and bright in colouring. On arriving at the top the climate is delightful, the air fresh, pure, and invigorating, blowing across a boundless sea of verdure, with low, undulating hills in every direction, and scented with the daphne and wild thyme, which covered the plain. We

mounted our ponies at the top of the hill; and they too, revived by the breezes of their native downs, stepped out briskly ahead of the mules. But we longed for Arabs instead of our Mongol ponies, to gallop over the springy, perfumed turf, with no sound near but the larks, which were singing, high in the air, out of our sight. That first evening on the plateau was worth all the heat and dust of the journey from Peking. The boundless plain, the perfume of the flowers, the song of the birds, and the delicious pure air, combined in producing an indescribable feeling of happiness in oneself, and charity towards one's neighbour. We passed hundreds of carts, laden with gypsum, going down to China to return with tea. A good deal of the commoner kind of tea, imported for Mongolia and Russia, is pressed into packages about the size of bricks, and much resembling in appearance coarse tobacco. In some parts of the country this brick tea is the current coin. Large sums are paid by so many bricks; smaller ones by cutting off a portion of the brick, which often has a hole pierced through it, by which it is slung round the waist of the possessor.

We passed two or three Mongol camps, with their 'yorts' looking like gigantic hen-coops, covered with dark-coloured felt. But we rested for the night at a Chinese village, and the name of our inn was that of 'The Abundance sent from Heaven.' No one without seeing it can have any idea how strange the Chinese villages look on the vast green plain. The Mongol 'yorts' seem in character and keeping; but the mud walls and houses of the Chinese settlements look like children's Dutch toys, in light, brown, unvarnished wood, arranged in a group in

the middle of a billiard-table. The inn-yard was soon filled with Mongols, who came to stare at us. Ugly, dirty, rough-looking savages. The fair sex with their hair tightly plaited, and put up in a sort of hoop on either side of the face, with glass-beads hanging a long fringe over the forehead; silver ornaments, coins, and anything one likes to imagine, run through their hair. One young lady came and watched me writing my journal with great interest and astonishment. She was rather pretty, had very good eyes, a bright olive complexion, and beautiful teeth, which she showed conspicuously when laughing. From the amount of jewellery she wore we concluded that she must be a great heiress.

1*st July.*—Left Shi-pa-li-tai, after a good night's rest, in the fresh cool air, and had a delightful ride along the plain to Pai-maou-tze-tä—a mixed Chinese and Mongol camp. There were numbers of rats and jerboas (small animals of the kangaroo species) on the plain, after one of which we had an exciting gallop. 'Prince' put him up, but was far too clumsy to follow the marvellous doubling of this little creature, as he sprang away with great leaps at full speed. He was a long way from his hole, but by working in zigzag at this pace, soon reached it, sat on the edge for one moment, laughing at us, and then popped down like a shot, having well earned his life and liberty. We also saw one hare, and the larks were as numerous and loud as ever. We breakfasted in a Chinese house—a very dirty one, with a hard kang to sit on, a grimy old woman helping or hindering the cooking going on close to our room, and some grand ladies staring at us. They had evidently put on the whole of their wardrobe

for the occasion, and the result defies description. They wore over all a long, loose blouse of Chinese silk, a good deal embroidered in parts, and with one long stripe of embroidery hanging down the middle of the back. The coiffure was what I have before described, but with even more ornaments hung about it. On their heads they wore mandarin hats, something like a 'pork-pie,' but far more gorgeous, with a red tassel, 'and little round button a-top!'

Their ordinary apparel appears to resemble that of the Bhooteans, of whom it is said a man 'is so many *coats* old,' a coat lasting a certain period, and when another is put over the old one, a new era having commenced! For both men and women the long, loose, wadded dressing-gown appears to be the usual costume. Some are made of sheepskin, and the men wear trousers of the same, with the wool inside or outside, according to the season.

Eight miles that evening brought us to Pan-shan-tū, where we took up our abode in a place that would have amused most of our friends at home, if they could have taken a peep at us through Fortunatus' glass. Our spacious banqueting-hall, which was also my father's room, was a cow-house! out of which we had turned two unfortunate little calves, who did not at all understand our dislike to their society. In one corner was a pile of unbaked bricks, and on the top of the pile various oil-jars, of which the odour was by no means agreeable, and some blocks of wood, with iron spikes, which formed the candelabra of the establishment. In another corner were six spare cart-wheels, and a pile of wooden pitchforks.

The wall, against which was suspended a hanging shelf, was adorned with old clothes, hats, boots, baskets, vegetables, dried herbs, grass, hemp, and bunches of onions. We had seats, but to make use of them put one's powers of balancing to the test. They consisted simply of a piece of branch, smoothed off a little, and fixed on four legs, like a wood-cutter's block, the legs by no means necessarily of the same length, nor firmly fastened. My room opened into this one, and seemed to be a sort of store-room, principally filled with the fuel of the establishment,—skins, oil-jars, green hide, sieves, and rolls and bundles of very greasy, dirty, winter clothing. Messrs. B. and M. had a small room in the vicinity of the kitchen. The people in these out-of-the-way regions are much more civil and pleasant than in the large Chinese towns. There sometimes they annoyed us much by crowding into the inn-yard to stare, which was very disagreeable to more senses than one. But here we met with no annoyance whatever. The cattle-yard was just outside our rooms, and when we requested that the animals might be moved further off, the man who was driving them rather questioned whether there was another place in which to bestow them conveniently. When told, after a little demur on his part, that the gentleman thought it would keep him awake all night, if he had so much noise close by, he answered quite civilly, 'Oh! well, if the gentleman can't sleep, that's another matter,' and turned them out at once, though with an expression of great astonishment on his countenance.

It was most amusing to see Lucien's face as we arrived at the various degrees of rough, rougher, and roughest

inns on our road. A sort of half-wonder why people, who might stay quietly at home if they chose, should wander about in such discomfort, and put themselves into the holes and corners of the world; and at the same time a half-condescending, half-pitying determination that, since we were so foolish, he would do his best, under all adverse circumstances, to improve matters. Right well he worked on all occasions, only now and then giving way to a little quiet sarcasm. In such a climate, however, everything is bearable, and most things are enjoyable. In the plain, where one is almost suffocated in the small, close inns, the scenery must be very interesting or beautiful to compensate for so much discomfort; but on the plateau it is as different as possible.

2nd.—Rode ten miles to breakfast at Erh-tao-wah, an entirely Mongol camp. On our way we had rather an amusing interview with a Llama.* Mr. B.'s mule had proved a very bad one: he was obstinate and ill-tempered, and had, moreover, a sore back; so that his master generally walked about half the distance he ought to have been carried. One of his first exploits had been to lie down in the middle of the road, with his master on his back—a trick he repeated once or twice during his journey; consequently Mr. B. was anxious, if possible, to get rid of him, and find a horse strong enough to carry him. Soon after leaving Pan-shan-tu, a clerical gentleman, clad in sheepskin, riding a very strong-looking cob, came up, and entered into conversation; in the course of which it appeared that he was willing to part with

* The Mongols, like the Thibetians, profess the Llama worship. Their priests are called Llamas.

the horse upon certain conditions. Mr. B., therefore, commenced bartering—always a very unsatisfactory business. In the course of conversation the Llama, and a friend who had joined the party, twice galloped off in great indignation at the idea of the possibility of parting with the horse for less than the sum first named. However, each time they wheeled round and the bargaining was resumed. The horse was shown off, galloped round and round to show his paces, and finally an agreement was made. The Llama was to receive 15 taels, and Mr. B. the horse. Mr. B. produced his money-bag, counted out the money, and gave it to the Mongol. But it was not in taels, and he would have nothing to say to it; how could he tell the quality of the raw silver? He was assured that the silver was pure, and a dollar was added to ensure his getting the full value. Much arguing and squabbling ensued, but at last he gave way, took the money, and Mr. B. the horse. The mule was then relieved of his saddle; but it was scarcely put upon the new steed when the sporting gentleman of clerical profession returned, money in hand, declaring it to be short, and positively refusing to let the horse go, again took forcible possession of him. Mr. M. was very wroth at this, and declared that, if the money were short, one of them must have made away with it; and therefore, to shame them if possible, the attendant was searched on the spot. There was no money found on him, and the silver was not short. Thus ended the transaction; for Mr. M. informed his reverence, that after such conduct he would not buy the horse from him, even if offered for one dollar.

The Mongol seat on horseback is most extraordinary.

Their saddles are very high at both pommel and cantle, and they sit with one leg quite straight and the other forming a hook, by which they hold on to their horses. It looks as if the slightest swerve on the part of the horse must unseat them: but they are as firm as a rock, almost live in the saddle, and generally go either at the sort of shuffle-trot or full gallop, which are the natural paces of the horses.

At Erh-tao-wa we had a taste of yort life. The yorts, as I said before, look like gigantic hen-coops, and are much the same in construction. A framework of wood in trellis, fastened with leather knots, is covered with thick, coarse felt; a hole being left at the top by which the smoke escapes, and light and fresh air find entrance: but in case of rain a piece of felt is also drawn over it. In some cases the earth is thrown up round the bottom of the yort, to the height of a few inches, which completely excludes air and damp from below. The fireplace is a large, raised, mud basin, in the middle of the yort; and the *batterie de cuisine* consists of one large, rather shallow, iron pan, in which everything is cooked for the whole family. Our yort, being an hotel, was cleaner than those inhabited by the Mongols themselves. They live *en famille;* poultry, sheep, and calves included. But I was rather taken with the abode when they had swept it out, and laid down clean white felt on the ground for us to sit on. It must have been about eight or nine feet in diameter, but a good deal of room was taken up by large chests all round it; and I should judge it to have been the dairy of the encampment, from the number of jars containing a kind of curd, of which the smell was so very

sour, that it could only be for the making of future cheeses. Of course we had no chairs, and our tables were like wooden footstools, which just held a plate and knife and fork for two persons. Our breakfast was a strange contrast to the place in which it was eaten—*petites saucisses truffés, pâté d'alouettes, haricots flageolets,* eggs, fresh milk (the only time we had milk at all), and claret. It was not quite so *recherché* as it sounds, for tinned stores are but poor substitutes for the original; and very fortunate we had thought ourselves in finding this supply, which a traveller, wishing to lighten his baggage, had left with the Russian agent at Chang-chia-kou. Bread, as we know it, is unheard of here; neither can one always get the substitute, 'laopings,' a sort of girdle-cake fried in oil, which, when well made and hot, are good, but are often much the reverse.

The principal individuals among our Mongol friends were two ladies, one old, the other young, who were perpetually coming in and out, on some excuse or other. The younger was really pretty, her hands remarkably so. She appeared fully alive to her attractiveness, put herself into attitudes, and gave herself airs and graces like the veriest coquette, while she sat on the door-sill, stitching away at the sole of a boot. She presently brought her husband to smoke his pipe and stare at the strangers, and then sent him off full speed on a rough Mongol pony, scouring across the plain to do her behest in some other direction, quite as if she were head and chief of that household, at any rate. She came into the yort, and watched me washing my face, and examined my sponge with the greatest astonishment, which she expressed by

a very quaint little guttural sound in her throat. I was afraid to give her my sponge lest she might copy my proceedings, and the consequent transformation be attributed to witchcraft!

Just before leaving, there was a furious scene between our servants and these two strong-minded dames. Having already received about double what they were entitled to, they still demanded much more, and a regular fight, accompanied by much scolding and vociferating, ensued. The coquette here appeared in quite a new character, and became a perfect dragoness. So irate was she, that, in her indignation and passion, she even snatched away a basin of water that had just been brought to 'Prince,' lest she should not be paid for it; nor, until her attention was drawn to some more urgent demands upon her wrath, could the servants restore to the poor dog his very inexpensive beverage.

Fears of a thunderstorm, which seemed impending, kept us here rather late in the afternoon, and a very long ride of seventeen miles we had to Chang-ma-tze-ching-erh (the name almost as long as the village); a Chinese encampment, with the dirtiest and roughest hovel of an inn we had yet seen. The most miserable labourer's cottage in England would be a palace, and cleanly, in comparison. I should doubt whether the rooms had ever been swept from the day they were built, from the accumulation of egg-shells, garlic, and other equally disagreeable remains of Chinese feasts.

On our road to this place we saw upon the low, undulating hills several hwang-yang (antelopes), which scampered off on perceiving our approach. The plain was

covered with flowers, and in some places golden with water-ranunculus growing in profusion. Patches of a small, deep purple orchis formed a beautiful contrast of colour.

3*rd.*—Left Chang-ma-tze-ching-erh about 8 A.M. On arriving at a village called Lien-hwa-tan, some seven or eight miles off, where, at the door of the inn-yard, we saw the carcase of a goat hanging, we thought it better to breakfast, as we might not meet with fresh meat again for some time, even if we found a village on our road. It is surprising, on seeing the kitchen of a Chinese inn, that it is possible to eat anything cooked there. The Chinese cooking-place is a sort of stone stove, with a large pan over the whole in the top. Our servants had a small fire between three bricks on the floor, and one little iron saucer for everything. On the wall over the stove here, was a small shrine to the god of the Hearth, which ought to be found in all Chinese kitchens. Curious ceremonies attend his worship. Seven days before the New Year, the Chinese begin the New Year's festivities with fireworks, and guns, and sacrifices, to the god of the Hearth. His name is Tsao Shên, and his altar always stands in the kitchen. On the seventh day before the New Year his shrine is taken down, and solemnly burnt, with two pieces of paper, bearing perpendicular inscriptions. The one signifies, 'Go up to heaven and make a good report;' the other, 'Come down again and inhabit your palace.' As the god of the Hearth is supposed to be intimately acquainted with the affairs of every family, and, therefore, to know certain things which had better be left unsaid, it is evident that the less he

speaks in heaven the better. Wherefore, the offering made to him on this occasion is barley-sugar, in order that his mouth may be sticky, and he obliged to hold his tongue. On New-year's Eve, when his work in heaven is supposed to be over, a new shrine is erected to him in the kitchen, which he comes down to inhabit. Only males assist in the ceremony attending his worship. Lien-hwa-tān means 'lotus pond;' and there exists a tradition of a temple, a pond, and lotuses, but the tradition is all that now remains.

About 11.30 we left the plateau for Tu-shih-kōu, eighteen miles off. At first through a mountain-pass, green, with beautiful flowers on all sides, and a few trees on the hills. About half-way down, the pass, which is the old bed of a river, was crossed by the Great Wall; but only the towers are now standing, the wall itself has been washed away. From here the hills grew more barren and bolder in form, till, as we neared Tu-shih-kōu, they became very wild, with curious basaltic-looking columns and fine bold scarps standing out against the sky, which produced grand effects as we gradually descended the pass. This is one of the principal passes leading from China Proper on to the Mongolian plateau.

Tu-shih-kōu is a quaint, old-fashioned little town, walled, and with a round tower and massive gates at the side we entered. The streets are wider and cleaner than most. We found an inn, where we managed to put up, in spite of the yard being filled with rolls of matting, and the rooms with some horrid-smelling stuff, which was to be made into cake for feeding animals. Before long, what vacant space was left in the yard was crammed with

people, who had come to stare at us. We stayed inside our rooms and shut the doors, but they would not go, the master of the hotel being unable or unwilling to turn them out and shut the yard-gates. Mr. M. sent his servant with a message to the Yamun, requesting some police might be sent to relieve us of our disagreeable visitors. After a long delay an order came from the Yamun that the yard was to be cleared, with many polite messages from the Mandarin, and a promise that a guard of four men should be sent immediately.

Dinner-time came, but no police; and, though the order had obliged the master of the house to clear the yard once, all the people had returned, and were as numerous and disagreeable as ever. Presently a tray of po-po (sweet biscuits) made its appearance, sent by the Mandarin with his brilliant carmine visiting-cards, and civil speeches and regrets, that, not feeling very well, he was unable to call. Still no guard. So, as we were very hungry, and the crowd rendered communication with the kitchen impossible, Mr. M. at last sallied forth, hunting-whip in hand, when a desperate fight ensued. All the Chinamen scampered off as fast as they could; but the yard being so crammed, and so full of matting, much impeded their movements, as they scrambled away, tumbling over each other, crouching down behind the mats, creeping along under the walls—doing anything to escape the dreadful barbarian whip, wielded by the angry barbarian arm. I never saw such terror depicted on any face as on that of one of these men, when he was creeping out from some mats where he had hid himself. His colour was positively green.

In the retired country villages, though many people always came to stare, and to generalise upon our appearance, ages, rank, relationships, &c., yet they would always depart good-humouredly when civilly asked. But in the large villages and towns, the appearance of foreigners, particularly with a woman among them, seemed too much for their curiosity, and we were often annoyed by these excited and troublesome visitors. Paper being the substitute for glass in the windows is also a great disadvantage. Often when fancying oneself alone, a light spot appears on the paper, caused by a wet finger having been applied outside; the paper noiselessly splits, and the finger is replaced by an eye following one's every movement, a suspicion of which renders one at all times uncomfortable.

Before we went to bed the promised guard arrived, and kept up a great clatter with their bamboos all night while walking round and round the house, quite precluding the possibility of coming upon any offender unawares, or of allowing those to sleep for whose peace and quiet they had been sent.

4th.—We left Tu-shih-kōu by the Eastern Gate about 11 A.M. As we had only sixty li (twenty miles) to march, it seemed useless to divide the distance, and run a risk of finding no inn at which to breakfast. On making inquiries at Tu-shih-kōu as to our route for Johol, the Imperial Hunting-ground, we found it to be much further off than we had anticipated. But, as the information was uncertain, and our road to Ku-pi-kōu, the alternative if we were unable to get to Johol, lay for three days in the same direction, we determined to wait until that three days'

march should be over, by which time we might have gained some further details. Our road, leading us back on to the plateau, was through a wild, barren pass, gradually growing more fertile. On reaching the table-land we found ourselves surrounded by a profusion of wild flowers of every description, and again rejoicing in the delicious pure air and luxuriant grass of undulating hills. Upon these hills lights and shadows were playing in endless variety, and herds of camels were revelling in the rich pasture. We also came across several Hwang-yang, who, however, never suffered us to approach. We missed our road, and thus added five miles to our march, encountering a heavy thunderstorm, which obliged us to take to our litters, but cleared the air delightfully. Our halting-place was Chang-Leang, a small inn, the dirt and discomfort of which beggar description.

5th.—The fumes of opium, which had been smoked in the kitchen, so completely overpowered the muleteers, that it was with difficulty they could be roused, consequently we were late in starting. We had a cool morning, and only eight miles across a flower-strewn plain to Ta-tān, our breakfast place. We had great difficulty in finding the miserable hovel which did duty for an inn. Most of the villagers appeared to have gone out to their work in the fields, and those left at home were either unable or unwilling to direct us. It is a straggling village, with much cultivation around. During breakfast we were well-nigh roasted; for in the middle of July, under a broiling sun, they had lighted a fire in the kang. In a building near were some people making felt, which is much used in these parts. We went to see the process,

which is rude, and thoroughly Chinese. The wool is carded by means of an instrument like an enormous violincello bow, which is slung from the roof. Three men and a boy take bundles of it, and with something between a fork and a comb, toss it into a layer on a reed mat, previously laid on the rough mud floor. Then it is sprinkled with boiling water, the mat is rolled up and tightly tied with leather thongs, and is then kicked backwards and forwards on the ground for five minutes, two men standing on each side, at such a distance that the roll turns just once between them. It is then unrolled, and another layer of wool is added in the same way. The same process is repeated, and the mat is made. When new, these thick white mats or blankets look very nice; and shoes, in the same material, of which many were hanging up to dry, must be comfortable in winter.

We started as soon after breakfast as possible, having twenty miles before us. A thunderstorm came on, and was so heavy, that remaining in our litters made us more wet than riding. So we kept to our ponies across the plain, which was literally like a carpet of flowers. They were growing in masses of different colours and shapes, blending with one another, as in a rich Turkey carpet. We counted the number of flowers we could name, and found thirty-two different kinds. There were many others that we did not know. The roses, amaryllis, turkscap lilies, white-tree peonies, purple geraniums, pinks, and a kind of tiger lily, were considerably smaller than when cultivated; but they were quite perfect in form, and exquisite in colour and perfume. My muleteer, when he discovered my love for flowers, used to gather me large

bunches of them, upon which we used to descant in animated terms, each in our own language. Our road continued along this flowery plain, which was enlivened by numerous herds of horses, as well as camels. But as we neared our halting-place, after a very gradual but continuous ascent, which lasted for some miles, the low hills grew higher and bolder, closing in around us, and leaving before us a steep hill, through which our road was cut. We ascended, and before us lay one of the most magnificent views I have ever seen. Coming upon it so unexpectedly made its beauty at first sight even more striking than if we had been aware of its existence beforehand. Mountain rose beyond mountain, with peaks of the most varied and fantastic forms, till lost in the clouds, which had gathered wild and stormy on the horizon. The sun gleamed brightly here and there on peaks and crags as far as the eye could see, and brought out points and touches of brilliant light and colour in the far distance, strongly relieved against the deep blues and purples of a thundery sky. Our road, winding steeply down the side of the mountain by a picturesque zigzag, upon which the litters and pack-mules were slowly making their way, added much to the effect. Altogether the *coup d'œil* could scarcely, I imagine, be surpassed. After gazing for some time, we wound our way down the Ghât, and soon arrived at a very pretty little village among the hills, shaded by trees, where we found an inn, with far more room and greater cleanliness than had for some days past fallen to our lot. Pa-ti was the name of the village. No foreigner had been here before, but the people were very civil. There was no crowd, nor inquisitive or obnoxious

staring. Fortunately we had brought a chicken from Ta-tan, for not even an egg could be obtained here. The people live very poorly, principally on millet, with vegetables occasionally.

6*th.*—By a marvel of energy, we were up, packed, and off by 5.10 A.M., and had a most beautiful ride of seventeen miles to Llama-shan. Our road, the sandy bed of a river, with glorious Alp-like hills on either side, upon which the sun threw rosy light in rising. Running back inland, at the foot of the hills, were pretty valleys, green and fresh-looking, in which comfortable and peaceful little villages lay half hidden by the trees. In the foreground stood fine bold rocks and promontories of rich, warm colour. The whole of our ride was one series of pictures or dissolving views. Every step brought out some new beauty. Just above Llama-shan is a huge, boulder-like mass of stone, high up in which is a shrine, and in it a carved Bhudha, from which some say the village takes its name—'The Llama's Hill.' Others hold a tradition of a cave inhabited by Llamas as the origin, but both stories are doubtful. After breakfast we had twenty-five miles to Ta-kaon. The road was not very pleasant, being covered with loose, round stones. The scenery was much the same as in the morning's ride, until we neared the town, when it again became very grand. At Ta-kaon we found a magnificent inn, with rooms papered, fresh meat, and a civil landlord. The muleteers, on arriving at an inn of this kind, were very amusing, giving themselves airs, and ordering the servants of the place here and there to do their bidding, and prepare their dinners, in a style that was quite regal! They were certainly a set

of as jovial, good-tempered fellows as one would wish to see.

7th.—Followed the bed of the river, which runs here small and shallow, and which we crossed incessantly for fifteen miles to Kwa-fang, through rugged, barren hills, with occasionally fine bluffs and cliffs, but no verdure, and quite different from yesterday's scenery. We were rather delayed by the breaking down of my father's litter in one of the river crossings. In the afternoon we had fifteen miles of much the same scenery, changing back, however, as we neared our halting-place (Chai-ling) to the greener and finer form of hills. Just at sunset a Turner-like sky imparted a glorious effect to a pile of mountains behind us, of very quaint and grotesque form, and also lighted up a group some miles in front, of the deepest blues and purples imaginable. Here we turned off into a steep, rocky gorge, up which we scrambled, and descended on the other side to our tiny, but clean inn, quite shut in and surrounded by the hills, consequently very warm and close. In the course of this day's march we had crossed the river twenty-two times.

8th.—Fifteen miles before breakfast through the same kind of scenery, the hills often very rugged and bare, to Kang-tze. Here we found a good inn, with pictures of a religious description round the room, but beyond Mr. M.'s powers of explanation. One was very quaint, evidently illustrating some tradition or legend. It represented a man acting tortoise for one of the monumental tablets I have described, as being generally supported upon the backs of these animals. Standing beside him, apparently lecturing him, were two other figures; men, or genii in

the form of men. On the ground near him were fruits, and tea, a cup of which he holds in his hand, either as an offering from him to the genii, or a donation to him from charitable beholders of his position.

After breakfast, ten miles of pretty road, through a narrow valley between hills covered with brushwood, at the base of which were many poor-looking villages and considerable cultivation. Mr. B., on this day's march, made a large addition to his collection of beetles. Some of the trees by the roadside were covered with them, in great variety and of considerable beauty. At Hsiang-cha-tze we found a well-ordered and clean inn, but were much troubled by the flies. At night, everything was perfectly black with them; and the noise they made, if disturbed, was almost deafening. Perhaps my room, being next to the kitchen, might partly have accounted for the numbers. This was one of the inns where the room-doors only boasted of a fastening on the outside.

9th.—Left in drizzling rain; not so heavy as to prevent our riding, but enough to hide the view of the country. Under more favourable circumstances we should have had an extensive view from a steep pass on our road. Ten miles brought us to La-haitan, for breakfast. After which, and in fine weather, we had seventeen miles through a pretty valley, with many farms, much cultivation, fine trees, and grand hills and rocks rising behind. As we approached Ku-pikôu (the Old North Gate, or, more literally, the Old North Mouth), we came upon the Great Wall in all its grandeur and magnificence. The splendid old hills frowned down upon the valley under purple thunder-clouds, and following their outline, up

and down, over ridges, along spurs, into the valleys, to the top of the highest peak, the Great Wall stands a grand, magnificent relic of past ages. Near the town a couple of offshoots from the wall run for a short distance, terminating in square towers, many of which are scattered about, supplementary to those on the wall. The river runs along a sandy plain, on either side of which rise steep ridges; and in the plain the town lies. We put up at a small inn outside the town, very clean and comfortable, with a large weeping-willow in the courtyard, and and beautiful views from the gates on either side. It had also, for us, the extreme advantage of being free of the crowds, who would have much annoyed us inside the town. We had time before dark to walk to the top of a little hill behind the inn, whence we obtained a beautiful view, though the colouring was rather sombre and lurid. There are a great number of goîtres in these mountainous districts: the poorness of food, probably, accounts for it in great measure. Certainly three out of five of the people we met during the last three or four days were goîtres. Crétins are also far from uncommon.

10*th.*—We were for some time alarmed at the prospect of a wet day, showers and sunshine alternating till about two o'clock, when the rain cleared off, and we set out to scramble over the Great Wall. There is a good deal of this to be done in parts, where it is decayed and broken away. We had a most magnificent view from the top of a tower, to reach which we had to place a man at the foot of some steps, with his back forming a bridge over a chasm between us and the rugged stairway. We wandered about all the afternoon, sketching, gathering

GREAT WALL OF CHINA, FROM ONE OF THE TOWERS.

flowers, collecting insects, and hunting for new ferns to carry away with us. We reassembled in one of the towers at some distance from our starting-point, whence the appearance of the Wall was like that of a huge white serpent twisting and coiling, in and out, up and down, over the mountains, and into the valleys. The towers stand at short, regular intervals; and in the extreme distance, when on the summits of the mountains you can no longer distinguish the Wall, a bright spot of light upon the towers still marks its presence. In the course of their wanderings, Messrs. B. and M. had come across an old necromancer, and had had their fortunes told. They had met him while hunting beetles, and entered into conversation. He gave them many curious facts in natural history, and much information respecting plants, proving himself an accomplished herbalist. He then proceeded to tell their fortunes by palmistry. Much that he said was in the technical terms of the science, and incomprehensible; but his accuracy, where he was intelligible, was astonishing. He told them their ages, and to Mr. M. certain family matters, which he was almost positive no one in China among his own countrymen was aware of, and which certainly this semi-barbarian could have had no means of learning.

After some time we made our way back to the inn, much wishing that we could spend some days longer in wandering about the mountains near Ku-pi-kôu, where there seemed endless beauties. People are much to blame who leave China without seeing the greatest sight in the empire, and one of the wonders of the world. Ku-pi-kôu is only eighty miles from Peking. Those who go to the

Ming tombs, and say they have seen the Great Wall, simply state what is untrue. It is *a* wall, but not *the* Wall; nor has it anything to do with *the* Wall.

11*th.*—Left Ku-pi-kôu a little after 5 A.M. All the mountains were cloud-capped, and the views, which are very fine, were in consequence half hidden. The town and houses on the outskirts are prettily situated, amid plenty of trees, and with pleasant gardens, well cultivated, as is usual in China. A long fourteen miles before breakfast brought us to Shih-hsiang, which we left about noon for Mi-yün-hsien, a distance of twenty miles. A regular chapter of accidents ensued. We had to set off in pouring rain, which very soon penetrated the litters and drenched us. When I was quite wet through, it seemed no use being tossed about any longer in the uncomfortable litter; so I got out and waited the arrival of my pony, which the muleteer assured me was coming: but it never came. After waiting about an hour I got into my prison again, with the view of proceeding, when I met my father returning in search of his pony. So we sat by the roadside, on a little bench, which some people in a house near very civilly brought us, and waited about an hour and a half, till the servants who had charge of the ponies, and had been sheltering from the rain, came up. We were no sooner mounted, than once more down came the rain in torrents, lasting till nearly we reached the town, and making the clay soil so slippery, that, in addition to the road being encumbered by herds of unsightly-looking pigs, our progress was very slow. When we did arrive, it was to find the inn very small, very dirty, crowded with Chinamen, and destitute of anything in the shape of food.

Mr. B. had been overturned in his litter, and obliged to crawl out through the window, with all his baggage drenched. Lucien, the moving spirit among the servants, was soaked through and through, and was vainly endeavouring to put up beds, cook something by way of dinner, and unpack litters, at the same time. In short, everything was as uncomfortable as possible. Fortunately, the mattrasses in the litters had remained dry, and we were too tired to care for anything but getting to bed as quickly as possible. What a night it was! and what a difference between the air on the Mongolian plateau and the Peking plain! Though we had often had the extreme of roughness, and what most people would perhaps consider discomfort, in our previous experience, this was the only night in which, even to those so accustomed as ourselves to put up with any accommodation, it was really trying. But the heat, and damp, and starvation combined, at the end of a long, tiring day's march, were really almost intolerable.

12*th.*—About 5.30 A.M. we set off. It was a very close, steamy morning, but without rain. The views were hidden, and the mountains hazy, from the mist rising off the plain. Just outside the town we passed under a tree on which are hung cages containing the heads of criminals. There was only one there, though generally there are several. Soon after leaving the town we crossed a river, where Mr. B.'s road back to Khalgan, on his way across the plateau, and ours to Peking, diverged. We parted; but, ere long, one of the servants came hurrying up with the news that a river, which lay in our march, was swollen and impassable; on which account we must take the same

road as Mr. B., thus adding a few miles to our journey. The road we had now to follow was the 'Imperial road' to Johol, the Emperor's hunting-ground. Our hoped-for visit to this place we had been reluctantly compelled to give up, finding the distance much greater than we had been led to believe. The 'Imperial road' sounds grand, and it does in truth cost a good deal to keep up; but in appearance it is nothing but a rather broad sand-track, between fields of cultivated ground. We breakfasted at Hwai-jon-hsien, seventeen miles from Mi-yün-hsien, a town of some size, but with ill-mannered inhabitants. Here we parted from Mr. B., who now set out on his long and solitary journey into Russia across the plateau. In the afternoon another ride of seventeen miles, through the same uninteresting, flat, but cultivated country, brought us to Kaou-li-ying; where, on first arriving, we began to fear we should find no inn at all. Mr. M. went on to inspect the resources of the place; my father and I meanwhile waited a little way outside, in the midst of a crowd of the most idiotic-looking, dirty, ill-conditioned ruffians we had seen anywhere. Just as we were beginning to despair at Mr. M.'s non-appearance, we were summoned to move on, and found that in this case a bad beginning made a good end. He had discovered an inn kept by a gentleman, whose father was a high official at Canton. He himself, delighted at the idea of having foreigners at his inn, immediately turned out of two good family rooms, placed them at our disposal, shut the yard gates, and gave us most excellent tea. Our rooms were adorned with 'English pictures;' very much of the sign-board type, but supposed to be essentially Chinese.

In my room also the walls were beautified with a series of French coloured prints, entitled 'Roses et Boutons,' which ought to have given Chinese lodgers grand ideas of the redness of cheek, blackness of hair, and enormous size of eyes possessed by barbarian maidens. Here they made us very comfortable, though interruptions were constant from various members of the household, the ladies particularly, who came in, under one pretence or another, often that of bringing their children to be looked at, to take an inventory of our clothes, appearance, &c. &c.

13*th.*—We had twenty miles to accomplish before reaching Peking; and as there was no reason for us remaining with the litters and pack animals, the muleteers not being likely to loiter on the road home, we had questioned whether we should set off early, and get in before the extreme heat, or take a good morning's sleep, and brave the sun. The matter was decided for us by rain, which lasted till nine o'clock; soon after which we started, with the air much freshened and cooled by it. The roads were very heavy, but we arrived in four hours; which, considering that our ponies had gone, for three weeks consecutively, on an average twenty-four miles a-day, and that the last three miles were through a crowded city, where anything but a walk was impossible, spoke well for them. Until we approached Peking our road lay through pleasant shady lanes. We entered the city by the Anting Gate: one of those on the north side, and that which was given up to Sir Hope Grant, on condition of his sparing the buildings inside, and by which the Allied forces entered. As we were riding through the suburb a respectably-

dressed girl came up to me and began begging. I took no notice, upon which she pulled at my sleeve, calling out 'devil girl,' and then threw a stone at me. Unfortunately, her sex prevented her from receiving proper chastisement. Excepting the instance I mentioned of rudeness at Chang-ping-chow, we had travelled through 600 miles of the wildest, roughest part of the country, and not until returning to the capital had we received any insult.

The absence of everything denoting the approach to a great city is striking on nearing Peking. Excepting more numerous cemeteries, there is no warning of the vicinity of a town until you enter the suburb, immediately outside the gates.

During the few days we stayed at Peking, before returning south, we visited several places of interest, which we had been unable to see before. The temples of Confucius and the Llamas occupied one afternoon. They are at some distance from the Legation; and none but those who have resided in Peking at this season can imagine the misery of riding in such heat and dust as we had to go through before reaching them. The Llama Temple is much out of repair, and sadly requires fresh paint; that on the vermilion pillars having cracked, and some of it peeled off. We were just in time for evening service, which somewhat resembles that in the Bhudhist temples at Tein-tung. But here the priests sat cross-legged, on long, low, wide divans, with their picturesque hats, which are made of yellow cloth, and in form exactly like Hector's helmet in Flaxman's Illustrations, laid on a table in front of them. There was little variety in the service.

All those present shouted at the top of their voices two or three words, which were constantly repeated in a monotonous chant, varied occasionally by clapping their hands. Then one of the priests recited from their classics; and, when that was over, they dispersed rapidly. In a building behind this temple there is a colossal figure of Bhudha, eighty feet high; but the keeper of the key was nowhere to be found; and, as we were afraid of finding the Temple of Confucius closed if we waited longer, we were obliged to leave without seeing this figure.

The Temple of Confucius was in much better order. The entrance opens into a large court full of cypress-trees, which scented the air pleasantly. In rows all round the court, under the trees, are tablets, with extracts from the classics carved and painted upon them. A paved way leads through this court into another, on either side of the pathway of which is a double row of small pavilions, each containing a tablet-bearing tortoise, hewn in white marble. This court leads to the temple—a large hall, in which is the monumental tablet of the great philosopher, painted vermilion, with gold lettering. Before it stands the altar with the customary offerings. Round the hall were the monumental tablets of some of the first and chief disciples of Confucius. The roof of the building is supported on very large wooden pillars, and the hall is carpeted with thick felt.

The climate of Peking was at this season scorching. The heat was intense, with a fine black dust filling the air, and penetrating everything. But ice and fruit are abundant here, the latter very nice, and Mr. Wade's house was so cool and comfortable, that had it not been for the

necessity of walking, or riding, when wishing to leave the Legation enclosure—there being no carriages but the mule-carts—the heat would have been by no means trying.

We had a few thunderstorms which cooled the air much, but which converted the dust into seas of mud. It was after one of these storms that we set off one morning, hoping to see the Temple of Heaven. This is where the Emperor goes every year, at the winter solstice, to offer sacrifice on behalf of the people. It is the most sacred temple in the whole of China, and it is very difficult to obtain admission. The walled enclosure, in which the temple stands, is several miles in circumference, and we had to ride a considerable distance outside before reaching the gate. More than once on our road we gained a sight of the deep azure tiles of the temple roof. A good deal of parleying took place at the outer gate, but the all-powerful dollar soon effected an entrance for us here, and we found ourselves in a beautiful park, containing magnificent avenues of trees extending on all sides of the square. We rode through them on two sides, and judged that each side must be at least a mile long. Unfortunately, there appears to be some substratum of rock, or bed of uncongenial soil; for many of these fine trees, after attaining a certain height, had lost their crowns, and in one part of the avenue several were dead. There is a second walled enclosure inside this park, which surrounds the temple. At the gate of this Mr. Wade in vain did his utmost to obtain entrance, both by honeyed words and the golden key. But as he knew of a postern door, where on other occa-

sions he had been admitted after failing at the gate, we rode on there. An official, whose mind rose superior to the visionary bastinado when the substantial reality of a dollar was within his grasp, promised to admit us. But he would not open the door till he held the money, and he was told that he would not receive the money until he opened the door. We stood on either side of the wall, parleying for about half-an-hour, hoping that he would relent, but to no purpose. It was evident that the last misdemeanour had been punished with unusual severity. However, in one of the large gates near, there was an opening between two planks, which enabled us to see all that we should have seen inside, though not in so satisfactory a manner. We dismounted, and looked through the chink. The altar is a very large, raised, circular platform of white marble, with a balustrade of the same at the top of each of the three flights of six or seven steps leading up to it. The altars, and everything connected with the Temple of Heaven, are of a circular form, while everything belonging to the Temple of the Earth is square. Behind the altar is the temple itself. The chief peculiarity of this, we were told, is the way in which the light is thrown through blue glass, arranged in such a manner, that the whole air is blue, and you may imagine you are walking through the sky.

It was disappointing not to obtain an entrance into the second enclosure, but still we felt amply compensated for all the dust and dirt we had passed through on our way from the Legation, by the sight of the fine avenues of trees, and the pleasant canter over the soft, springy turf in the park. Close to the Temple of Heaven is

another very extensive enclosure, within which is the Temple of Agriculture. Here the Emperor goes once a-year in great state, and with much solemnity, to plough a furrow and sow grain.

We spent one day in a visit to Yuen-ming-yuen, the celebrated 'Summer Palace' of the Emperor. It is now in utter ruin, but very interesting from its associations, as well as from the remains of what must once have been so magnificent a place. The 'Summer Palace' is about fourteen miles from Peking. About two miles out of the city we stopped at the Temple of the Bell, to see the wonderful piece of casting from which it takes its name. The bell weighs fifty tons. The strength of the woodwork necessary to support such a weight in suspension may be imagined. The bell was cast in the time of Yung-lo, the third Emperor of the Ming dynasty, and the same who removed the capital of the empire from Nanking to Peking. The bell is engraved inside and outside, and five volumes of the classics are said to be inscribed upon it. The bronze looks very good, and the tone of the bell, when struck by the huge wooden beam suspended near, and swung against the bell to ring it, is particularly rich and sweet. It is supposed that the casting of this monster bell was effected by raising a mound, which was removed when the bell was cast and suspended, as in no other way can its position be accounted for.

The 'Summer Palace' must have been a lovely place before its destruction, but is now a sad scene of desolation. Everything is in ruins, and many of the trees still standing are bare, and black from the fire, and add to the

melancholy appearance of the spot. On a hill in the midst of the grounds, rising above a lake of considerable size, a small temple still stands. It was spared, by Lord Elgin's special order, as being too beautiful to be destroyed. We scrambled to it up the hill-side, over the *dêbris* of what must have been a very fine zigzag of steps, and found that the temple is entirely built of glazed bricks, of those wonderful tints, the art of producing which is, it is said, quite lost. The bricks of which the walls are built are of the Imperial yellow. They are about a foot square, and have on each of them a 'Bhudha in contemplation' (*i.e.* sitting cross-legged, with his hands in his lap, looking down), in very high relief. The tiles of the roof are of deep green, and a most lovely torquoise blue. All the ornamental work is beautiful. In the spandrels of the arches are floral patterns of spirited and graceful designs, in various colours on the same tile. It seems a great pity that this art should be lost. Among the numerous objects of admiration in China, there is none more so than this porcelain ware.

On our way down, we turned off through more ruins and *dêbris* to see a small bronze temple. It is a perfect gem, one of the most exquisite pieces of bronze work, I should imagine, in the world. The temple is solid bronze throughout, of such well-wrought metal, that the fire left it unscathed. The work on the panels is beautiful, very minute, but exquisitely finished. The principal ornament is the Imperial five-clawed dragon, and though each of these is only between three and four inches long, every scale is raised, and the whole animal perfectly modelled. All round this temple, till we came again to

the level of the lake, were broken Bhudhas, and fragments of walls and ornaments in coloured pottery, there having formerly been another temple in this part of the grounds similar to that on the hill.

We breakfasted in a little pavilion by the water-side, under the shade of trees, and in view of the pretty lake covered with a profusion of scarlet lotus; and further adorned by an island, a picturesque pagoda, and bridge, the latter a very fine one of seventeen arches. After breakfast I tried to make a sketch of this, but found great difficulty in doing so, the atmosphere being so dry, that before the brush touched the paper it became stiff and hard.

About 4 P.M. we set off to return, but first rode round to the other side of the lake, across the seventeen-arch bridge, to the little island. From here the temple on the hill looked very well. We found on the island a comical old man, who had the most exalted idea of the powers of our steeds. He led us up and down stairs, through narrow doorways and intricate paths, as though they had been bipeds instead of quadrupeds.

We returned to Peking by the Imperial road, which is made of a kind of concrete, and raised as a causeway above the fields, that stretch away on either side far over the plain. This road led us past the Tartar barracks—a large establishment, with a long avenue of trees bordering the road in front of it. The shade was most grateful after the scorching sun and dusty road, the latter as flat, dull, and uninteresting as that by which we had come in the morning.

A day or two after this we left Peking, travelling this

FROM A PAVILION IN THE GROUNDS OF THE YUEN MING YUEN (Summer Palace), PEKING

time by water to Tientsing. Our boats lay on the river at Toong-chow, a town fifteen miles from Peking, to which we rode. The road was uninteresting, and very sandy. We had to keep beside our carts all the time, for fear they should either lose the way or lag behind. A part of the road on which they travelled was a rough, paved causeway, over which they jolted slowly and deliberately, so it was past noon ere we arrived at our destination. There were many stalls under the trees on our road, where people were selling water-melons and marsh-melons, the latter, a small, round species, very juicy, cool, and refreshing.

All along the road boys were engaged in catching cicalas and dragon-flies with gauze-nets. At this season men are to be seen carrying piles of small wicker-cages about the streets, containing one or other of these insects. The Chinese have a strange fancy for the cry of the cicalas, and the women for the whirr caused by the fluttering of the dragon-flies, on which account they carry them inside the bosom of their dress.

As far as we could judge of Toong-chow, by that portion of the town through which we passed, it is a most wretched place. The people looked utterly degraded; and everything that had struck us as disagreeable and revolting in other native cities seemed here exaggerated.

The boats on the Peiho are not nearly as luxurious as those we had from Ningpo. They only accommodate one person; and, if that person happens to be more than 4 feet 6 inches in height, he cannot stand upright in the covered part. Under the latter is a species of well, in which the occupants' goods are stowed. Boards are laid

over the mouth, upon which is laid his mattrass or blanket. There is nothing, either of interest or of beauty, to be seen during this voyage. Sometimes a long reach of the river would be pretty, with trees growing down to the water's edge, and neat-looking cottages amongst them. But these were few and far between, and the only things in or on the river were fleets of rice junks. These, in parties of nearly a hundred, at nightfall form into fleets, and moor close together under the lee of the bank, near some small village or cluster of houses.

The water of the Peiho is thick and muddy, but the boatmen precipitate the mud by a simple process. They cut slits in the lower end of a joint of bamboo, put a lump of alum into the tube, and stir this round in a bucket of water, which, in a few seconds, becomes quite clear, with an inch or so of mud at the bottom of the bucket.

The river was full and the current strong; so that, in spite of the wind being against us, we made good progress with paddling only. In the long reaches, where the current was not felt, the boatmen had to propel us by means of poles, which they stuck in the ground, and leant upon while running along the edge of the boat, first on one side, then on the other. There were only two boatmen to each boat, but never were people possessed of such insatiable appetites. They took it in turns to work, and whichever was not working spent the whole time of rest in cooking and eating. All through the night, close to my head, the frying and frizzling of garlic-flavoured viands went on, the odour of which almost drove me out of the boat.

We arrived at Tientsing, at dawn of the third day after leaving Peking, quite convinced of the superiority of boat-travelling over travelling by cart, even though the time spent on the river should be somewhat longer than on the road, which is the case in going up, as, even with a favourable wind, the current retards progress considerably.

We found the mail-steamer for Shanghai leaving Tientsing two days after our arrival, and in her we left, arriving in Shanghai early on the morning of the fourth day.

CHAPTER XVII.

JAPAN.

The last week we spent in Shanghai was, without exception, the most trying as to climate I have ever passed. The heat was terrific; but that was not so distressing as the damp oppressiveness of the air, which made one feel utterly good for nothing. At night we were unable to sleep, and in the day-time able to do nothing else.

The only occurrence of interest was a visit we paid to one of the merchants' tea-houses, to see the sorting, firing, and colouring of tea. The greater portion of this work is done on the estates up country, but the same process is used. The sorting is done by women and girls, who sit at long low tables, upon which they put heaps of the green leaves from large baskets beside them. It is wonderful to see the rapidity and accuracy with which they separate the different-sized leaves. The green and black teas are from the same shrubs, the only difference being in the different method of drying, or firing, as it is called. The firing-room is filled with stoves, over which are small copper boilers, in which the leaves are placed, and stirred round and round continually, until sufficiently dried. Black tea is more dried in the sun and less by fire than the green. The latter is coloured by a certain

quantity of indigo and ochre, and gypsum being stirred round with it in the copper. The tea-tasting room is a curious sight. On shelves round the room are ranged thousands of small tin canisters, with samples of tea in them, a record of each of which is kept. During the season two or three men are at work all day tasting tea. So much of each kind is made in its own little white china teapot, and left to stand a certain number of seconds. It is then poured off into its own little cup, and the leaves are placed on the lid of the teapot, that they may be examined at the same time as the infusion is tasted.

We could hear of no steamer for Nagasaki leaving for some time, except one which was so small, dirty, and uncomfortable, that we were constantly told, 'Whatever you do, don't go in the "Aviso."' In the 'Aviso,' however, *à faute de mieux*, we were obliged to go. I asked Lucien, on his return from taking some baggage on board, what she was like; he replied, in language more concise and expressive than elegant, '*Stinking* steamer, ma'am!' Still we felt that we should be reaching a more bearable climate by going in her. The only accommodation consisted of a very small saloon, in which the gentlemen were supposed to dress and sleep, and a tiny cupboard off it, where ladies might, if they could, do the same. We slept and ate on deck. The sea looked like a mill-pond, but the 'Aviso' rolled in a way that made one wonder where she would be in a storm. I do not know why the blacks from the funnel should fall more thickly at night than by day, but they certainly did. In the morning every one was covered with smuts, and looked like chimney-sweeps or colliers. Fortunately, our voyage only lasted three

days, and at daylight, on the 12th August, 1866, we found ourselves within sight of Japan.

The entrance to Nagasaki Harbour is lovely. It was a rather misty morning, so that the distance was not very distinct; but as we passed on, the fresh green banks of the clear water, the fine outline of the hills, the little bays, with villages, of which the houses resembled Swiss cottages, only more picturesque and ornamental, the islands with their trees drooping into the water, and the picturesque boats and boatmen, were altogether beautiful, while the pure, dry air made one feel a different being. I had read many descriptions of Japan; and, on first going there, though very much delighted with the country and people, thought the language used in describing them somewhat hyperbolical. But after being some time in the country, one's admiration of it increases, and one finds the reports by no means exaggerated. Of all countries in the world that I have seen, there is none I should so much like to revisit. The cleanliness of everything is exquisite. The boards of the fishing-boats and sampans are like the decks of a man-of-war, and the mats on the floors of the houses and cottages are so clean that one would have no objection to dining on them. The contrast to China was as great as it was agreeable.

There is a large hotel and boarding-house, kept by an Italian, overlooking the harbour, in which we established ourselves. It was in a somewhat disorganized state, owing to the incompatibility of temper of master and mistress, and the presence of his sister, who seemed to act as a firebrand between them. The view over the harbour from the verandah is very pretty. The hotel

stands quite away from the native town and the merchants' houses, and godowns (warehouses), and is on the side of a hill, with the Roman Catholic Church just behind, and the French Consulate and various other dwelling-houses near it. Nagasaki is delightfully quiet, as far as social bustle is concerned. The Japanese make noise enough all round, but of the Europeans one hardly sees or hears anything. There is no regular meeting-place, no newspaper, no ride or walk that every one thinks it their duty to take every evening; and the roads are steep and narrow, and lie mostly between such dense hedges, that one might be close to friends without knowing it. There are some walks and rides on this side the harbour, with lovely views. One is to a place called 'Minnie's Rock,' which overlooks the entrance to the harbour and Rat Island, and the Island of Pappenberg. Pappenberg is the island whence the Japanese, who had been converted to Christianity by Portuguese missionaries, were, in the middle of the 16th century, thrown into the sea. It is now a very strictly guarded fort, upon which no foreigners are allowed to land. The mixture of foliage, belonging to tropical and temperate climates, produces great beauty and variety. In the dingles and hollows, clumps of sombre fir are relieved and lightened by the graceful, feathery bamboo, and among them nestle the beautifully-made wooden cottages, with their neat little gardens and rockeries.

The Japanese ponies are like cats in scrambling over bad ground; and they carry one with perfect safety over ground which is so precipitous and rocky, that I should be very sorry to walk up or down it. If they are shod at

all, the shoes are made of straw. Everything here is in miniature, but so perfect in proportion, that the diminutive size is inappreciable at first. The hills are really low, but the form is that of magnificent mountains. The trees one knows in other countries as gigantic, are here in perfect proportion with the hills; the same may be said of the islands, bays, houses, and people. Everything seems to fit perfectly, like their own beautiful joining, which, while looking beautiful as a whole, will also bear the most minute inspection. I believe, those who know the two people well, generally prefer the Chinese. But for those who do not, there really is no comparison between them. The Japanese, to persons like ourselves, who can spend but a short time amongst them, appear a far finer, freer, and more independent race than the Chinese, and much pleasanter to have any intercourse with. The Chinese seem an essentially unprogressive, and hence necessarily a retrogressive race; they have no ambition, no originality, but are perfectly content to live on upon the traditions of their forefathers, and think them perfection. The Japanese are exactly the reverse; there is nothing they see of good or expedient, belonging to those nations who have effected a footing in the country, that they do not adopt. We went one afternoon across the harbour to see their foundry, which is, though small, as perfect as could be seen anywhere. There are only two or three Europeans, headmen or managers, all the rest of the workmen are Japanese. They send for iron or machinery, which comes out in pieces from England, and they put it together themselves. They buy all the old steamers belonging to the merchants in China, which the

latter consider good for nothing, refit them with new engines, and turn them into men-of-war—disciplined and managed like our own, but officered and manned by Japanese. The women, too, are different from the Chinese women; instead of hurrying off, and hiding their faces if spoken to, they come forward with smiles and small-talk in abundance. We met an old woman one day, carrying a small kitten, about which she gave us a long history, unfortunately incomprehensible, for it seemed to cause her infinite amusement, to judge by the constant display of her black teeth. The ladies shave their eyebrows and blacken their teeth when they marry, which certainly does not improve their personal appearance, otherwise some of them, and many of the unmarried women, are very nice-looking. When really 'got up,' they paint a great deal, and gild their lips; but this is by no means an addition to their beauty in foreign eyes. The lower orders here are far more civilised than the same class in China, with regard to clothing themselves decently, and in their manners and customs generally. The *al-fresco* ablutions,—the hearing of which so horrifies those who have never been out of Europe,—are by no means startling, and hardly more observable than if carried on inside the houses, where the latter are so open as altogether to preclude privacy.

We stayed nearly a month at Nagasaki, and enjoyed it extremely. The weather was intensely hot during the day, but always cool at night, and the heat was dry and bearable. Among the men-of-war in the harbour, we were fortunate in finding here two sailor friends, thanks to whom we enjoyed some delightful walks on the other

side of the harbour, where people hardly ever go, and of which the few acquaintances we made at Nagasaki knew nothing. There we had flat causeways between paddy-fields, green lanes, like English lanes in spring, or grass fields, to stroll through in every direction, without the expenditure of strength and boot-leather required for the scrambling, stony roads of the other side. Sometimes we rowed about the harbour, once down to Rat Island, where our friends had sent out dinner. We also took one long ride to Tokeits, about seven or eight miles from the head of the bay, to which point we went in a boat. We had forgotten to send on a guide, so had to press two small boys into our service by the promise of various itzbous.* It was a lovely ride; at every turn some new beauty developed itself, either of outline or vegetation. Of the latter there was great variety. Dark pines, and firs, and light bamboos, clothed the sides of the hills, whose summits were of soft, green, downy grass, while masses of dark-foliaged forest trees filled up the steep ravines. The paddy-fields, through which we were riding, were of a brilliant green, with neat, comfortable, little homesteads and cottages dotted about over them.

It was past sunset when we arrived at Tokeits, where we hoped to have found a road to bring us back another way to Nagasaki. But we discovered, somewhat to our dismay, that we must retrace our steps. We therefore spent but short time in the pretty, little, fishing village, which stands at the end of a long bay, looking like a lake,

* A silver coin worth about 1*s.* 6*d.*

with distant mountains and islands. Our ponies stepped out well, as if they understood all about it, and picked their way over the bad bits of road, and the long flights of steps, to the village at the head of the harbour, with wonderful sagacity. We came back by a different road for the last mile or so, much better in some respects, but up and down long flights of steps, which were sometimes very steep and slippery. The ponies, however, went up and down as if they had done nothing else all their lives. Not expecting to return the same way, there was no boat to meet us; but we got a sampan, and seating ourselves on the soft, clean, white mat at the bottom of it, were paddled across the harbour. I do not know whether it is owing to some atmospheric influence or not that the moonlight is so exceedingly lovely here. It is like the moonlight of poetry, not of reality, when, to my mind, it is generally either chilly or glaring. Here it is soft, and yet brilliant—a flood of liquid light.

In the course of our walks and rides we found some lovely ferns, and flowers, and beautiful insects. Butterflies and beetles abound in great variety, and also tiny scarlet crabs. The only things which seemed to me out of proportion in the place were the spiders, which are monstrous. They also are very beautiful in their way; some of them with great bodies, looking as if cut out of the richest black velvet, with stripes of bright gold across it. The lizards, too, are exquisite. The cicalas are a nuisance; one can hardly hear oneself or any one else speak for them. They call them 'scissor-grinders,' and really, when they begin slowly 'yes—yes—yes,' and gradually quicken their note, till it becomes nothing but

a harsh, grating hiss, the likeness to the whirr of a machine is great, and the relief when it stops indescribable. The Prussian Consul here, who was one of our fellow-passengers from Shanghai, took us some pretty rides, and occasionally in his boat about the harbour. Once to a point near the entrance, where we landed, and found a small fishermen's temple placed high up the hill, with steps and an avenue of square wooden archways leading to it through a bamboo grove, full of insects, mosses, and ferns. A very quiet and pretty spot. The temple itself is only a small square room, hung round with pictures, principally of foxes, which Mons. L. thought were most probably votive offerings, made by people who had lost their friends. The fox is looked upon as a great and powerful demon, to be held in much veneration. He is supposed often to take the form of a beautiful woman, in which shape he appears to men, and lures them on, and on, and on, till they are lost in the forest, and on discovering it hang themselves. Therefore, when any one is lost, offerings are immediately made at the nearest fox temple, when, if the devil is propitiated thereby, the search for the lost one is successful!

We rode one morning to the top of 'Battery Hill,' which overlooks the town and settlement, and gives a magnificent panoramic view of the whole harbour and surrounding country. At this time of year, there is curiously little colour in the landscape: it is nearly all a soft greyish tint, of different shades. In the autumn they said the colour of the woods was gorgeous, and even now, when the sun strikes on a paddy-field, or bit of copse on the mountain-side, it brings out a brilliant touch,

but otherwise the colour is very similar everywhere. In some places the method which is carried out here of cutting the woods gives a stiff appearance to the hill-sides. They are cut in regular rows, and only once in three years. Many of the governmental arrangements of that kind seem very good. Every man, who cuts one tree, has to plant two instead; no fish is supplied to foreigners until the natives have taken all they require; every house is obliged to have in store so many bags of rice, and so much dried fish, according to the family, in case of famine; and an officer goes round to every house, so many times a-year, to see that they have the proper amount. One instance of the readiness of the Japanese to adopt European improvements is shown by the use they were making of a machine for husking rice, which had been lately sent to them from England. We saw it in operation at the foundry, being worked by one of the engines there. It exactly resembled the quartz crushing-machines used at the gold-fields, only with wooden instead of wrought-steel crushers. By means of this, one man can husk as much rice, and more quickly and effectually, than it formerly required twenty-five men to accomplish.

The native Japanese towns are a grand improvement upon the Chinese. At Nagasaki there were no unpleasant sights and smells, the streets were much wider, with a paved causeway in the middle, picturesque houses, clean mats, and great neatness of arrangement in their wares. But there is little in the shape of curiosities. Eggshell china and straw-work are the only specialities. The latter is very beautiful, and extraordinarily cheap. In the town we often met two-sworded gentlemen walking

about. Their looks were not of the pleasantest, and it appeared as if very little provocation would be required to turn insolent looks into something more disagreeable. But the only unpleasant manners one meets with here are from people of this class. The shopkeepers and lower orders are extremely civil, and among no class in this part of the country exists the ultra-exclusiveness which obtains at Yedo; and, as intercourse with foreigners becomes more extended, even that seems to be rapidly wearing away. I am afraid there are few of them who do not possess the usual attributes of Eastern nations; viz., a tendency to lie and steal whenever they get a chance; but those who have had most to do with them agree in speaking highly and hopefully of them as a people. I fear, too, that our own countrymen, in many instances, do great harm by insisting, John Bull-like, that there cannot be such a fine fellow in the world as an Englishman, and treating the Japanese, who probably think much the same of themselves, as inferiors, and as a conquered people. When men consider themselves justified in pushing a native off the causeway, upon which both happen to be, as a young man one morning, at the *table d'hôte*, maintained he had a right to do, 'because the native was an inferior, and must always be looked upon as an inferior,' it is not surprising that it is necessary to go about with pistols and revolvers. But this part of the country is so different from Yedo, where all the great Daimios reside, that I imagine most alarmists run much greater risk of being blown up by their own fire-arms than of being cut in pieces by the swords of their enemies.

The Prussian Consul took us one afternoon to visit a friend of his, a Japanese gentleman, living just beyond the hotel. He gave him no notice of our intention, so that we might see him in his every-day guise. When we arrived he was in his garden, but immediately came forward, and, in a most courteous, gentlemanly manner, invited us in. The garden was very small, but made the utmost of. A little rill of water ran round it, in which were rocks, with small ferns and water-plants growing among them. In front of the house the water ended in a small pond, in which flourished some enormous lotus plants, with an extremely tasteful and pretty arrangement of rocks and flowers round it. The room into which he first took us appeared to be the general sitting-room. It was full of all kinds of odd things; among others, a map of the world on Mercator's projection, hanging against the wall. The family altar on this day, one of the three during which the Feast of Lanterns is celebrated, was plentifully supplied with fruit and joss-sticks, and many china jars and ornaments. Into this room the sun was shining, so we went on to another, in a detached building close to the first, where our host took down the side-wall; a simple process, when they only consist of a sliding-panel filled in with paper, and brought us into an empty room, which looked out into another tiny garden. Here, apparently, the little brook rose, formed itself into a miniature fountain, and with a pleasant, refreshing tinkle, but faint as fairy bells, trickled away over a miniature rockery. This room was only partially matted, elsewhere the wood, which was waxed, shone like satin. A pillar in the centre was formed of a tree stem, with

the rough, outer bark removed, and then waxed, till it looked as bright as if varnished. The whole place was simple, clean, cool-looking, and in perfect taste. Tea was brought almost immediately, and a box of sweet cakes and comfits, as prettily arranged as a box of French bon-bons, also a lacquered basket, containing a china jar of charcoal for lighting pipes, with a space all round for the ashes. The Japanese pipes, like the Chinese, contain only a pinch of tobacco, sufficient for two or three whiffs, after which it is emptied and refilled. In either China or Japan, people should have nothing else to do, when smoking, but to fill and empty their pipes. The Japanese tea is delicious. It is dried in the sun, and the infusion is of the palest straw colour, and very delicate in flavour. They have small wicker-work 'solitaires,' which they dip into the cup and generally use, even when the tea has been made in a teapot. Our host conversed much with Mons. L., not in the ceremonious, measured style of the Chinese, but in simple and sensible language, accompanied though by a good deal of bowing and ceremony, in gesture and manner. Indeed his manner more nearly approached my idea of perfection, in the combination of courtly politeness and stately cordiality, than any I have ever seen, except, now and then, in an old English gentleman, and once in an old American. He was genial without being *empressé*, and reserved without being cold. He gave us a specimen of Japanese music, on two instruments. One much resembled a lute, but was shorter. He played upon this with a little slip of tortoise-shell. The other was a rude kind of violin, in form resembling a very short-handled croquet mallet.

The bow was passed under the strings, so as not to be lost, and a lump of rosin was fastened on to the mallet-head, against which the bow passed at every movement, thus saving the player all trouble in rosining. He tuned both instruments in fifths, and then played some very pretty airs, plaintive and melancholy, but quite western in character, with the same intervals and harmony as our own. He said the two instruments sounded much better when played together, which one could believe. When we were leaving, I begged a fern-leaf from his garden, whereupon he gave me a whole plant, and some beautiful pomegranate blossoms. He desired Mons. L. to tell us, that he should always be happy to see us, if we were passing, even were we alone. When told that we had come from Bombay, he immediately showed how he had studied his map by exclaiming, 'Ha! ha! Bom-bay, Hin-doos-stan, ha! ha!'

An old man, with educated birds, came one day to the hotel, and put them through their parts. They were tomtits and goldfinches, very clever in their tricks, which were, however, much the same as one may see any day in the streets in London,—hopping up steps to pull a bucket out of a well, firing a pistol, drawing a bow-string (the arrow, of course, hitting the bull's eye), choosing a named card out of a pack, and so on. But the old man was unique. He had but one arm, and was the most original specimen of a wizened, lantern-jawed, old Japanese. He chattered away the whole time in a high-pitched, unmodulated voice, waving his head backwards and forwards exactly like a Chinese mandarin of the most conventional type, as sold at the Baker Street Bazaar.

The care bestowed upon the graveyards in Japan is a great improvement upon China. The neatness and order reigning within the walls are admirable. Flowers, or evergreens, are generally planted round the graves, and they often have vases with evergreens placed in them, in front of the tablet. Every family has its own little plot of ground walled round, inside which are the graves in rows; each grave with its tablet and inscription in gold, black or red: the latter only when the person for whom the grave is prepared is still living. Those who are rich enough burn their dead and bury the ashes.

We were taken one day by some friends to a small place called 'Siebold's Garden,' formerly the property of a Dutchman. As there was not much to see in the garden itself, we scrambled up to the top of a hill behind the house, on which are the ruins of a Daimio's castle, whence one has a fine view of the whole of the harbour. The city lies at the foot of the hill, looking neat and clean, with trees growing among the houses; while spreading gradually up the sides of the hills, in all directions, are these picturesque and neatly-kept graveyards. This ruin was the scene of a Japanese romance. A short time ago, two lovers, whose parents or guardians were averse to their union, came to this spot, where the gentleman shot first the lady and then himself. Their bodies were found side by side among the rocks. They say this sort of tragedy is by no means uncommon; and if there is an obstacle in the way of a marriage, lovers are often found clasped in each other's arms at the bottom of a well.

We were very fortunate in being at Nagasaki during

the Feast of Lanterns, which is celebrated here more generally, and with greater feasting and holiday-making, than at any other place. The feast is held in honour of departed relatives and ancestors: it lasts three days, or rather nights; for the feasting only begins at dusk, when the graves are lighted up. The effect on the hill-sides all round is very pretty, like a far-distant view of a lamp-lit city, with rows, unequal in length and irregular in shape, of twinkling lights. The first night, only those who have died during the past year are feasted; consequently, there is not much lighting required. The second night, those who have died during the last two years; when there is more lighting. The third, and last night, the spirits of all the ancestors that ever were are feasted, and then sent away in straw boats, filled with food, sweetmeats, trumpery ornaments, copper cash, &c., decorated with flags and coloured sails, and hung round with lanterns. An English merchant in partnership with one of the largest Japanese houses at Nagasaki, offered to take us to visit his friends during their grand feast on the last night. We set off about seven o'clock in the evening, and after about half-an-hour's walking reached the graveyards behind the city. They were most brilliantly lighted. Wooden frames, like clothes-horses, lined the walls of each family burial-place. On these were hung one, two, or three rows of paper lanterns, on which were devices, generally in black, but sometimes in red, or other bright colours. The most common was a butterfly; others had figures or letters; others a grand kaleidoscopic arrangement of various colours and devices. I could not find out anything more with regard to the butterfly than what

I could see for myself; but it is strange how, in all countries of the world, there seems to be some custom, tradition, or superstition, which forms, as it were, a link between all nations and kindreds through all times of the world's history. On the open space in the middle of each plot of ground mats were spread, and there the family, as existing at the time, meets and feasts. Sometimes one saw a large, merry, family party, old and young, children, and babies in arms; sometimes a man and woman, or a man and two or three women; sometimes a woman with two or three children; sometimes an old and young woman; and sometimes a poor old man, or woman, quite alone. All seemed cheerful and happy, and everything was quiet and orderly. The most astonishing part of it was the absence of noise. Of course there was a great buzz where thousands were gathered together, all talking and laughing, and children occasionally shouting or crying, but there was no noise, nor was there the hideous tom-tomming and squeaking of cow-horns, which invariably attend Indian and Chinese feasts. The graveyard to which we went was one of the largest. There was a great family gathering of old and young. They made us sit down on their mat, which was raised on a small platform, and brought us tea and sweatmeats—the old women, while we were drinking our tea, amusing themselves by an examination of our clothes. At the corner, where I was sitting, one old woman could pursue her investigations without my being much the wiser, and went on until she arrived at my crinoline, which caused immense astonishment, and demanded the attention of all the ladies of the party, who took hold of the steel and bent it backwards

and forwards, quite unable to comprehend its use. They lent us a guide from here to take us to some of the other graves, the paths between being somewhat rough and intricate. After seeing several other festive parties, we returned to the hotel to wait till midnight, when we were taken to the head of the bay, near the city, to witness the departure of the spirits in their boats. We had seen the boats standing in front of almost all the houses in the streets as we passed through the city. The hull is entirely of straw, and is very well made. Sometimes, instead of each house having its own boat, the street clubs and produces a huge thing, in joints, like the sea-serpent, about 50 or 60 feet long. Soon after midnight the first boats made their appearance, but not till about two o'clock did the great rush take place, and then it was really very pretty, with all these boats, brilliantly lighted by their coloured lanterns, and decorated with flags and evergreens. Some of them had enormous sails, on which were painted figures of Bhudhas or other representations, or with their prows made in some quaint device. There was one very large boat, which had a cobra's head in brilliant green, with terrific tongue and eyes glaring upon the beholder! Others were like dragons, and some represented houses, or steamers, and were very cleverly made. They are carried down to the water, and when launched, are guided by men and boys, who push them before them while swimming. It is considered right for the boat to catch fire before it gets too far down the harbour, but some of the swimmers seemed at once to guide their charge as near a burning wreck as possible, so as to set it on fire immediately. In

spite of which a long string of them worked their way down towards the sea. About two o'clock the sakki appeared to have taken great effect. The ancestors' spirits were no longer made to descend the steps with slow and becoming dignity, but came tumbling down, the boats falling over as soon as they touched the water, and presenting the most dissipated appearance, many of them catching fire before they were well afloat. The view of the harbour from above must have been very pretty at the time that the boats formed a procession; but had we gone on to the hill we should have lost the details, which are curious and interesting. The row back down the harbour was delightful. It is a great pity, when in Japan, not to spend the moonlight nights entirely on the water. Anything more lovely than the harbour then appears, or more delicious than the air, it would be difficult to imagine. Next morning the water was covered with the *dêbris* of the night's work, and alive with small boys swimming about among the straw wrecks, seeking for cash, or sweetmeats, or anything which might have escaped the eyes and fingers of former 'wreckers.'

One of our principal reasons for coming to Nagasaki, was the hope of getting to Yokohama by the Inland Sea. For some time it seemed very doubtful whether we should be able to do so. The war between the Tycoon and Prince Chiusiu was at its height, and the Japanese, who are very jealous of that sea being open to foreigners, were doing all they could to make their civil war an excuse for closing it, by contriving to make the passage of the Straits of Simonasaki disagreeable, if not dangerous to

foreign vessels. The ministers and consuls were equally anxious, and determined not to let it be so, but at the same time warned captains of vessels, that if they found an engagement going on in the Straits, and did not anchor, they must be responsible for any injury which might happen to their vessels from stray shots, or what would be called such. Fair enough one would think, but the good people here construed it into the supposition that there must be great danger attending the passage. The last steamer which came through was carrying Japanese officials, and had been fired upon, so the captains and owners of vessels, that would under other circumstances have gone about once a-week, could not make up their minds to the risk. They constantly sent word, now that they would, now that they would not, go, till we began to fear that we should have to return to Shanghai, and thence recross to Yokohama. At last, one evening, we were greeted by the news that a steamer was really going the next day. She did not go till three days after, and had on board very few passengers, except Japanese officials. However, we could not afford to lose the opportunity, and accordingly started in her.

Among the fourteen Japanese officials on board were an officer of rank, and an interpreter, going to join one of the Tycoon's vessels at Simonasaki; the others were going on to Yokohama. It is very amusing to witness the manner of inferiors to superiors among the natives. If a gentleman is speaking to his servant, the latter stoops down, and keeps up a perpetual curtseying, at the same time rubbing his knees up and down, and whistling, as an English groom does while cleaning a

horse. Two of these gentlemen were quite Anglicised, and begged, through the interpreter, that they might be allowed to dine with the Europeans. Their request was acceded to, and they took their meals with the European passengers, using knives and forks as if they had been accustomed to them all their lives. Indeed, the difference between their management of those implements and that of a German on board, who used to flourish his in a way that made one tremble for his neighbours' eyes and throats, was striking. The Japanese were all remarkably well behaved. One of them, a doctor, was inclined to be very communicative, and fancied he knew something of English. It was difficult to comprehend one's mother tongue when a sentence consisted of only one or two words of English, pronounced in a somewhat original manner, and all the rest Japanese, aided by signs, which, though expressive, did not lessen the difficulty of carrying on a long conversation. He came to me one day, when I was reading a very 'trashy' novel, and asked if my book was English, I said yes, and asked if he could read English. He did not quite follow this, but after a pause inquired, pointing to my book, 'English history?' 'A history,' I replied. 'Oh,' then a long pause, 'is it general history?' I answered that it was 'very general history.' Afterwards he tried very hard to explain all about the defences of one of the ports where we stopped. But the conversation at last resolved itself into a mixture of Japanese words and gesticulations, so that I could only arrive at the fact of their possessing no guns, only pistols and swords. The dress of these high officials was very similar to that of an English bishop. In the dusk of the

evening, unless one happened to see the peculiar cut of the hair, or the face, one would almost believe it to be a high dignitary of our Church standing near. They wore knee-breeches and gaiters, and a square-cut coat, high at the throat. When without gaiters they showed black silk stockings, and generally wore English shoes. The only difference in the costume of each was the colour and pattern of a little worked patch on the coat at the back of the neck. I believe this is the crest of the wearer.

About noon of the day after we left Nagasaki we arrived at the entrance to the Straits of Simonasaki. There were three steamers there, belonging to the Tycoon. The batteries on either shore belonged to Prince Chiusiu. Besides the officer and interpreter, various cases of muskets had to be disembarked for one of the steamers. This kept us altogether for about three hours holding communication with the Tycoon's people, in a way that was certainly sufficient to compromise our neutrality in the eyes of the Prince's party. Whether it was that, or merely with the hope of intimidating us, I cannot say; but as we were passing the first battery they fired three shells, which passed over our stern and fell into the water. They had previously fired one or two shot, apparently with a view of warning the battery at the other end of the Straits, which answered immediately. So we were prepared for more firing there; in which case our captain had his guns all ready to return it. But they took no notice of us; at least in that way. There was great excitement among the people in the towns by the water's edge, and in the numerous batteries, both masked and open, on the hill-sides. The streets in the towns were

crowded, the officers at the batteries examining us through their glasses with great attention; but they took no further notice of us, and we cleared the outer passage in safety. The following is the Japanese account of the occurrence:—

'*Simonoseki*, 22*d Day of* 7*th Month*,
(*August* 31, 1866).

'M. D. Flowers, Esq.

'Sir,—I have the honour of writing you the matter which took place yesterday afternoon, about 3 o'clock.

'A British vessel was coming down from the Sea of Kushiu towards Simonoseki. The officer at Hikoshima thought she was a strange one, or ought to be an enemy's one, having not observed any sign in the ship. On account of this, against the ship they fired a gun from the island; but she has not been any danger at all. This gun is a field-piece, and is used for conveying intelligence to the army and navy at Simonoseki when enemy comes there, as we are at the present state. Unfortunately, the officers could not see the British flag in the ship, in consequence of it has been rolled on the mast by the wind. The officers are now punished for their fault, and we greatly fear ourselves for this mischief. We beg to have the excuse on the matter, as it was a real mistake. We shall take great care in future, whenever a foreign vessel is passing this Strait. An officer Kozen was sent, for informing you upon the matter.

'I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
Katswura Gow,
The Governor of Simonoseki.'

Private Letter to Mr. Lowder, sent at the same time.

'*Simonoseki*, 22*d Day of* 7*th Month*,

'Dear Lowder,

'I am so sory to inform you that we have done a great mischief against the British ship yesterday.

'The Governor wrote the Consul on the matter, and an officer wis

sent for Misenger. I wish you will hear everything from Godai, and will kindly make the best for us, as it was a true mistake. What are we stupid fellows [*Here followed a mark, either interrogation or admiration, though which it was impossible to say*] as such a thing has done! I wish you will soon explain the matter to Mr. Flowers, and write to Sir Parkes at Yokohama. I have no doubt you would be so kind as to help us.

'Dear Lowder,

Yours very truly,

ITO.'

Unfortunately for their veracity, the Union Jack was blowing out as straight as possible, the captain having been particularly careful not to give them that excuse.

The conduct of the Japanese on board, while we were passing through the Straits, was a good instance of the way things are managed in Japan. As soon as we moved from the place where we had stopped to disembark the officer and muskets, one and all went quietly down on to the lower deck, where they remained crouched behind the guns, or close under the bulwarks, peeping out of the ports. There had been no apparent consultation among them, nor had the captain given the slightest hint that their presence as Tycoon's officials would compromise the vessel. It was done quietly, and without the least fuss, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. After we had passed they returned to their various places all over the upper deck, as before.

The scenery just outside the Straits is pretty, and the whole way closely resembles lake scenery. But we had had our expectations raised to such a pitch by descriptions of it, that we were fain to confess a certain amount of disappointment when we saw it. I believe, however, that

we were unfortunate both in weather and time. The former was often very bad, and some of the finest points we passed during the nights. At Hiogo, which is said to be the most beautiful place in Japan, the rain was so heavy that we could not land. It is, in time, to be an open port; and then, doubtless, we shall hear great things of the scenery, which is at present only known to a favoured few. Had the weather been brighter, there were many parts which we could imagine would be extremely pretty. But I cannot think that the scenery of the Suonada or Inland Sea would ever be worthy of the rhapsodies bestowed upon it by many of those who have seen it. It is certainly not as fine, either in form or colouring, as that surrounding the Scotch or Irish lakes. We heard that we lost half the beauties in coming through as we did; and that one should be stationed in the sea, and able to go in and out of the little bays and nooks, in order fully to appreciate its beauty. And this I can readily believe.

On the morning of the 4th of September we had our first glance of Fusiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan; and one cannot wonder, after seeing it, that the Japanese should so worship it. Imagine a grand cone, in a country where there are few high mountains, 12,450 feet high, standing comparatively alone out of the plain, for the other hills near are as nothing, and appear more like part of the slope leading to it than a separate range. There is almost always a little snow on the summit, and when seen on a clear morning or evening, cut sharp and distinct against the sky, it is a magnificent object, and well worthy of the veneration bestowed upon it. We had

to beat our way against a strong headwind and heavy sea up the bay to Yokohama, where we arrived about 5 P.M. It is a pretty bay, but the day was not favourable for seeing it; and after the very early morning Fusiyama had been enveloped in clouds, and quite invisible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YOKOHAMA AND YEDO.

The morning after our arrival, Sir Harry and Lady Parkes came to our hotel, and invited us to the Legation; where we stayed, both here and at Yedo, enjoying our visit thoroughly, thanks to the kindness of our host and hostess.

The settlement at Yokohama is of considerable extent; the houses almost invariably built of wood, stone being considered unsafe where earthquakes are of constant occurrence. On the other hand, wooden houses run great risk from fire; and almost the first news we heard after our departure from Japan, was that nearly the whole of Yokohama had been burnt down. The native town lies to the east of the settlement, and runs in an easterly direction till it merges into a straggling suburb, which eventually, after crossing two long bridges over wide canals, joins the Tokaido. There is a gate at either end of the native town, which is closed and guarded at night. The Tokaido is the Imperial highway of Japan. It is a very good road, running through the whole length of the island of Niphon,* and is that by which the Tycoon and

* This word is pronounced 'Nippon.'

Daimios, the great noblemen of Japan, travel, when on their way to or from Yedo, the capital, and their country seats. One of the most contested points in making our treaty with Japan, was the great desire of the Japanese to keep foreigners off the Tokaido. This was at last conceded; but even now there is, if not actual danger, always more or less risk to foreigners when using this road. Even those Daimios who are in favour of foreign intercourse, cannot restrain the feelings of the long train of followers with which they travel; and more than one sad occurrence has, within the last few years, testified to the necessity for caution on the part of foreigners, and for their being armed.

Yokohama stands on a plain surrounded by an amphitheatre of low hills. Amongst these are many delightful rides, abounding with beautiful trees and shrubs, which from their richness and luxuriance, aided by the extensive cultivation of paddy in the level lands, produce much the same general effect as the scenery in Ceylon. Here, however, there is even greater variety and beauty in the colouring, from the blending of *intra* and *extra* tropical foliage. Nothing could be more lovely than these groups of dark, glossy-leaved trees and shrubs, surrounding stiff, rugged, sombre-looking pines and firs, and among them the waving feathers of light, bright-green bamboo. A very fine road, following the coast for some miles round Yokohama, has been made by order of the Japanese Government, with the hope of keeping foreigners off the Tokaido. In this object it has not been successful; but it has provided foreign residents with a very pleasant ride or drive. The views all the way are beautiful. The

sea is as blue as the Mediterranean, and is covered with white-sailed boats. For those who do not object to the thick jungle, there is a bridle-path to the top of one of the highest hills, called 'Macpherson's Hill;' whence there is a splendid view over the country, and the pretty bay, called by the Americans (who were the first, in modern times, to establish a treaty with Japan), 'Mississippi Bay.' This bay is situated at the back of the peninsula on which Yokohama stands. There were not, at this season, many wild flowers in bloom; but among the few was the Pirus Japonica, the beautiful red blossoms of which covered its half-creeping stem. We had a fine view from this place of the noble Fusiyama. The oftener one sees this magnificent mountain, the less one wonders that it should be a 'sacred' object.

There is one long street in the native town known by the name of 'Curio Street,' from the principal curiosity vendors having established shops there. Here we spent much of our time while at Yokohama. Buying and selling is quite as long a process in Japan as in China, but in the former is much more agreeable. In the first place, the scrupulous cleanliness of the shop and everything in it is one great advantage; and another is, that everything is so admirably arranged in the Japanese shops that, while the owner is deliberating over the sum offered by the purchaser, the latter may amuse himself for hours in looking at other things, arranged in drawers, or trays, or shelves, round the shop. Even the commonest articles are beautifully made by these ingenious people. As joiners, I imagine, they are unequalled. I tried to get as many things as possible put separately into the little

wooden boxes, in which they pack one's purchases, simply for the sake of the boxes; they are so strong, and so perfectly finished. I am sorry to say that curiosities, like many other things, seem to have deteriorated since the admission of foreigners into the island. There are now many 'base imitations' of pretty things made wholesale for exportation to England and America. It is with great difficulty that really valuable things can be procured, so good are the imitations, and so few are the curiosity-hunters who can discern between them and an original. The ivory work is exquisite. Quite different in every way from the Chinese, and, in my opinion, infinitely superior. The Chinese are very clever, patient, and grotesque in their designs; but the Japanese possess an amount of real fun, and a sense of the ludicrous, which exhibits itself strongly in their works of art. There are certain little pieces of carved ivory, called 'nidjkis' (query as to spelling, which I have made phonetic) or 'buttons,' though they do not resemble any buttons known to European requirements, which are fastened to one end of a cord that has pipe and tobacco-case, or pen-and-ink holder fastened to the other end, to prevent its slipping through the waist-belt. Some of these 'buttons' are very beautiful; not only as carvings, but for the expression and taste displayed in the attitudes, grouping, and execution. There is, we were told, a large collection of fairy tales, legends, and myths, popular amongst all classes of Japanese; and scenes from some of these are constantly represented in the buttons; also in small bronze *plaques*, which are used by the natives to let into the handles of their swords, and bought by foreigners to convert into

ornaments, such as brooches, necklaces, bracelets, solitaires, &c. The Japanese are considered the finest metal-workers in the world, and I can readily suppose such to be the case after seeing specimens of both large and small bronzes, in which the blending of various metals, and engraving of the same, is what one could hardly imagine without seeing it. Storks, tortoises, frogs, and skeletons, are among their favourite subjects. Several of the fairy tales relate to the wars between the frogs and the snakes; the illustrations of which, as often seen upon large ivory cups, are perfect. You see the snake watching from the trunk or branch of a tree, about which he is coiled, while round the cup, frogs of various rank and degree march along, on their hind-legs, headed, perhaps, by a small green frog, with a long lance in his hand, mounted on the back of an aldermanic brown frog, and upon the point of charging his enemy the snake. There are many other things used by the Japanese themselves which are yet more curious and quaint, but which are so common, and in the country itself considered of so little value, that no one thinks of exporting them. Amongst them we found some blow-pipes, which were very original. They were made of some kind of metal, in the form of a dumpy old woman, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch high, whose face it required some ingenuity to discover. After being heated, soaked in water, and then placed upon a lump of hot charcoal, opposite the fire she is to blow, she soon begins puffing away vigorously, hissing and spluttering, till she has blown the fire into a splendid blaze. Among the children's toys are paper pictures, which look as if woven in *crêpe;* these, when gently pulled on all sides, grow to about twice their original

size, still preserving the original forms. The illustrated Japanese books are very good, and show much artistic talent. I bought a few of them, which answered, as far as we could learn, to the little story-books with wood-cut illustrations, such as would be given in England to school-children. I selected them simply as studies for myself. A group of trees, a branch of bamboo, a bunch of leaves, a cottage and turn in a road, and such simple subjects, formed each of them a perfect study in itself, though appearing to have been drawn with one stroke of the pen. The latter is, in fact, a brush, but is made quite hard with gum or glue, except at the extremity. There are certain things, however, which it seems impossible for a Japanese to draw with accuracy. We never saw the picture of a horse, cow, or elephant, that resembled the originals. In the latter case this might be because an elephant must always be drawn by them from the descriptions they have heard or read of the animal, for I cannot learn that elephants were ever found in, or brought to this country.

The multitude of uses to which paper is put in Japan is astonishing. I believe there is nothing the people would not make of paper should no other material be at hand. Rain-coats, umbrellas, pocket-handkerchiefs, lanterns, windows, boxes, string, pouches which look as if made of morocco-leather, hats, almost everything one could name. The paper is very fine and smooth, and extremely tough; so much so, that it is impossible to tear it across the grain, and the edges are always rough and jagged when torn with the grain. I should like much to have seen the manufacture of paper here, but the Japanese are

most jealous of showing any of their home manufactures to foreigners. We never saw a sheet of Japanese paper of any size. A good deal of it is stamped in patterns and coloured, which, when used for windows, looks exactly like ground glass or figured muslin.

The Japanese china is beautiful, though not equal to the Chinese; except the 'egg-shell china,' which surpasses for delicacy and transparency any that I saw in that country. There are other kinds of china that I have rarely seen in England, and which are, I think, though perhaps less curious, quite as beautiful as the 'egg-shell.' Among them the rarest, and most difficult to procure, is lacquered china. I bought the only four pieces we could find or hear of in Yedo, when we were there. They were small round tea-cups, and, like all tea-cups in China or Japan, without handles: they were white inside, and black, with leaves beautifully painted in red, on the outside. There is also a kind of china with the flowers, birds, or whatever the design upon it may be, raised above the ground of the plate, saucer, or bottle, and this is done both in thick and transparent china.

But of all the works of art in which the Japanese excel the Chinese, the lacquer is the most striking. Some of that now made is very fine, but not to be compared with the real old lacquer, which is very rare. This is hardly ever brought into the market, except when some old family is in such distress for want of money that they bring pieces of antique lacquer (which is as highly esteemed by them as family plate with us) to be sold at Yedo or Yokohama. There are on some of the noblemen's estates manufactories of lacquer, from which their owners

derive great wealth. Some are celebrated for the excellence of the lacquer. Articles made there are always marked with the crest or crests of the owner of the estate, so that that which is much sought after, such as Prince Satsuma's lacquer, may at once be recognised by seeing his crest upon each piece.* We were in Japan just after Sir H. and Lady Parkes had been paying a visit to Prince Satsuma at Kagosima, his country-house in the island of Kiu Siu, not many hours distant from Nagasaki. The description of the lacquer in his house was quite tantalizing to those who would never see it, but we could in some measure judge of its beauty from two bowls which were then given to Lady P., and which were far more beautiful than anything to be seen in the shops. In a Japanese house, nearly all domestic utensils are made of lacquer. When it is good, it is said to become all the more beautiful by use, and the constant rubbing and cleaning burnish the specks of real gold and silver inserted here and there, and polish the surface to an extreme brilliancy.

We generally spent the morning in Curio Street, employing the afternoon in pleasant rides, wherever beautiful scenery was to be found. On one occasion we

* Each Daimio has a particular crest, like any English gentleman; which crest is marked upon all his things, from his gateway to the lacquer made for his own use, like our dinner or breakfast sets. Besides a private crest, each Daimio has a public one, to be put upon all china or lacquer made on his estate. When buying lacquer with both crests upon it, you know that it has been in use in the Daimio's family, and that either he has been in immediate want of money, and has therefore sold some of his household furniture, or that he has had as much use as was required out of the article.

rode to Treaty Point, the spot upon which the first American treaty was signed. It forms the extremity of a spit of land, to reach which we had to go some distance along the shore, which here is closely lined with fishermen's cottages. Before each stood a wooden press for extracting oil from fish. The presses were rude in construction, though doubtless, had they been at work, they would have proved as ingenious and effective as all Japanese contrivances are.

A few days after this, all, except Lady P., went to Yedo. We had made preparations two or three days before, but the rain had each day delayed our departure. At last, however, as it appeared to have regularly 'set in,' it was determined to brave the wet, and next morning we were to embark in H. M.'s gunboat 'Bustard.' We found already assembled on board, and looking like drowned rats, the twenty-five unfortunate marines forming the guard, with their officer, and one or two other gentlemen who were coming to stay with Sir H. at Yedo. The 'Bustard's' reputation was not based upon her speed: it was said that she had accomplished the eighteen miles, which is the distance by sea, in nine hours. However, Lady P. had provided us with a basket of provisions, and, making the best of what was inevitable, we steamed away in the drenching rain. Mr. S. (the interpreter) was in rainy weather quite an apparition. He had adopted the rain-coat of the natives. Not one made of oiled paper, which much resembles a white or yellowish Macintosh, but one of those used by the coolies and countrymen, made by fastening together rows of fringe of long grass; in which he looked more like a North-American

Indian, with moose-deer trimmings, than a civilised being. I could not learn that this coat possessed any superiority over those generally used by gentlemen.

Fortunately for us, the 'Bustard's' character rose in the opinion of the public on this occasion. She brought us into Yedo harbour in very good time. The pier, which is about a mile from the place where the gunboat cast anchor, is opposite the Legation gates, and only separated from them by the width of the Tokaido and a short piece of lane, with yaconins' houses, stables, and so on, on either side. I believe this is one of the extra precautions for the safety of the members of the Legation which have been considered advisable, since the treacherous attack made in 1861 upon the temple which was, for the time being, the Legation, and where the then minister (Sir R. Alcock) was living.

The present building is supposed to be only temporary, having been run up as quickly as possible by the Japanese government, after one nearly completed, in another part of the city, was burnt down. This is, in summer, a very comfortable and well-arranged house, with inside fittings in Japanese style; but in winter the sliding panels, filled in with paper, and the sitting-rooms, with their numerous doors opening on to the verandahs, must necessarily occasion unpleasant draughts. The house stands on a slope, and consists of a long single story, divided in the middle, with a covered passage connecting the two parts of the building. In one part is the minister's residence, and in the other the secretaries' and attachés' quarters. The barracks of the European guard are a detached building near the secretaries' quar-

ters. The whole of the ground is enclosed by a high wooden wall, surmounted by a formidable *chevaux-de-frise*, which the Japanese declared was absolutely necessary. From the front verandah the view of the harbour, and three small Japanese forts, is pretty.

The yaconins form the native guard. There is a large force of them always at hand, and no one can go an inch outside the gates, either on horseback or on foot, without finding half-a-dozen of these men at his elbow, prepared to accompany him in the same way. It makes one feel rather like a prisoner, being always attended by some of the European guard and a tribe of yaconins. And the necessity for being armed is troublesome. But both precautions are necessary; for though the Japanese are daily becoming more friendly, and more dependent on foreigners, they are very uncertain (as many sad tales of foreigners who have been murdered by them, even during the last few years, sufficiently prove), and very revengeful. If a Japanese thinks he has been insulted by a foreigner, and is unable to avenge himself upon the particular man against whom he bears a grudge, he will do so upon any foreigner he has it in his power to kill or injure; and if unable to take his own revenge, will leave it as an heirloom to his family. Thus no one can really consider himself safe in Japan; nor does any one know whether he may be called upon to defend his life at a moment's notice.

The yaconin guard is very annoying when one is riding, as, the moment the horses are put into a canter, half of them ride in front of the party, and being mounted on native ponies, which, though good, strong, sturdy animals, have not much speed, they are always under one's

horse's nose. But the most vexatious part of being obliged to have this guard is, that whenever any occasion occurs where their services are really required they disappear, and when questioned on the subject and remonstrated with, invariably declare that the foreigners were to blame for not following them.

Outside the wooden walls of the Legation, from a mound on which is the flagstaff, the view over the bay is very pretty. In the garden several kinds of azaleas were growing splendidly, and in the water, flowing among rockery, were lotus-lilies in abundance. Here we caught the most exquisite little lizard I have ever seen; it was like a gem made of enamel and jewels. About three inches long, its head a rich bronze colour, shading down into bright green, which again passed into blue, so brilliant that, at the end of the tail, it resembled lapis lazuli. Running down each side, from the eye to the tip of the tail, was a slender line of the most brilliant gold The poor little reptile was so frightened when put under a glass, that we could see every beat of its heart, and, when released, it darted off like a miniature rocket.

The night after our arrival there was a severe typhoon. What a fearful night it was! It seemed as if the whole house would be blown away with the violence of the wind; while the rain pouring down upon the roof, and the ceaseless rattle of doors and windows, almost drowned the voices of the sentries stationed round the house. Since the treacherous assault, which I mentioned before, made upon the Legation, when the sentry was cut down before he had time to call out, the sentries shout out the number of their post and 'All's well,' at intervals of

half an hour, all through the night. Two or three days after we heard from Yokohama that the mail-steamers had been in the greatest danger in this typhoon, and that the officers had almost given up hope of saving them.

The two days after our arrival, before the horses were able to cross the river on the Tokaido, we could not make any long expedition in the neighbourhood, but our walks were to places of interest. One day we went to Tozenji, the temple in which Sir R. Alcock was living when the attack was made upon the Legation. The situation of the buildings is pretty, but must have greatly favoured the Japanese during the attack. High ground, covered with large trees, slopes down to the temple on all sides, offering concealment and shelter to almost any number of men, who could easily break down a portion of the wooden enclosure surrounding the grounds without discovery. A fine avenue leads up to the pile of building, which comprises a large number of priests' houses, besides the temple itself. The priests for a long time refused to admit us, but at last agreed to show us the dwelling-house occupied by the English during their residence here, provided we would take off our shoes. We did so, and they then led us through several rooms, fitted with sliding panels, and carpeted with the soft, thick, white matting found in all Japanese dwellings. Anything more inconvenient and dismal as a residence than this it would be hard to find. The rooms are small and low, with closets, cupboards, and the encroaching corners of other rooms, taking up all the space, and so dark that it is wonderful people could have done anything in them

except by candlelight. Certainly the present Legation is a great improvement upon these temples, not to mention the advantage, politically, of having the minister's residence as an established *fact* in the place. Temples are the caravanserais of Japan, where strangers, who can find no other lodging, obtain rest and shelter. Therefore, as long as the minister lived in a temple he was in the country as a stranger, and, as it were, upon sufferance, not as his right, and on the footing established by treaty.

There is a pretty little Japanese garden, consisting principally of rockwork and water, behind the temple, and rising behind this is the wooded slope. Cut through it is a beautiful wide avenue, with the branches of magnificent trees meeting overhead. We proceeded through the grounds to a cemetery near, kept, as usual, with great neatness and order, and with the crest of the family, or some strange device, carved upon most of the stones. We came out into a fresh, green lane, with high hedges and banks covered with wild plants and creepers, reminding one of Devonshire lanes in summer.

The next day we went to Atango-yama, or the Hill of Atango. Atango is the name of one of the Japanese gods, whose temple is at the top of this hill; 'yama' is the Japanese for mountain or hill; 'Fusi-yama,' 'O-yama,' and so on. A long flight of very steep steps, more like a stone ladder than stairs, mounts from the road to the top of the hill. There is also a gentler ascent which winds round part of the hill, made, I believe, for the benefit of any infirm or decrepit persons coming to worship at the temple. The hill is one of the highest among many which rise somewhat abruptly

in various parts of the city. In front of the temple, on the brow of the hill, are several long, low sheds, with tables and benches, belonging to a tea-house close by, from which, while enjoying a refreshing cup of the delicate sun-dried Japanese tea, visitors may also delight themselves with the glorious panorama stretched at their feet, and the best bird's-eye view of the city of Yedo to be obtained anywhere near. We had come from the Legation by an excellent road, with now and then a cluster of small houses or shops, or a large house standing in its own grounds, and occasionally walls with trees peeping over, or high hedges, much resembling the 'west-end' suburbs of a large provincial town at home. But we had passed through none of the actual town, and now looked down upon it with curiosity and wonder. The situation is very beautiful. Following the curve of the bay for several miles lies the fairy-like white city, with the deep blue waters beyond, studded with white sails, and with more of the small island forts, which we had observed from the Legation verandah.

I believe, when once people have the plan of the city, with its different quarters, the winding river, and numerous canals, thoroughly fixed in their mind's eye, it is easy for them to remember the various points, and to find their way about it; but to those who see it for the first time it appears a maze of houses and streets. The salient points are the Tycoon's palace, and the Ya-shi-kis, *i. e.* residences of the Daimios, which are in the 'Official Quarter.' These ya-shi-kis are small towns in themselves; many of them contain within the high boundary-wall by which each is surrounded, the habitations of from 500 to

1000 souls, or even more—retainers and followers of the Daimio, and their families. I shall describe the appearance of the outside of these ya-shi-kis more fully presently. Turning our backs upon the city, we looked over hill and valley, densely wooded, with many houses and villages appearing among the trees, while towering high above all around, and standing clear, though soft, against the sunset sky, rose the beautiful Fusiyama.

The worship of the sun, particularly by those living in tropical latitudes, always seems to me a grand idea; and no one, who has watched while majestically it sinks 'down beneath the level brine,' and, as is the case in the tropics, darkness almost immediately ensues, can deny that they who, requiring a visible object for their adoration, fixed upon the sun, chose the most glorious object in creation. But next to the worship of the sun, I think the worship of such a mountain as Fusiyama is the most reasonable and most exalted among heathen religions. It is a splendid mountain cone, and standing so entirely alone, and so far above any of the other mountains in the island, it really seems to belong more to heaven than to earth.

I believe there is nothing to be seen in the Temple of Atango; but if there were, it must be something very extraordinary to draw people's attention from the lovely views to be seen on all sides. We stayed for some time enjoying them, and also sundry cups of, not only 'tea, by itself tea,' but also a decoction made from cherry blossoms, which they call 'cherry-flower tea,' sounding very nice, but tasting very nasty. At least we thought so; the Japanese appreciate it highly. It is very salt,

and with only a slight, sickly, perfumed flavour besides.

On our return to the Legation we found that the riding horses had succeeded in crossing the river, which the rain had prevented their doing before. Sir H. had ridden down to Yokohama in the morning, and the next afternoon we rode as far as this river, eight miles from Yedo, to meet him on his return. The first part of the road, after leaving the Legation, passes through Sinagawa, a detached suburb of Yedo. It is a small town in itself, on the Tokaido, and is the residence of all the worst characters in the place. When we were there, however, it was comparatively empty, as indeed was the whole of Yedo, the war having carried off many of the Daimios and their retainers to the southern extremity of the island. This was the first time we had followed the Tokaido for more than a few hundred yards. It is an extremely good road, and when one considers that it extends the whole length of the island, it cannot but be regarded as a very fine work. For some distance before we reached the river, there were abundant traces of the destruction caused by its sudden and great rising. When we arrived within sight of it, the ruined gardens, buried in mud, houses with floors broken up, and marks of the mud high upon the walls, rubbish and *dêbris* washed into little heaps, hedges broken through, and other unmistakeable vestiges of a flood, presented a truly melancholy spectacle.

The next day a large party of us rode through the official quarter, and outside the moat which surrounds the Tycoon's palace. The roads in all this part of the city are very wide, very well kept, with large conduits to

carry off the water on either side, and at short intervals a paved crossing for foot-passengers. The Daimios' ya-shi-kis are really fit (to judge from outward appearance) for the residences of feudal princes and noblemen, and to form the *entourage* of a palace. The houses are two stories high, with the surrounding wall of the domain built in uniformity with such portion of the dwellings as forms part of the outside wall. The lower story is of massive blocks of stone, the upper story square tiles placed diagonally, and with a thick *cord* of plaster instead of the ordinary 'pointing,' which forms a white honeycomb on a dark ground, and looks very well. Perhaps the general effect might be heightened, if the long length of wall thus built were more broken by windows or doors. Excepting near the gates, where are the habitations of the guard, and at the windows of which we saw numerous loungers, there was only an occasional break in the long line of stone and tile-work, in the form of a small window, or more often a *grille*, placed for the purpose of watching passers-by, or spying upon visitors to the ya-shi-ki. The great gates are magnificent, of solid, unpolished, but very handsome, wood. They are ornamented with the crest or crests of the Daimio, to whom the ya-shi-ki belongs, in bronze, often weather-stained to a bright green. The hinges, bolts, and decorated handles, are also entirely of this very fine bronze. The doors seemed in all cases to be protected by a roof, built like a lich-gate.

The moat surrounding the Tycoon's palace is very deep. At the bottom, and rising to some distance above the water, the banks are built up with large blocks of

stone, from which a slope of beautiful green turf rises, at a steep incline, to the crown of the hill, where a stone wall encircles the plateau, upon which stands the palace. Of the building itself very little is visible (as foreigners are never admitted), except a bit of wall or roof here and there, showing through the trees which apparently surround the palace, and are thick and numerous just inside the wall. On the green slope groups of fir, pine, juniper, and bamboo are planted, and with that wonderful Japanese taste, which always seems to place them in the exact spot where they may appear to the greatest advantage. When the lotus-lilies, with which the waters of the moat are covered, are in blossom, it must add much to the general effect.

There are three bridges crossing the palace moat, near to one of which, on the opposite side of the road, is the entrance to the ya-shi-ki of the Gotiro, or Regent. In 1860 he was foully and treacherously murdered while on his way to the palace, the Tycoon of that day being a minor.* The story was fully impressed on my mind, for almost on the identical spot where the Regent lost his head, I met with an accident which might have proved very serious, but which was only an annoyance and inconvenience for some months. We were cantering along at a tolerably fast pace, with yaconins before, and lancers behind, and eight of ourselves, altogether making more noise than my horse liked, being a very spirited Arab, and quite unaccustomed to carrying a lady. Having him well in hand, and being much interested in the story of

* The office of Regent is hereditary in Japan. It belongs to the head of one of the noble families, Ikomono by name.

the Regent's murder, I was unwisely paying far more attention to what Sir H. was telling me than to the road, so I did not observe that a paved crossing we were approaching was twice the usual width, and wider than a horse could take in his stride, until it was made evident by my horse coming down flat on his side, without the slightest warning, as if all four legs had at once been cut from under him. He was up in a moment, with only a grazed shoulder; but I had one foot badly sprained, and was a good deal bruised besides, as he had fallen on me. However, after bathing my foot with some water brought from one of the houses near, we were able to finish our ride round the moat, or at least to the highest point on the road which skirts it, whence there is a fine view of the city; not so extensive as from Atango-yama, but showing it more in detail.

The murder of the Regent took place early one morning in March, 1860. It was a miserable, raw, drizzling morning when the Regent left his ya-shi-ki on his way to the Tycoon's palace. There were but few persons abroad in such weather; the Regent himself was in a norimon,* with but a small train of followers for a Daimio, who were all wrapped up in their oil-paper cloaks. A few men, similarly clad, were standing in a group on the road, near to where the bridge crossed the moat. They excited

* Norimons are, in Japan, what palkees are in India and chairs in China. To me they always looked as if one side of a pair of flat square scales (such as are seen near stone quarries, or on wharves) had been run on a pole; and if for a 'big man,' covered with curtains; if a common hack norimon, left in its original naked ugliness and discomfort. The occupant must sit cross-legged, and even then can hardly raise his head. I tried one once, and was never more uncomfortable.

no surprise or suspicion, till one of them suddenly placed himself in the road, immediately in front of the Regent's norimon. The attendants on either side at once rushed forward to push him from the path, and at that instant the norimon was surrounded by the remainder of the group of idlers, and others who had been concealed somewhere at hand. The rain-coats had disappeared, and in their place gleamed coats-of-mail. A short struggle ensued, but the Regent's attendants appear to have been so thoroughly taken by surprise, and so much encumbered by their rain-coats, that before many moments had elapsed one of the assassins rushed down the road carrying the Regent's head in his hand. He passed one gate before the guard were aware of anything unusual, but was caught before reaching the next, and killed on the spot. Some say this man was only a decoy, and that the head he carried was not the Regent's, but that of one of the attendants killed in the struggle and carried off thus, in order to draw away the attention of the Regent's party from his norimon while the murder was perpetrated. At any rate, the headless trunk alone was found in the norimon; but, strange to say, though two heads were missing, and though in Japan every action and almost every word is watched and made known if necessary to the government, the second head was never found! Some of the assassins, who had no chance of escape, performed the 'harikari' on the spot, rather than fall into the hands of justice. The harikari is a death which no man not entitled to wear two swords can die (the small sword is used for no other purpose), and any man possessing the right may not be stopped in the performance,

even though he should have been guilty of what would otherwise condemn him to a criminal death. Such a tragedy caused the greatest excitement in the whole place, and it is believed that all those implicated were discovered, though what became of them was never revealed to the public. The guard of the first gate, who suffered the man with the Regent's head to pass, were desired to perform the harikari. There were two other high Daimios also on their way to the palace, coming to the same bridge about the same time as the Gotiro; but the whole occurrence was so rapid, that it was over before they could come to the rescue, even had they wished to do so. Some suppose that they were not entirely ignorant of the impending atrocity.

For the next two days I was unable to go out, but Sir H. allowed us to have the verandah full of curiosity-vendors, who brought several very beautiful specimens of Japanese work. Like their fellows at Yokohama, many of whom are partners or headmen of the Yedo merchants, they were in no want of money, and after spending hours every morning in bargaining, we left Japan without acquiring some of the coveted treasures, hoping that later in the season they might be secured for us at a reasonable price. Among other things we bought here, and had not even seen at Yokohama, was some Japanese armour. Several 'warriors,' armed *cap-à-pié*, and mounted upon wooden horses, in full caparisons, were sent to the Paris Exhibition. But as they were entire models, with the warrior himself inside his armour, those who saw them there may not perhaps have remarked that the moustaches and eyebrows, which add much to the fierce and bristling

aspect of the countenance, are fastened on to the casque, or helmet.

One day Sir H. was engaged to pay a visit to the Tycoon's cemetery. It was to be a state affair, and I was very sorry to be the only one of the party unable to go. It was unsuccessful on account of rain, which came pouring down just as they arrived. But it must have been worth seeing. About 200 priests were assembled in full canonicals to receive the Minister. I was amused at hearing the opinion held by the captain of yaconins with regard to foreigners, which was elicited on this occasion. Mr. S. (the interpreter) heard him boasting of his superior wisdom in having brought a rain-coat; for, he said, he knew it would rain before he set out. Mr. S. asked him why, if he knew it, he had not proclaimed it, so that others might have provided themselves with rain-coats. 'Oh,' he said, 'if I had told you, that would have been the very reason you wouldn't have brought anything: tell a foreigner there's somewhere he mustn't go, and he sets off for that place immediately!' I believe this is quite true, and the reason is, that in most cases, when a Japanese says a thing cannot or must not be done, foreigners know that it can and must be done, and therefore the more the former try to prevent it, the more the latter insist upon it.

As soon as Lady P. heard of my accident, with her usual thoughtfulness, she sent up her carriage and ponies, so that I was soon out of doors again. Unfortunately, a few days after constant rain set in, which prevented our making longer expeditions than to some of the shops in a part of the town where the inhabitants were tolerably

quiet and orderly, though even there the sight of foreigners, and (a still stranger sight) a carriage, caused such crowds to collect, that all the efforts of the yaconins could not prevent the street being blocked, and the carriage completely shut in among these inquisitive people. The French Minister had a carriage, but there were no others in Yedo; and one day Captain A. heard a man, as we were passing him, call to a companion, and draw his attention to the 'fishing-rod the man has got in his hand!'

The first fine day we joined the French Minister in a picnic to a very pretty little lake about six miles out of Yedo. An eccentric Scotchwoman and her husband, a seemingly very worthy Frenchman, were staying at the Legation, and the French Minister was anxious that the picnic should take place while they were with him. The morning could hardly be called 'fine,' though it was not raining; but after a serious consultation by note had taken place between the two embassies, it was agreed that we were to set off, even though we might have to turn back before reaching our destination. After breakfast we started, Captain A. driving me, all the rest riding. Near the French Legation we were joined by a large party belonging to it, and again set forward, forming a cavalcade, which looked very pretty winding among the narrow green lanes, through which our road lay for some part of the distance, and causing a great sensation in going through the streets. First came the French Minister, driving another gentleman in a mail-phaeton, followed by three of his escort, who are literally horse-marines, being marines taken by turns

from the vessels in harbour, and when acting as the Minister's escort, mounted to attend him. Their dark blue costume, with crimson sashes and caps, was very effective. Then followed a pony-carriage, containing the eccentric dame, who was 'decked out,' to match the carriage, in canary colour, picked out with red! This carriage was attended by an outrider, or second postilion, in black velvet. We followed in the pony-carriage, and then came the whole of the riding party, of fifteen or sixteen, most of them in uniform, while the English escort, with blue and white flags on their lances, brought up the rear of the European portion of the procession. Yaconins were everywhere, before, behind, and beside us, and bettoes (horsekeepers) ran a few yards in front of the carriages. Altogether, when looking forward or behind, at favourable parts of the road, where glimpses could be obtained of the whole *cortége* winding along, it was rather like a scene in a play. The bettoes are worthy of notice. They, in common with the followers of all other trades in Japan, are tattooed with a 'trade mark,' and dress in a particular manner, denoting their calling. All the other trades have a mark, which, though perfectly visible to those who know where to look for it, is not prominent; but it is different with the bettoe class. Perhaps it is in order to hide, in some degree, the extreme deficiency in their clothing that they are tattooed all over in different colours and wonderful patterns. When they appear running in front of the horses, they resemble some strange, wild animal, with their naturally light-coloured skin striped and streaked with dark blue or black, red and green, in figures of dragons, men, women, animals, &c., filled

in with running arabesque patterns, and with their lithe, springy movements, and extraordinary powers of speed and endurance.*

Our road lay for some little way through the streets and suburbs of the town, and then turned off into lanes, with beautiful trees in the high hedgerows. Sometimes, standing a little back from the road, were neat Swiss-like cottages, always the picture of cleanliness and tidiness, in bright little gardens. Now and then, while crossing a picturesque stone bridge over a stream, a vista would open out of waving bamboos overhanging a clear, rippling brook, with stately, but rugged firs intermingled, that was really lovely. Presently we turned down a very narrow lane, where steering the carriage became a matter of difficulty, owing to the numerous pitfalls. This led us to a bridge, which we were unable to cross until the horses were taken out, as the wheels would only just fit between the low parapets. Then, after following a narrow lane for a short distance, we came to our destination—a very lovely spot. At one side a waterfall fell into, but seemed not to ruffle, the calm surface of the little lake, which, like an oval mirror, lay in a hollow bed, with sloping, green banks covered with trees. We left the carriages and horses in a small open space surrounding a temple, the latter of picturesque form and colouring, and with fine trees growing on all sides. Close to the temple was a tea-house, with a long, low sort of balcony overhanging the upper end of the lake; and here we took up our quarters. I amused myself by feeding the largest

* See Frontispiece.

gold fish I ever saw—monsters, about the size of carp, which belonged to the temple, and come greedily to the tea-house on the sound of voices. In catching bread thrown to them from above, they make a noise just like pigs feeding, while thousands of small fry swimming round fight valiantly for the crumbs. Meantime, most of the gentlemen wandered off into the woods, whence they returned, laden with bunches of beautiful wild flowers and grasses, to help in the unpacking of various baskets of good things, which had by this time made their appearance. Great was the edification of a crowd of natives, of both sexes and all ages, and almost invariably, men, women, and children, with a baby on their backs, who were watching our operations from another little shed, overhanging the water at the side of the lake, whence they obtained a very good view of what appeared to them our strange manœuvres.

After luncheon I tried to make a sketch of the picturesque temple among the fine trees, where we had dismounted; but it is not easy when good-natured friends are incessantly coming 'only to see how you are getting on,' and my representation of this charming scene was, I regret to say, a lamentable failure. The rest of the party from the English Legation soon after set off to see the Japanese mint on their way home. It was the first time that any foreigners had been admitted, and the offer to open it for the inspection of the English Minister seemed to be considered a sort of *amende honorable* on the part of the Japanese government for a so-called misconception that had taken place on the occasion of a visit to the Tycoon's cemetery some short time previously. I much

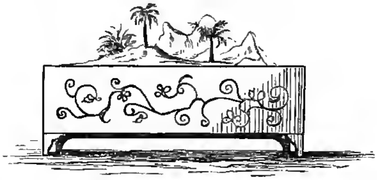
regretted that, in consequence of my lameness, I was unable to be of the party. However, my father's account of it on his return made it easy to imagine the process of Japanese coining, though the best description never equals personal observation. The simplicity in theory, and the rudeness in practice, of the process in coining here, could, I imagine, hardly be surpassed. The itzbou, by which prices are fixed, and which is the common coin of Japan, is a square silver coin, worth about 1*s.* 6*d.* The process of coining is by cutting a piece, supposed to be the right weight, off a bar of silver, which piece is weighed, and snipped to what again is imagined to be the right quantity, weighed again, if too heavy again snipped, if too light thrown aside, to be with many others re-melted and re-rolled into a square bar. Of course, by constant practice, some of the cutters had acquired such accuracy, that the little domino-like bit of silver hardly required any snipping. The stamping and a rough kind of milling is entirely done by hand, one man holding the stamp (letters, or numbers, or both—I think the last, but am not certain—and a little raised star pattern along the border) on the coin, while another pounds it with a sledge-hammer. The itzbous are done up in packets of different sizes, beautifully packed, with a strong paper casing, forming a purse of itself.

Soon after this we made another excursion, of about twelve miles, into the country, to a charming place called Ojee. For the first eight miles our road lay through the Official Quarter of the city, past the ya-shi-kis, with their beautiful doors and bronze hinges. The Daimios take it by turns to place the guards at the city gates. One can tell

the house of the guarding Daimio, should one happen to pass it, by recognising his crest, which for the time being decorates the guard-house. The authorised spears and arms of his followers are also arranged, with very fine effect, in a sort of trophy just outside the same. The last four miles were through beautiful country, of much the same aspect as I have described before. Dense woods, of varied colours and foliage; plains richly cultivated, and ever changing in appearance from the variety of crops. Like the groups of trees, they look as though purposely arranged to produce the best effects. The fields are generally very small, which prevents the predominance of one colour. The contrast between the dark millet, which, while ripening, shows a crest of deep brown, almost the colour of bulrushes, the reddish, or glossy green, heart-shaped leaves of the Chinese yam, as it climbs over the ridges and fills up the furrows in which it is planted, and the soft green velvet of the rice-fields, is quite as beautiful as the contrast of fir, bamboo, and maple in endless variety, which are so lovely as to defy description, and to make me wonder whether any one reading this will think as, before visiting Japan, I used to think, when reading or hearing of its beauties, 'What exaggeration!' I can only say, Go and see for yourself such a view as you may easily find within a quarter of an hour's walk from your house in Nagasaki, or Yokohama, or from the Legation of the State to which you belong in Yedo. Look, too, in the little nooks and corners, here and there, at the neat, model-like, thatched farm-house, with its exquisite little garden, the component parts of which are, what in other hands they would always re-

main, a block of common-looking stone, and a yard of running water, with a strip of cabbage-garden beside it. Model cottage, exquisite little garden, and picturesque figures, all snugly pushed back off the straight line of the leafy green lane, through which you must pass to see them. Go and see these things, and you will never attempt to contradict or qualify what I have said above.

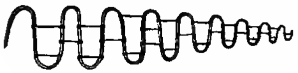
Just outside the city we stopped to see some nursery gardens. There were not many flowers in them, but trained trees and miniature plants in abundance. It is said to be impossible to produce these 'miniatures' excepting in Japan; the reason is, I conclude, because people nowhere else could or would give the same attention to them. Most of these 'miniatures' were in blue and white China jars, or rather deep pans, resting on four little feet. This is the sort of thing. A miniature rock, perhaps half-a-foot or nine inches high, water surrounding, so as



to make it a complete island, with little miniature bays, and a sandy or shingly beach, lapped by the waves of the miniature ocean, in which the rock, &c. are reflected. High up the rock a miniature tree, and near it a clump of miniature bamboos, a miniature bank of trailing ivy and creeping Lycopodium — everything just as you would see it in nature, excepting that it is all in miniature. There were no two exactly alike; but I have given the description of one which struck me as particularly pretty. Besides these miniatures, there were plants and shrubs, trained in all manner of grotesque forms, to attain which must re-

quire much time and attention. There was one shrub, with long, withy-like branches (I do not know the English name, and was none the wiser for hearing the Japanese), every one of which, and every one of whose branchlets and young shoots had to be trained into this form, whatever their direction or position

might be. To effect this, every turn was, while young, tied with fine bass twine thus.



Where is the English gardener to be found who could bestow the attention and labour required to watch every shoot of a shrub nearly six foot high, and from its first appearance to begin the training, which must continue until it had ceased to have a will of its own, and had become hard wood, trained out of all nature, like an over-educated girl?

I have not much faith in those very ancient trees, dwarfed to something less than the height of a man, still less in those only a few inches high, about which, as a child, one read in geography and spelling-books, and which, with the deformed feet of the Chinese ladies, and the Porcelain Tower, formed a beautiful trio to be remembered among 'the remarkable things for which China is famous.' Those trees, presenting the appearance of extreme antiquity, which we saw here, certainly struck me as being a delusion. They were very ancient stumps, cleverly chosen, as having the appearance of bearing branches, and with young shoots grafted upon them in so cunning a manner that it required close inspection to detect the graft. This may not be the case with all

these dwarfs, and I would not for an instant doubt the unquestionable authority of my old geography book! Had any of the party understood the language, we might possibly have discovered why it was so in the case of those we saw here. It is a curious fact that so it should certainly have been in this garden, which is celebrated for its 'dwarfs.'

We also stopped on our way at a small, but very handsome Bhudhist temple. The walls were lined with rows of little gilt Bhudhas, standing on narrow ledges, while a very large figure of the same god, also gilt, stood in the middle of the chamber. The temple seemed as if either recently built or lately restored; everything was bright and fresh-looking, and there was some fine wood-carving over the entrance.

On arriving at Ojee we drove to a large tea-house, where we were most graciously received by the host, and immediately taken to a rotunda in the garden, standing on the bank of a running stream, under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, and looking out upon the picturesque woodwork of the balconies belonging to the house, and a curious garden on the other side of the stream. The principal growth in this garden appeared to be what looked like box hedges, trimmed into quaint forms, as one sees in old-fashioned gardens in England. A large portion of the juvenile population of Ojee were playing in this garden, and swimming in the bright stream running at its foot. Passing between the garden on the one side, and the house on the other, the stream flowed on, and lost itself under the spreading branches of fine trees, and the waving plumes of graceful bamboos.

We had brought our own luncheon, but need not have done so. Very soon after we had comfortably settled ourselves upon thick quilts spread on the floor, two maidens belonging to the tea-house brought a Japanese repast, consisting of fish, both uncooked and dressed, prawns, eggs, and salad, all most tastefully arranged on little lacquer saucers, placed on a small square table, just the right height for persons sitting on the ground. Tea, of course, appeared the instant we set foot in the house. The damsels who were attending us were very fair specimens of their class. Tea-house keepers always try to engage the prettiest girls they can find as their servants, and dress them very well, hoping thereby to attract customers. Most of the waitresses of whom we had experience, and these two in particular, were very pleasant and gentle in manner. They sat by, chattering and laughing, while we were eating the luncheon they had brought us, and busied themselves in shelling hard-boiled eggs and prawns. One of them was, I imagine, considered a great beauty. They were both much painted, but this one had her lips *gilded* as well! Constantly coming into the balcony overhanging the water, and occasionally venturing to peep into the rotunda itself, were other women and girls, who, in their dark blue dresses and scarlet waistbands, formed bright picturesque groups, as they leant in graceful attitudes over the carved balustrade. I wonder that Englishwomen who affect the wearing of chignons (that most unsightly and deforming of coiffures), which is the universal style of hair-dressing in Japan, do not also adopt the *etceteras* worn by the Japanese women, which they consider as additions to

their own beauty, and to that of their chignons. These are short, thick combs, pins with a knob at either end, and innumerable small double pins, with some ornament at the head. The number of the latter is increased according to the rank of the lady. These ornaments are made of gold, silver, tortoiseshell, ivory, or wood, according to the taste or wealth of the wearer. The Japanese women are much prettier than the Chinese, and have often very fine eyes. The custom for married women to pull out their eyebrows and blacken their teeth, must, one would imagine, fully answer the purpose for which it is supposed to be adopted; viz., to render a woman unlovely in all eyes except those of her husband. It certainly detracts considerably from any personal charms she may before have possessed.

After luncheon we drove a little way beyond this teahouse to see a very fine temple, built about halfway up a hill-side, in the midst of a wood. A flight of steep stone steps leads up to the temple, at the foot of which a spring of clear water bubbles up into a stone basin, and a stream of the same issues from the mouth of a dragon, carved in stone, by the side of the steps, about halfway up. This water is supposed, by the Japanese, to be remarkably strengthening. People come long distances to drink from the well at the foot of the steps, to rub themselves over with the water which the dragon pours forth, to pray at the temple, and to return to their homes believing that they have, or will, become as powerful as possible. When the large door is opened, a neat, barred gate closes the entrance of the temple against intruders. But through the bars one can look into the deep brown and vermilion

painted interior, with its dark shrine containing the god. It is hardly ever possible to obtain a glimpse of the idol in any temple where it is enclosed in a shrine, on account of the darkness and the glass door of the case.

Behind this temple, up some very steep steps, is the Fox temple. I have mentioned a small one, much frequented by fishermen, that we saw at Nagasaki, and repeated what we were then told of the legend, or rather superstition, regarding the fox. This temple at Ojee is the great Fox temple, where people not only come to pray, as at Nagasaki, but where those possessed of the Fox devil come to be cured. At the foot of the steps, on either side, are two large foxes, well carved in stone, with glaring yellow eyes, surrounded by numerous smaller foxes. These are the wardours of the temple, and no inferior fox can pass them by, nor ascend the steep and narrow steps which lead up to the temple. Any one, therefore, possessed with a fox, and coming to pray at the Fox temple, gets rid of his enemy, who must wait at the foot of the steps while the devotee climbs the hill to perform his worship. When he has said his prayers, a still narrower and more rugged path than that whereby he ascended is revealed to him, leading him away from the temple, not past his enemy the fox, who remains at the foot of the steps, vainly watching for his victim's return. How long he remains thus I was not informed, but as there was apparently no assemblage of fox demons waiting in hungry anticipation of the return of the many devotees, who had helped to wear away the stony path, I conclude they grow tired after a time, or yield to the power of the yellow-eyed wardours, and depart in search

of further prey. At least they have never yet had the sense to discover the other path, and waylay their victims on the homeward journey, so saith tradition. The temple itself is very small and shabby, and the long avenue of portals* which led up to the door, were many of them in a most rickety condition, and so low as to suggest the idea that devotees must make the last part of their pilgrimage on hands and knees. There is no image or god in this temple. It looks more like a chapel, or shrine, belonging to the large temple below. The food every day offered to live foxes is placed here, but whether the marks of claws on the woodwork had been left by *foxes* or not I cannot say. The old priest, however, who was with us assured us they were.

On coming to breakfast the next morning, we found Sir H. in a state of great excitement, having heard that there was to be a grand review of Japanese troops about ten miles off. The opportunity for showing independence and freedom of action was too good to be lost; and though he was going down to Yokohama in the evening, he started at once, with one or two of the *attachés* and the escort. They returned in the afternoon, much amused at the whole proceeding which they had witnessed. They had found their way to the review-ground greatly to the astonishment of the Gorogio,† who were present, and

* I do not know how else to denominate the wooden or stone pillars, with a cross-beam at the top, which are always found at the entrance to temples in Japan.

† The Gorogio is the council of five Daimios, who are, in fact, the executive government, and with whom all the foreign ministers have their transactions.

who, while gratified at the compliment thus paid to the army, were annoyed at such independent conduct on the part of Her Britannic Majesty's minister. However, they were extremely civil to Sir H.; and after the rabble of 7000 children (for such they appeared to be) had gone through some manœuvres, the Gorogio requested Sir H. to display the powers of his lancers. As the latter were very few in number, Sir H. thought it would be absurd; but the Japanese were so urgent that he yielded, and desired them to be put through the sword exercise, and then charge. The charge caused great consternation among the troops (who were raw recruits, lately levied, to be drilled, and sent south to join the war), but greatly delighted the Gorogio, who were much impressed by the galloping of the horses.

On his way home Sir H. found that all the things going to the Paris Exhibition were collected in some rooms taken for the purpose, and were to be packed next day. He sent us word, and we set off immediately to see them. After a long drive through the city, we found ourselves at the house, and not a minute too soon; for already the pictures were being taken down from the walls, and the cases brought out to pack them. We had, however, time to see them all, and thought that a much better collection might have been made, particularly of lacquer. To us the most curious things in the collection were a couple of Prussian needle-guns, most perfectly copied by these clever, ingenious people, and with all the fittings of their cases as complete and finished as could possibly have been, had they been the work of one of the first gun-makers in England. Even to the maker's name,

engraved on a little silver plate on the stock, they were perfect. There were also one or two very good models of Daimios' ya-shi-kis.

On our way home we passed several companies who had formed part of the 'army to be reviewed' in the morning. They certainly did not look very formidable, being more like a rabble of school-boys than trained soldiers.

Soon after this we made an expedition to the temples at Asaksa, about eight miles off, through the Commercial Quarter of the city. Fortunately, it was my right foot which was lame, so that, though unable to walk, I could now ride again. We set off soon after 7 A.M. Only a short time before, a great deal of this Commercial Quarter was burnt to the ground, and our road lay for some distance through a heap of blackened ruins and *dêbris*. The wonder is, that the whole city has not been burnt down over and over again, considering the construction and material of the houses, and the carelessness of the inhabitants in lighting fires close under a wooden wall, and throwing about the ashes of their pipes, &c. After wandering through a labyrinth of streets and bridges for about two hours, we arrived at an avenue of shops, at the end of which stands the very fine temple, with an extremely handsome wooden gateway at the entrance to the grounds. The finest gateway, standing some little way further down the road, was burnt, and many hundred lives, it is said, were lost in its falls. The remaining gateway is, however, a magnificent structure. The temple stands at the head of a flight of wide stone steps. The outside is handsome, very much like a Chinese temple.

There is little to be seen inside excepting massive pillars of red lacquer and very fine beams, appearing in the open roof. We rarely found much of interest or variety inside a Japanese temple. They appear to be always neatly and cleanly kept, but to have no ornament, and generally contain only an altar, with a huge figure of the god upon it, and incense, candles, flowers, and sometimes other offerings, such as fruits and tea, in front of the figure.

The temple-grounds are very extensive, with beautiful trees of all kinds planted in avenues and groups. Under their shade are numerous little dwellings, some belong to persons attached to the temple, and others are tea-houses and places of amusement, such as theatres, puppet-shows, sheds with targets for arrow-shooting, and so on. In one of the buildings are some wonderfully clever wooden, or wax figures: life-size, and startlingly life-like. Two men, washing for gold or jewels, in a river, two women standing upon the bank, and holding torches to light them, Fusiyama in the distance, and a Daimio, dressed in robes of state, watching the proceedings from a bridge crossing the river, was the best group. It was almost impossible to believe the two washers were not real, they were so well executed and so natural. In another room in the same building were more figures, representing sensational scenes in the lives of great people. One portrayed the intended murder of two small children by a terrific ruffian, who, however, before he can accomplish his fell intent, is cut down and overcome by their mother with the aid of a sheathed sword! The dresses and attitudes are quite *à la Tussaud.* We learnt this much of the scene from a show-man, who, in a high-

pitched voice, and with great volubility, recited the history of what was represented, but in a patois, or technical language, which even the yaconins seemed unable to follow. The figures of the puppet-shows were much smaller than the stationary figures, but they were cleverly arranged and worked. A dancing-girl, a boy playing with a mask, and a master superintending the performance of juvenile acrobats, were all very good.

We then went into some of the gardens, which contained much the same kind of trees and shrubs as those in the gardens near Ojee, both trained and untrained. Here hedges were made of the tea-plant, and others of very beautiful varieties of maple. There was a good deal of rock-work and water. We were told that this garden is particularly famous for the beauty of its chrysanthemums, but they were not in blossom at this time.

From the gardens we went to see a couple of miserable ponies, which belong to the temple, and are kept in their stable all the year round, except on one high festival, when they, together with other animals that are kept here in the same dreary confinement, are made to walk in procession round the temple-grounds. The ponies are cream-coloured, with blue eyes, and, as one would expect, look fat, unhealthy, and wretched.

We made another attempt at seeing the Tycoon's cemetery before leaving Yedo, and this time with greater, though not complete, success. The first gate admits to an enclosure, where are the houses of the priests belonging to the temple, and their families. At the end of the enclosure is a very fine gateway, with the wood-work painted in vermilion, and a roofing of grey slates. This

leads into a square, gravelled court, with beautiful trees, pine, fir, and the 'maiden-hair tree' (*Salisburia adriantifolia*) growing all round the square, and in the grounds beyond. Opposite the gateway stands a fine temple, painted, or lacquered, chiefly in vermilion, and among the trees is a small bell-tower. Beyond this temple, and entered through a door in the wall surrounding the quadrangle, is the burial-ground. This is said to be admirably laid out in grass, gravel-paths, and trees, and to contain another very fine temple. Whether it was merely an excuse to keep us out, or really the case, I do not know, but we were refused admission, as it was said that a high and mighty Daimio had come to pray there that afternoon. If the priests belonging to this temple have any sense of the beautiful, they must enjoy the lot which has placed them in such a pleasant abode, among splendid old trees, and with nothing but the cawing of rooks to disturb the silence and calm of their walks and meditations.

The morning of our departure from Yedo we visited the Temple of the Roönins, or Loönins, which is close to the Legation gates. This is the legend of the temple. On some public occasion, when all the great princes and nobles were assembled in presence of the Tycoon, one Daimio behaved in a manner which was considered by another Daimio as disrespectful to his Majesty. The latter drew his sword, which is an unpardonable offence when in presence of the Tycoon, and he was therefore ordered to perform hari-kari. Forty-seven of his followers, by whom he was much beloved, were so distressed, that they formed themselves into a body, and took a vow of revenge, after the fulfilment of which they were to follow

the example of their lamented chief. It was, I think, seventeen who were killed in the affray, in which the Daimio, who was the original offender, lost his life, but the remainder of the band fulfilled their oath. Models of their figures, in various attitudes expressive of rage and defiance, now stand, surrounding that of their master, in one of the side buildings of the temple, in the grounds of which their bodies and the body of the Daimio are buried. I could not learn whether the name Roönin or Loönin (it is the same word, but some Japanese, like the Chinese, are unable to pronounce the *r*) originated on this occasion, or whether then, as now, it signified outlaws, or those followers of a daimio who have been disgraced and banished from his service. We climbed up the steps behind the temple to the grave-yard, kept as usual in perfect order and neatness. There was good carving on some of the stones. One might almost imagine that certain of the representations were relics and corruptions of what the Jesuits had brought into the country. There were saints with halos round their heads, angels appearing among the clouds, and similar subjects, bearing, both in design and execution, a strong resemblance to ancient carvings in European churches and monasteries. There was one which might be an admirable 'brazen serpent.' The representation of snakes is one of the strongest points of Japanese carvers and draftsmen.

The distance to Yokohama by the Tokaido is twenty-one or twenty-two miles, a pleasant afternoon's ride, and the road very good; but I was not allowed to ride more than half that distance, so drove as far as Kavasaki, a large town, on the Yokohama side of the River Loga.

Here, at the 'Inn of Ten Thousand Centuries,' we were to lunch, and then ride into Yokohama. Just before crossing the river we turned off the Tokaido to see a small temple, almost hidden among the surrounding trees, in which is kept a square shrine, said to be carried before the Tycoon on great occasions. The Loga is crossed by a ferry-boat, the plying of which was incessant.

The Tokaido is in some places very pretty, with avenues of trees and gravelled walks, like the entrance to a well-cared-for park. There is scarcely any piece of the Tokaido between Yedo and Yokohama where houses are not within sight of each other. Sometimes they only dot the roadside at intervals. At other times there is a group of a dozen or so together, and there are two or three large villages, or small towns, as the case may be, such as Kavasaki and Kanagawa. Passers-by of all classes are numerous, from the followers of Daimios and officials to beggars and coolies. Some of the appendages of a Daimio's procession are curious. Led horses, with their long tails tied up in bags of bright-coloured silk or chintz, presenting the drollest appearance. Men carrying boxes of luggage, one of which seems always to follow very close after the norimon in which the Daimio is being carried. Perhaps the reason of this is the same as in China, where a mandarin always, wherever he may be going and for whatever purpose, ought to have a trunk following him, that at a moment's notice he might, whether travelling or at his official work, be ready to put on mourning should he hear of the Emperor's death. The trunk is supposed to contain a suit of mourning for that purpose. Many of the groups and single figures on the road were

most picturesque, and all seemingly cheerful, industrious, and contented. The natives always shoe their horses with straw shoes. Their shape is like the leathern shoes donkeys have on when mowing an English lawn. A large bunch of these shoes is hung from the saddle, and as soon as a set is worn out it is thrown away. A much frequented road is quite strewn with old shoes.

On the 3rd of October we left Yokohama. We made an excursion into the silk districts, some distance inland. Our party consisted of Capt. G. J., of H. M. S. 'Princess Royal,' Capt. A., Mr. M. (Consul at Yokohama), my father and myself, two Japanese officers of rank, and an interpreter. We had pack-horses to carry our goods, rough ponies for the servants, and horses for ourselves. Our first march was to Haramachida, a distance of seventeen miles. Our way lay through beautiful scenery combining dense wood and cultivated land, with hills, and valleys, and distant ocean, all looking lovely in the golden sunlight which shone upon our start.

Haramachida is rather a large village, consisting mainly of one long straggling street of picturesque, thatched houses, standing among fine trees. When we arrived at the tea-house which had been selected as our abode for the night, we discovered that the two Japanese officials, who had been despatched before us, in order to prepare the master of the house for the arrivalof 'distinguished foreigners,' had calmly appropriated to themselves the best rooms in the house. When we had climbed the wooden steps leading to the upper story, we found them giving orders for their own supper to the master of the house, who, squatted on his heels at the threshold, was bowing his

forehead to the ground every half minute, while he kept rubbing his knees with his hands, and uttering the peculiar sort of whistling sound, made by drawing the breath in through the teeth, which noise and attitude are in Japan considered as expressive of the greatest deference and submission. I do not know whether the same forms were continued after these fine gentlemen were turned out of the 'best parlour' and made to busy themselves in our interests, but our host spent a considerable time in repeating his welcome for our benefit when we were installed in their place.

The 'tea-houses' in Japan are very far superior to Chinese 'inns.' As a rule, there is no furniture whatever in the rooms, excepting the beautifully clean, soft, white mats laid on the floor, and now and then an uncomfortable substitute for chairs in the form of a wooden bench, or small square stools. There are seldom tables, and then only the height convenient for persons sitting on the floor. Ours used to be manufactured impromptu on our arrival, and were often ricketty erections formed out of boards laid upon a couple of tubs turned topsy-turvy. One great luxury in travelling in Japan is being always able, at a few minutes' notice, to have a bath and plenty of hot water. There is also a public bath (hot) attached to almost every tea-house, where the servants used to betake themselves as soon as possible after their arrival. The disadvantages of sliding panels and paper windows are quite as great here as in China. Often and often, in the course of my toilette, I would hear a whisper, or giggle, and on turning round find that an assemblage of ladies outside my room were busily watching every

movement through a chink in the panel, which had been noiselessly slipped aside while my back was turned, or through holes as noiselessly made in the paper, by wetting their fingers and poking them through the softened spot. I did not so much mind the panel being moved, but it gave one a horrid feeling to turn round suddenly and see half-a-dozen eyes, and eyes only, fixed intently upon one. In spite of the scrupulous cleanliness of the mats, fleas abounded; but this was, in most cases, the only thing to quarrel with.

There had been a great feast at one of the temples at Haramachida the day of our arrival, and every house down the long, straggling street was in consequence decorated. A frame, like the skeleton of a gigantic umbrella, stood in the ground before each doorway, with alternate red and white calico roses studding every spine, and a Japanese lantern underneath. The effect, looking down the street, was very peculiar and pretty, particularly on our first arrival, when those who had been celebrating the birthday of the god were still crowding the street, dressed in their holiday garb. The women's dresses, consisting of the usual somewhat narrow petticoat and loose body, with long hanging sleeves, were mostly of a dark, indigo-coloured cloth. The waistband, and a sort of bag or bundle, which at the back is passed through the waistband, was of a bright scarlet or cerise colour. Their hair was dressed and ornamented with combs, pins, and *etceteras* of all kinds, in tortoiseshell, ivory, lacquered wood, gold or gilt, and silver. The rose umbrellas were less effective by night than by day, for the Japanese lantern only threw sufficient light to show the wreaths as

streamers of something, but what they were it was impossible to discern by such a faint glimmer.

After dinner, when our morrow's route was being discussed with the officials who were to precede us, there was some question about choice of roads, and to settle it one of the servants belonging to the house was sent for. After trying to explain the relative positions of roads and villages *viva voce,* and finding that there was still a doubt in the mind of his interlocutor, he produced paper and ink-horn, and, without a moment's hesitation, set to work to draw a rough plan, or rather map, of the country, with its roads, villages, &c. I doubt whether there are many waiters or ostlers at inns in any other part of the world who could do as much.

The next morning we were delayed by the coolies, who were to carry part of the baggage, refusing to go the whole distance required before lunch, which caused a change of plans, so that it was half-past ten before we set off for a delightful twelve miles ride to Hatchoji. It was a cool, fresh, breezy morning, bright and sunny as a May morning in England. Our road lay, now across open common, bordered by woods; now in the woods themselves; now through villages, with their neatly-thatched, picturesque farm-houses; now by mulberry orchards, or a piece of ground like a deer-park, with a Daimio's house on the hill-side near, and sloping down from it a bank of close-shaven, emerald turf, as green and smooth as the most carefully kept lawn of some 'show place' in England. While passing through this rich, cultivated country, where everything seemed so tranquil, calm, and peaceful, so far from the bustle and excitement of steam-engines

and machinery, and the hot haste of railroads, it seemed almost as if one of such pictures as those in Walter Scott's novels of England during the feudal times had received life. And while looking back at our train of followers and animals, wandering leisurely along a good unmade road, through a wood carpeted with mosses, ferns, and wild flowers, and with trees arching in a leafy canopy overhead, one felt that had a score of Sherwood foresters, with Robin Hood and Little John among them, suddenly made their appearance from behind some bushy screen, it would hardly have caused surprise, and one would have been perfectly prepared for a *rencontre* with that gentlemanly and chivalrous highwayman!

Hatchoji, our lunching-place, is a large town, where the people, it was reported, were likely to be uncivil. They were, however, quite the contrary, perhaps owing to our high yaconins. They were perfectly courteous and civil, though collecting in crowds round the door of the very comfortable, clean tea-house, in the upper story of which we took up our quarters. While we were here a procession passed by to one of the temples near. The priests were clad in grand vestments of various colours, and followed by music and many assistants. We could not learn the reason; but as there was a man bearing every appearance of being a layman in the midst of the priests, Mr. M., who was the only one of the party who knew anything about what it was likely to be, suggested that it might be a layman going with the whole assemblage of officiating priests to make or pay some vow, bringing considerable wealth to their temple. After luncheon we had between ten and twelve miles of

beautiful country to pass through before reaching Kozawa, our resting-place for the night. Captain A. had brought a dog and gun with him, intending to keep us in game. It had been suggested that there would be no need to take any provisions with us, so sure were we of always finding more than we could want on our road. But, fortunately, we had a reserve, for only one pheasant was the first day's bag. We had to cross a river (the Sagami) before reaching Kozawa, and to descend a rather steep, winding ghât to arrive at it. From the top of the hill the view was enchanting, with mountains in the distance, a river brawling over rocks and stones at our feet, and the wood-covered hills sloping steeply down to the very edge of the water, with the first symptom of approaching winter visible in the rich, mellow tints of maples and creepers, upon which autumn had already laid a warning finger. Half-hidden among the trees on the other bank of the Sagami was Kozawa, and the picturesque tea-house, with civil, but intensely curious people belonging to it, in which we found our servants and goods. While I was dressing, in the twilight, I suddenly heard one of the panels of the outer wall of the room slide back, and turning round beheld an old gentleman, of a decidedly unaristocratic cast of feature, who had squatted himself on his heels in the verandah (a narrow little passage leading to other rooms beyond), with the intention of calmly surveying the progress of my toilet. In the most infuriated voice, and the nearest approach to 'Begone—you hideous being!' in the vernacular that I could muster, I addressed him, but he sat there tranquil and bland, and smilingly responded by holding up a dirty great thumb,

and declaring himself to be a 'number one yaconin!' Finding, however, that his assumed rank did not prevent the panel being closed in his face, he took his departure. I heard him a minute after going through the same scene with my father, whose room opened like mine on to the passage verandah, and who, in even less gentle terms than I had used, scorned the idea of his rank, and admonished him that the sooner he took his number one yaconinship off the better.

A rude wooden ladder led the way, in this tea-house, from our bed-rooms, which were on the ground-floor, to a sort of loft, where we dined and sat, and from the window of which a most charming landscape, in the form of a narrow, paddy-grown valley, running up between wood-clad hills, was visible. Wherever we stopped at or near a village, the industry and constant occupation of the inhabitants were striking; and here, while trying to make a sketch of this scene, and looking out upon it for more than an hour, I constantly saw, on the narrow raised path through the paddy-field, coolies trotting along, or labourers with their hoes in their hands, or men leading a pony, almost hidden beneath the burden of long reeds, soon to be converted into thatch, which is here made entirely of that material.

After an early breakfast the next morning, we again set forward for Miangashi, one of the places which produce the largest quantity of silk. Our road lay through very beautiful country, densely wooded, with running streams, good roads, and highly-cultivated valleys, interspersed among which were patches of the most brilliant scarlet lilies. I never saw a more lovely colour; they

were growing in masses, with no leaves, and at a distance were even brighter, if possible, than that eyesore to farmers—a field of scarlet poppies. The scenery reminded us much of that about Nelson in New Zealand. The dense wooding of the hills, and the extraordinary variety and great beauty of the trees, with the undergrowth of rare and lovely ferns, all helped to recall our ride through the never-to-be-forgotten Maiti valley. We observed among the trees many of the pine, called by the Japanese 'Asnero'—a very beautiful tree, growing to the height of 90 or 100 feet, very straight, and singularly regular in its tapering form.* I believe Mr. Fortune raised some in England, or sent some young plants home when he was botanizing in Japan. If they take kindly to our soil and climate, they will be a great addition to the many elegant lawn trees which have of late years been introduced. We passed through small villages rather frequently, also by detached farms, and many temples in groves of beautiful trees. In Japan, as in India, you are certain to find a temple wherever a clump of particularly fine trees is to be seen, and at the entrance, and again just at the end, of the avenue, leading up to the temple, stand portals, such as I mentioned before, in either stone or vermilion-painted wood. They are generally either carved or inscribed with words, and sometimes figures. Sometimes, on approaching a small temple or shrine, there is a whole avenue of these portals in wood, generally of rude construction, of unequal heights, and mostly so low as to necessitate stooping to pass under

* The Thujopsis dolabrata: *vide* Fortune's 'Yedo and Peking.' I do not know even whether I am right in calling it a 'pine.'

them. These portals are most effective, as we saw more than once on this day's march, when a very handsome one stands at the foot of a flight of steps, leading through trees to the temple at the top of a hill, and with two or three others, also handsome and solid, visible at the top of the steps.

Though we were told that our morning's ride was to be of only ten or twelve miles we went on and on, and seemed to be no nearer to Miangashi. Once or twice we began to think that we should again find ourselves at Yokohama, owing to the very eccentric conduct of Mr. M.'s pony, who was possessed of the disagreeable propensity of steadily refusing to move a yard on his road until he had had a kicking-match with the first of his species in whose vicinity he should find himself. Unfortunately sometimes, when we stopped to gather persimons, this pony came to the front, and when we were in process of moving again, a cry was suddenly raised, 'Get out of the way; here's M.'s pony coming,' which turned us back on our road on one occasion for a long distance, as there was no other means of avoiding this eccentric animal, a bank being on one side and a paddy-field on the other. The persimon, which caused these detentions, is a delicious fruit, common to China and Japan. It is â bright orange colour, and about the size of a mandarin orange, has seeds inside like a medlar, and in flavour and substance resembles a very rich, juicy plum.

After what seemed much more than ten or twelve miles we could not learn that we were any nearer to Miangashi. We had crossed the river several times, sometimes by fords, sometimes over rickety wooden bridges,

with branches laid across them, and sods upon the branches ; we had passed through many orchards of mulberry-trees, and met strings of ponies, laden with sacks of cocoons ; we had stopped to watch the winding of silk off the cocoons in one of the farm-houses, which was very quickly and dexterously done by women, seated in front of a stove, where stood a pan of water, with many cocoons soaking in it. They twisted the thread round a wheel, exactly like those on which children wind silk-worms' silk, and quickly and cleverly joined the threads, winding on two skeins at a time, till they became hanks of soft, flossy-looking gold, or maize-coloured raw silk, like a spider's web, for delicacy. We passed between high hills, and saw many beautiful views. But we had made a light breakfast very early, and by 3 P.M. were growing almost too ravenous to appreciate fully the beauty of the scenery. Two of the party had chosen one ford at the crossing of a certain river, and followed the road leading from that. The rest of us had chosen another, which seemed easier, and the road from which looked better. From inquiries now and then made at houses on the way, this proved to be a road to Miangashi, though when it would bring us to that longed-for spot no one seemed able to tell. Our horses were all tired, and our progress became slower and slower, and still we saw no signs of either our friends or servants. Tired and hungry, cross and silent, 'like a string of camels going to Mecca' at most unsociable distances, we pursued our way. At length, we joyfully beheld in the distance a well-known, short, stout figure, accompanied by another, tall and thin, advancing along the road to meet us, and farther off a house, with animals

and servants standing about, and bearing a strong resemblance to our own. The two who had chosen the straight road had been there about three hours, and described their ride as wonderful, from the grandeur and magnificence of the views. But the road was a mere rocky track, up one side and down the other of a mountain, where it was impossible to ride, and which, being still lame, I could not have accomplished. Alas! for the luncheon we had been so eagerly anticipating. The deli-

cate fowl, which our friends had amiably abstained from wholly demolishing, they had seen walked off with by a hungry cat. There was nothing else but a round of beef. Not a bad substitute, it may be thought. No; but all the knives and forks had been left behind, to follow at leisure with the morning's cups and saucers. There were, however, when the resources of the whole party had been mustered, found to be one pocket-knife and one penknife, at the end of a Mordan's pencil, among us. Neither of

them were very sharp, and one of them was a good deal notched and otherwise ill-used, but it was no time to wait for burnished steel-blades. We set to work at once with the means at our disposal, and sawed off a mouthful at a time, till the bright idea of the servant's sword dawned upon some one. Accordingly, the long straight sword was brought, and with it slices were quickly hewn off, to be modified by the penknives, while a crowd of natives, each with baby on back, surrounded the house, staring with astonishment at the barbarous customs of their uncivilized visitors.

After appeasing our hunger we had time to reconnoitre the place, and discovered that our abode was not a tea-house, but a small, uncomfortable, and draughty farm, with but little accommodation for man or beast. Moreover, it was not in the village, but on the opposite banks of the river. An exploring party, therefore, set forth, who presently returned, having found the tea-house, about a quarter of a mile off, with our high and mighty protectors, the yaconins, comfortably installed in it, having sent on to order the tea-house again for their own accommodation, leaving us to do the best we could for ourselves. They were soon turned out, and our things were removed into their quarters. They also received an admonition respecting the report that would be sent to their lords and masters, should they behave in the same way again, which apparently had the desired effect, for they did not repeat the offence.

These weighty matters settled, we had time to look about us; and after wandering up and down the bank of the winding river, to the other side of which we had

crossed by a long, narrow, picturesque wooden bridge, we, at length, found the spot where we might most enjoy the beautiful scenery. We sat down, therefore, with a view to so doing, being far too weary, after our long morning's ride, to think of climbing any of the steep hillsides which rose on either hand. The long bridge over the Miangashi River is of the same construction as those we had crossed on our way in the morning. Branches of a shrub resembling broom are laid thickly across solid wooden beams, which connect the solid wooden piers of the bridge. Sods of close, root-woven turf form the surface. For walking these bridges are good, but for riding they are too springy to be pleasant. Miangashi lies in a basin, almost too shut in to be called a valley, though it is the course of the winding river, hurrying noisily along when we were there, and bent on finding the easiest and shortest route between the rocks and stones, at which it seemed to snarl angrily, when they uprose in the middle of an otherwise smooth course. But there were manifold tokens that, on occasion, it was far other than an excited, fidgety, little stream. Strong and stout, indeed, should be the wooden piers, and well planted the stones and rocks supporting their base, to enable the bridge to resist the furious rush of the angry, roaring flood, which had left banks of mud, and branches, and stones, as reminders of its possible return, high up on the reed-covered banks. Around us, on all sides, rose the hills precipitously, and covered with dense forest, except, here and there, where a patch had been burnt, leaving, instead of green, a rich red brown, or where in some places trees had been barked previous to being felled, and stood prominently out against

the dark background, looking like skeletons waving their bony arms, or like the terribly vivid picture of the 'Dolorous Wood' in Gustave Doré's illustrations of the 'Inferno.'

We sat feasting our eyes on the beautiful scenery around us till the sun had set, and it was almost dark. Captain A. had an idea that trout were numerous in the river, and accordingly whipped the stream up and down with praiseworthy diligence, but without success.

The scene in the 'common-room' this evening was quite after Teniers. The four gentlemen were reposing in various picturesque, rather than graceful attitudes on the mat. A table of the rudest description stood near, and on it, in candelabra matching the table, candles, which shed the dimmest and most mysterious light around. Beyond, through the open doorway, a number of Japanese were seen crowding round a sort of pit in the floor of another room, wherein was a roaring fire, that cast a ruddy blaze over everything, and boiled a pot hung gipsy fashion above it. Further off still, looking like ghouls or jinns, or some such uncanny beings, appeared the flitting forms of our servants, as they passed to and from another sort of stove, which had, I believe, been improvised for the occasion. They carried Japanese lanterns to light them at their work, one or two more of which hung on the walls, and faintly indicated the outline of the building against the pitchy darkness of the surrounding night.

Rain came on during the evening, heavily, ceaselessly, and then we began to think that the traveller experiences

as much annoyance in Japan from defective drainage as in filthy China.

Our intention had been to stop a day or so here, but the tea-house after the rain was so uncomfortable (especially for the servants), and we were promised such a magnificent abode if we proceeded to Isebara, about twelve miles off, that we changed our plan, and about noon left for that place.

The first six or eight miles we retraced our steps of the day before, and then turned off in another direction. Mr. M., whose duties in Yokohama would not allow of a longer absence, here took leave of us. From the point where we quitted our old road, the character of the country changed completely. We left the mountains behind us, except a high range in the distance in the direction of our route, and passed through flat, richly-cultivated land, grain and vegetable fields, and large tracts of mulberry orchards. The great want in scenery of this kind in this country is that of animal life. Sheep are not in Japan, nor cattle, except for draught (all the beef and mutton eaten in Yokohama is brought over from Shanghai); and one misses in these views, where the farm-houses and cottages are so much like those in the 'old countrie,' or in Switzerland, the pasture-lands, and the flocks and herds grazing.

At Isebara our hopes of finding very good accommodation were not disappointed. We rode up to an excellent tea-house, of two stories and many rooms. Lucien greeted me at the door with the assurance of its being a 'very respectable place,' as he and his fellow-servants had had tea brought to them immediately on their arrival. From

the windows of our rooms, which were on the upper floor, the view was lovely. We had been gradually nearing the range of mountains, and now looked at them, across a belt of well-cultivated plain, as at near neighbours, while Oyama, the next highest mountain to Fusiyama, and also very sacred, stood invitingly close at hand, and augmented our desire of mounting to its summit. Some faint hopes which we had entertained, that perhaps we might be able to ascend Fusiyama itself, were on our arrival at Isebara utterly banished, by the news that the snow, which is only absent from the top for a short time during the height of summer, had fallen earlier than usual this year. The American Minister and a party of friends, whom we much envied, had left the summit just before the snow fell.

Isebara is a large town, with streets of good houses and shops, but without any appearance of wealth. They make some delicious wafer biscuits here, just like *gaufres*, thin and crisp, and some of them rolled into a tube, and filled with sweet stuff, much like white toffy. The native cookery is very good, everything looks clean, and is nicely arranged and served.

After dinner the interpreter and yaconins made their appearance to discuss the morrow's programme, an essential point, in which was our determination, if practicable, to ascend Oyama. The dislike the Japanese have to admitting foreigners to any place, from which they can be kept by argument or persuasion, was strongly evinced on this occasion. It was wonderful to hear the string of excuses invented by these gentlemen, each containing some very good reason why we should give up our pro-

ject. They first urged the roughness of the road, the length of time it would take, the fatigue for a lady, and so on. These paltry difficulties were laid aside, and they were informed that they were labouring under a complete misapprehension when they deposed to Mr. M. having, on parting, given them a charge *not* to take us up the mountain. Also that we would run the risk of the rudeness of the people, another bugbear wherewith they had tried to frighten us. Finally they were sent away, with a few honeyed words as to their own weight and importance, which produced a promise that they would do their utmost.

The next morning, after breakfast, the yaconins reappeared, declaring that they did not think we could go up the mountain. There is, unfortunately, but one path by which an ascent of the rugged steep can be made. This path is closed at nearly the beginning of the ascent by a temple, through the gates of which one must pass, and here it is that the difficulty presents itself, for the priests will allow admittance to no foreigners. A good deal of the previous evening's conversation had to be gone through again, the yaconins raising objections, which were immediately knocked down, and at last going off with the promise of doing their very best, and of waiting for us at the temple gates, whither we were to repair in about half-an-hour.

We were not very sanguine, but set off at the time appointed, and rode for some distance through lanes and fields, till we came to the foot of the mountain. Here the road became a stone staircase between houses and gardens. Higher up were a few poor-looking shops, principally for

the sale of rosaries* and amulets. Nowhere, but in Japan, would one dream of riding up and down such places. About two miles from Isebara we reached the temple, found the gate closed, and a dirty white curtain, with crests (supposed to be those of the patron Daimios of the temple) embroidered, or *appliqué* with cloth, we were not near enough to distinguish which, in black upon it. I do not know whether the curtain was drawn as a kind of reiteration of refusal to open the gates, but it looked like it. Here we found the yaconins, seated, and arguing with the priests' ambassador. It was not the chief priest himself, though speaking with authority and by command of the latter. They had been unable, they declared, though they had tried eloquence, bribery, and threats, to obtain admittance for us as yet, but they hoped, if we would wait a little time, that their persuasiveness might prevail. So there we sat, being stared at by gaping crowds, not possessed of high intellectual attainments, to judge from their countenances, for two long hours. The priests, two or three of whom had joined their brother, now appearing to waver, particularly if we made any show of leaving, and then again returning to their emphatic refusals. At the end of two hours it was too late for us to think of starting, even had we been allowed permission. This was, I believe, what the priests were aiming at the whole time, being afraid to refuse us absolutely, but taking care to keep us outside the gates

* These rosaries were of the rudest and commonest description, made either of seeds strung together, or of bits of very small reed, cut in lengths of about an inch, and strung together with glass beads between them.

until we must of ourselves give up the attempt. I wish we could even have succeeded in passing the gates, had we been obliged to return at once after doing so, for it might have paved the way for others following in our footsteps. We might have gone round a long, rough way, and attained a certain height above the temple, but were assured that it would be unsafe to exasperate the priests by doing so. We had, therefore, nothing left us but to go back to our tea-house and our disappointment. It is on such occasions as this that one suffers so much from ignorance of the language of the country. The yaconins might have been doing their best, or they might not; but whichever it was, we had no means of judging.

It was no use making another attempt, so the next day we left Isebara early. It was a lovely morning, and we had a beautiful view of Fusiyama, 'that aerial spectre revealed in the glow of the great golden dawn,' just as we were leaving the town. At first one hardly noticed it, for the base of the cone was covered with clouds, as was the summit with snow, and the breadth of cloud the eye must traverse before reaching this snowy peak was so great, that it seemed almost impossible to believe it was the cone-shaped mountain-top, and not a vision, or fancy-born illusion. As the sky grew clearer, however, and the colour of it deepened, the snowy peak stood out against it, as only snow-peaks can,—clear, sharp, cold, and beautiful.

We had a delightful twelve miles' ride before luncheon, through well-farmed land and shady lanes. We were rather delayed on our road, in consequence of having to cross two branches of a river, of which the delta was so

deep and marshy, that the horses had to be led round some distance to a boat, not being able to cross a plank, which was our substitute for a broken bridge. Yotzia was the name of our halting-place—a large village, hardly to be called a town. We had but eight miles to ride in the evening, so stayed here a few hours, enjoying the pleasant, perfumed shade of a small pine-wood at the other side of some fields near the tea-house, where we sat discussing 'men and manners,' to the evident edification of a crowd of natives, principally remarkable for the extraordinary hideousness which marked every individual of them. The mortality among the natives in this country must be very great to account for the fact that the population is decreasing rather than increasing, for we never saw a crowd where four at least out of every five composing it, whether man, woman, or child, had not a baby on their backs.

Our evening eight miles was to take us, *vià* the 'little Tokaido,' to Katasee. The 'little Tokaido' is a 'king's highway,' *alias* a made road, running nearly parallel with *the* Tokaido, and passing through Fugisawa—a large town, not bearing the best reputation as to the character of its inhabitants, who are, for the most part, of much the same stamp as the inhabitants of Sinagawa, on the great Tokaido. There was a marked difference in the appearance and manner of the crowds, who followed while we were passing through this town, to those of crowds, not so great perhaps, but quite as curious, to whom we had been a strange and wonderful sight further inland among the country people. Here nearly all the men put on an insolent, scowling expression when they saw us, very

much like the looks cast upon us by the followers of Daimios in the streets of Yedo and Sinagawa. A tribe of children followed us, shouting out 'Feringhee! feringhee!' and making an almost deafening clatter by the noise of their wooden *sabots*.

We had been advised to stop, if possible, to see some very fine temples at Fugisawa, but unfortunately we had no interpreter with us. So we went straight on to Katasee, approaching nearer to the coast, which at Katasee is only two miles distant.

On a hill, close behind our very comfortable, clean tea-house, there stood some fine wooden gateways and temples, to which we climbed early next morning. In the porch of the first temple, a small one, and the gateway leading to it, there was some exquisite wood-carving; birds, such as hawks or eagles, storks and quails, among trees, and floral designs, most perfectly cut. The inside of the temple was just like all others. A vast amount of gilding and tawdry artificial flowers hung about. The walls were decorated with rude pictures, apparently votive offerings. A steep flight of steps behind the temple led us to a shrine, in which there was nothing to be seen, past a cottage, where a woman was making and drying in the sun some extremely uninviting-looking cake or sweet-meat, up a very steep, narrow path to the top of the hill, whence we had a grand view over the country, and the harbour of Yokohama in the distance. The day was a little hazy, but not sufficiently so to prevent our seeing the thick column of smoke issuing from the active volcano on Vries Island. It is a well-known landmark for vessels coming into the bay, and is seen for

miles away. The island itself is between 2000 and 3000 feet in height. Enoshima, a sacred island, covered with temples, and inhabited by semi-barbarous fishermen, lay almost at our feet. We were bound thither; and, after taking a bird's-eye view of the country generally, and our destination in particular, we descended the hill, mounted our horses, and proceeded on our way.

Enoshima is hardly an island, properly so called, for it is not entirely surrounded by water except at high tide, being connected with the mainland by a broad plain of sand. But even at low tide, it bears all the appearance of an island, standing up, green and wooded, in the midst of the surrounding sandy flat. There is hardly a square inch of naturally level ground on the island. We left our horses at the foot of the hill, and followed a steep and narrow-paved street, with shops on either side, to one of the principal temples. The yaconins had brought a norimon for me to be carried up in, but the islanders, fishermen-priests, or priestly fishermen, I don't know which, would not allow it to be taken more than about fifty yards up the road. This was not a subject of much regret, for walking was a less evil than being carried in what must surely have been at first invented as an instrument of torture. Where houses and temples are not, trees abound on the island. Of the houses nearly every one is a shop, for the sale of all manner of quaint things made out of shells, just like any fishing-village at home, where cocks and hens bristle in all the glory of scallops, glued on to ear-shells, and conchologists are tortured by beholding fine 'specimens' cleaned and polished, and, worse than all, deprived of their operculums. Some of

these things, such as screens, shrines, and little tripedal salt-cellars, were really pretty; also some glass-cases, with a tree made of dried seaweed, and blossoms in tiny pink shells, covering the branches, with long-tailed pheasants, and other less recognisable poultry, roosting on the boughs, or pecking in the ground beneath.

We ascended higher, till we reached some of the largest temples, standing on an open plain near the edge of the cliff. There was nothing particular about these, and most of them had suffered a good deal in the typhoon, which occurred while we were at Yedo. A little shed belonging to a tea-house stood near, on the very edge of the cliff, and under its shelter, we sat and rested before recommencing our ascent, enjoying the beautiful view, and bargaining for quaint pictures of the god of this temple, and little images in gilt, about the thickness of a visiting card, which are enclosed in small cases, opening like triptychs, and said, by the priests who sell them, to be charms against misfortune at sea.

Up again we went for some distance, and at last arrived at the top of the island, where was another cleared space, larger than that below, surrounding another temple. Standing in this space, in front of the building, were some fine bronzes, and a flat stone portal, carved in a very good pattern of circles and squares interlaced. One of the bronzes was very curious. It was a water-tank, standing on rocks, upon, and creeping from beneath which, were several tortoises or turtles, of all sizes and in all attitudes. At first we thought this was stone. It was moss-grown and mud-encrusted, and bore every appearance of extreme age, and so little resembled bronze,

that not until, accidentally, struck by somebody's whip did we ascertain it to be so.

The houses, shops, and temples ceased here, and we descended to the other side of the island, sometimes by a narrow path, sometimes by steps, till we arrived at rough rocks, overlooking and rising out of the sea. We scrambled over these, and eventually found ourselves at the entrance to some caves, which we entered, and soon came upon a very scrubby-looking priest, sitting on a rock near some little stone Bhudhas. He was supposed to be the porter, through whom alone access might be obtained to the inner depths of the cave, by his opening the great wooden gates, which he used not to do until he had extorted what he regarded as a sufficient remuneration. But, alas! for the impotence of humanity, a giant, in the form of typhoon-lashed waves, had, in one short night, overcome the puny resistance offered to their onward progress, and had broken down the strong beams and bars, and left them, a heap of shattered boards, far within that cave which they were established to defend. The extortioner, their master, sat disconsolate, contemplating the sad ruin, and thankful for anything, however small, bestowed upon him by visitors or worshippers.

We had not been here long before three diminutive urchins, springing, as it seemed, from the bowels of the earth, rushed forward, and volunteered to escort us through the narrow passages. They each produced a small lamp, of the ancient classical form (like a dumpy teapot, with its spout preternaturally elongated, and turned up the wrong way), which seems admirably adapted for producing the largest possible amount of smoke, with the least

possible modicum of light, and an abominable smell. These they lighted, and then led us through low, narrow, damp passages, very muddy and very slippery, for some distance. They halted before a platform hewn out of the rock, standing on which were two or three small gods, to unbelievers hardly worth the trouble they cost to reach. We were for retracing our steps after this, but our juvenile guides would not hear of our returning direct, and conducted us through more narrow, damp passages, till we stood before another rock-hewn platform, with a shrine upon it. In front of this, carved in the rock, were two admirably executed snakes, with most fierce-looking eyes and open jaws, both brilliantly coloured. There were a few small gods placed on stones in other parts of this passage. In one or two places bas-reliefs, carved on the walls, represented apparently scenes from the history of some of the deities.

On our return to the rocks and open air, it was suggested that one of the fishing-boats, of which several were cruising about near, might be induced to take us round the island, thus saving a tedious walk, and seeing more of its exterior. The yaconins were sent to negotiate, which resulted in our being soon seated in one of the boats and paddled between rocks covered with very small oysters, through beautifully clear, deep-blue water, back to where we had left our horses. Thence we rode along the shore, for three or four miles, to Dibutz—a village, or rather small town, that takes its name from the enormous bronze Bhudha known by the name of 'Dibutz,' which is one of the principal lions of Japan. Here we were looking forward to finding luncheon, and had, moreover, agreed

that we should be much better able to appreciate the wonderful image after half-an-hour's or an hour's rest, than if we went straight on from Enoshima. Disappointment, therefore, conveys but a faint idea of our feelings on arrival at finding no bettoes, no servants, no lunch! The two last had gone on to Kamakura, a couple of miles further, where we were to sleep. Where the bettoes were no one knew. There was nothing eatable to be had here, and so a messenger was despatched to bring back food from Kamakura, and meantime the gentlemen set to work to tie up and feed the horses. They seemed to think themselves as ill-used and as much to be pitied as their masters, when some very dry, chopped straw, and still drier beans, mixed with water, were set before them, which apparently had the advantage of lasting a long time, for the poor animals could hardly crunch them, and appeared to regard the arrangements made for them as unsatisfactory in the extreme. There was a stove in the tea-house covered with roasted chesnuts, upon a large portion of which we laid violent hands, and then set off to see the great Dibutz.

We turned off the highroad, and, leaving the houses almost immediately, followed a lane, with beautiful hibiscus hedges, for about a quarter of a mile, when we arrived at a gateway, surrounded on all sides by trees and shrubs. This was the entrance to an avenue, and as soon as we were inside the gate, my father and I being novices, were made to shut our eyes, while walking about a hundred yards, that the full glory of the image might burst upon us at once. On opening them, we beheld at the end of the avenue a grand, colossal figure in bronze,

of 'Bhudha in contemplation.' I have never seen any Bhudha equal to it in power of expression. The 'listening god' is truly represented, and there is infinite grandeur in the calm majesty and repose of this god-like figure. Looking up to the face when close under it, the eyes from beneath the lowered lids leave an impression on the mind, that they belong to some superior, magnificent being, who from another sphere is contemplating, with a mixture of sternness and tenderness, the vices and follies of this little world and its inhabitants—his worshippers. As far as age is concerned, Dibutz cannot be brought into comparison with those marvels of ancient Egypt and ancient India, which represent the deities of their respective people. But for beauty and expression I have seen nothing (not even the Sphinx itself) that can compare with this glorious bronze image. The situation, too, is so well chosen. I can fancy nothing more calculated to inspire an imaginative people with religious awe, than the presence of such a figure at the end of this silent avenue of high, thick trees, behind which rise forest-clad hills in solemn beauty, and with nothing else near to distract the thoughts from this one object.

As a work of art alone—I mean, looking at it simply as a figure, not as the image of a god—Dibutz is wonderful. The proportions are so well regulated, that at first the colossal size is hardly striking, nor until men stand beside the figure does one fully appreciate what its real height is. Captain J. measured the circumference of the thumb, and found it to be exactly the size of his own waist, he being stout rather than otherwise, and the length of his hand, from the wrist to the tip of the fingers,

just measured the breadth of the thumb-nail. The base on which the figure stands is built of stone, in large blocks. It is hollow, with a door leading into what has been made a temple or shrine, lighted from windows in the back of the figure; wherein worshippers have left their traces in the form of tawdry artificial flowers and paltry gilt images, and foreign visitors theirs, in an attempt to immortalize their names, after the good (?) taste so commonly displayed by travellers. For any one fond of details, this is the place where may be seen and counted the number of pieces in which the figure was cast. I did not count them, for it was break-neck work looking up to such a height, and in my opinion, it adds but little to the interest of such an object to know that it is formed out of a hundred pieces, more or less.

An old priest, living in a cottage close to the figure, was our cicerone, and drove an apparently thriving trade by the sale of prints from a native picture of Dibutz. It is not a bad representation, but, as might be anticipated, very far inferior to some excellent photographs we bought on our return to Yokohama.

On returning to the tea-house we found the luncheon, which had been brought back from Kamakura, awaiting us. After hastily despatching it we rode on to Kamakura. This town was formerly the capital of the empire, and extended as far as to Dibutz, though now there are hardly any houses between the two villages. Our road skirted the shore, at a little distance inland, for about two miles. We then turned directly away from the sea, up a magnificent avenue, which runs direct from the beach to the largest temple at Kamakura. The road is wide and

good, and at intervals, other roads, equally well made, and also shaded on either side by beautiful trees (principally pines) cross it at right angles. I think the distance between the temple and the beach was said to be rather over a mile. It was while riding through this avenue that two English officers, who had been paying a visit to Dibutz (by name Baldwin and Burd), were murdered about two years before we were there.

There are fewer houses and shops left at Kamakura than at Dibutz; but there seemed a continuous row of good tea-houses, and there are also the very fine temples, for which it is celebrated. We went to see these early the next morning. A handsome stone bridge leads from the broad road over a stream, into an open gravel space in the midst of fir-woods, and in front of a long flight of stone steps, which ascend to the largest of the temples. They are eight in number, and are built upon the side of a steep hill, terminating the valley through which the broad avenue runs. The fir-woods are traversed by two or three gravel roads, cut through the trees. The temples, built, as usual, of wood, with a great deal of red lacquer about them, are very handsome on the outside. The Japanese will allow no foreigners to enter, so I cannot describe the interior. We were very early in our visit, and, being only followed by two or three small children, hoped to reach the door, which stood open, and gain admittance before any of the authorities should be about. But when we were about halfway up the steps, a man going along the road below saw us, and bawled lustily to some one at the top, who it appeared was a priest, and who had been sleeping inside the temple.

On being thus hastily awakened he rushed out in time to close the doors in our face just as we had reached them. Perhaps 'the grapes were sour,' but we consoled ourselves by ascertaining, on peeping through the bars of two or three windows, that there would have been nothing worth seeing had the doors been thrown open for our admission. Some of these temples contain gods said to be the physicians of various diseases, and in one, which resembled a tower rather than a temple, it is said that criminal women of high rank are, or used to be, imprisoned. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, but I can for the external beauty of their prison, if prison it be. The vermilion wood-work, under the dark-brown tiled, very steep roof, standing among the dark-green of the fir-trees, is extremely picturesque. We tried to find a path behind the largest temple to the top of the hill, but we could find nothing at all practicable without hatchets, and were forced to be content with what we had seen, and return to the tea-house to breakfast before setting off on our homeward way. We were now within a day's march of Yokohama.

Just after we had started, my father remembered that somewhere near here we had heard of some rock-hewn temples, which he and I were very anxious to see, and our companions, with their usual good-nature, at once agreed to a hunt for their whereabouts. We turned back to the village, and on inquiry, learned that the caves were five miles off, in the exactly contrary direction to that of our road to Yokohama. Ten miles in addition to an already long stage, with horses beginning to feel the effects of lengthy marches day after day, seemed too much, and

we were thinking of giving it up, when somebody deposed to their being a road across country from the caves to Kanasawa. This would obviate the necessity for returning, as well as going the five miles; so we set off, with a guide from Kamakura.

He led us, for about three miles, through pretty country lanes, with a few cottages here and there, and fine trees in the neatly-kept hedgerows. After leaving these, we went for some way through cultivated fields, with wide paths across them, and a beautiful view of Fusiyama, and Oyama in the distance. As we went on, however, our path grew narrower, and yet more narrow; and at length our guide turned off to one of the ridges dividing paddy-fields. They are usually wide enough for a man to walk on comfortably, or for the native ponies (who are accustomed to them, and step with one foot before the other like cats) to cross without difficulty. But my father and I, who were on horses, found our position anything but agreeable. We had not gone far before the path, which was only hard and solid in the very centre, gave way under the horses' feet, first on one side and then on the other. We wished to dismount, but it was rarely that the path was wide enough for the horses to stand with all four legs on *terra firma.* Rarer still was it to find a spot where we could get off without sinking into the detestable paddy-swamp. But at last we accomplished it, happily for both horses and riders; for the thoughts of being smothered in the mud were not pleasant, and I do not believe the horses could have come over the last portion of the road with a weight on their backs. When we arrived at the made-

road we found that this was not the right way at all, but that our stupid guide had taken it as a short cut, quite indifferent to its being well suited for horses or not.

We were now close to the caves, and soon arrived at a house, in the garden of which is the entrance to them. In the course of time, some small boys, provided with offensive little oil-lamps, of the same description as those which had lighted our path at Enoshima, made their appearance. The lamps on the present occasion were fastened to the end of long sticks, with a view to lighting up dark corners, but of which the only result was the depositing of the oil upon every object within reach. We groped our way through long, dark, wet passages, cut out of what looked like shale, only that it was more clayey and less slaty. The walls were in many places covered with figures, in bas-relief, of men, animals, birds, trees, &c. The caves had lately been much damaged during an earthquake, and were undergoing repairs. Some of these bas-reliefs were among the restored portions, and very inferior to the more ancient work. The passages intersected each other constantly, and led into round or square chambers, apparently temples appropriated to particular deities. Some of them were ornamented with figures representing a history, or portion of a history. Others contained only one or two large figures. Others, again, were divided into compartments, with a different animal in each. One or two which, from the amount of ornament bestowed upon the passages leading to them, we imagined must be particularly sacred, contained only a plain stone altar. A stream of water ran through one of the passages, with only a narrow ledge on one side, as a footpath. This

led to one or two chambers, on the roofs of which was wonderful carving. One of them had a flying dragon, in very high relief, and extremely well chiselled. There were other chambers, of which the roofs had been domed upon acoustic principles, with a view to obtaining curious echoes and reverberations. In one, standing in a particular spot, and mumbling in a low voice, the sound produced was like the roll of a drum swelling and falling through the long, narrow passages. In another, the effect was as of a loud bell, or gong, being struck repeatedly.

It is tantalising that so very little is known of the religion of the Japanese, or of any facts connected with it. I believe Bhudhism, as followed here, is very different in many points from the same religion in China and India. And of Sintoo, the original religion of the country, anything that is known seems to be based almost entirely upon conjecture; while there are many sects, neither Sintoos nor Bhudhists, of whom nothing whatever, excepting their existence, is known.

For those who have seen the rock-hewn temples in India, and who have turned their attention to the discovery of the means whereby such vast works could have been accomplished, these caves in Japan are full of interest. I mentioned that the passage we first entered was cut through a substance like shale: it was quite soft, and crumbled, and had a good deal of water flowing over and through it. All the passages were not on the same level, and as we got higher up, where the water had drained off, the surface became quite hard and stony, and rang with the same metallic sound that trap-rock has when struck; though it was nowhere so hard but that a blow

with the loaded end of a hunting-whip would chip it. Whether trap-rock (out of which the temples in India are hewn) can by the action of subterranean springs, before being exposed to the air or the sun, be of any consistency less hard than it presents afterwards, is a question that geologists and chemists must be able to answer, but there are certain circumstances which would lead one to believe this to be the case. The idea suggested itself to my father, when, after closely observing the working of the stone in the Indian cave-temples, he failed to discover, even in the most elaborate designs, any sign of a slip of the chisel, or a false stroke with the mallet, as would surely have been found had the rock always been of its present iron-like hardness. Moreover, in some parts, where the work had been hardly more than sketched out, it does not bear the rough, crude appearance, that marble or hard rock presents when first under the sculptor's hand, but rather the appearance of clay or sandstone after undergoing the first process.

On returning to open air and daylight, we found Captain G. J., who had grown tired of groping his way along damp, dark passages, seated on the bank of a paddy-field, guarding his pony, which he had arrived in time to save from an untimely end. The delicate-looking green paddy had proved too great a temptation for equine self-control, and the pony, in reaching over to obtain his prize, had slipped in, and was, when his master appeared, doing his utmost to enact the part of Tantalus, only with this addition, that he had contrived so to twist the bridle round his throat, that there appeared every reason to believe that his punishment would not be eternal.

One of the boys, who had hitherto been acting as a torch-bearer, was now induced, by the brilliant prospect of gaining a whole itzbou 'all for himself,' to show us the way to Kanasawa, of which our guide was ignorant. But after taking us across two or three fields, the little wretch stopped, and positively refused to move an inch further. Neither threats nor promises were of the slightest avail; he ran off, and we had to pursue our route according to the directions of every individual we met on the road, or saw working in the fields, of whom we inquired our way.

A very long and bad road it was, but through beautiful country—the valleys rich in crops, and the hills densely wooded with magnificent trees. It seemed as if we never should reach our destination. We went on, mile after mile, and mile after mile, and still the answer to every query only placed our halting-place at the same distance as when we left the Caves of Tāna, and we began to experience what must be the sensations of those oft-gulled donkeys, who are induced to move by the prospect of overtaking a measure of corn, fastened in front of them at the end of a pole! At length, however, we did arrive at the pretty little fishing village of Kanasawa, about twelve miles from Yokohama. Here an English gentleman, living at the latter place, who had devoted so much time and trouble in behalf of the world at large, as to have earned the prefix of 'public-spirited' to a not uncommon surname, had a short time previously established a comfortable tea-house, for the benefit of many who enjoy a Sunday, or two or three days' rest and quiet in this pretty little place.

It is a small village, consisting principally of one long street. The tea-house stands close to the water, at the head of Mississippi Bay, which runs far back between low hills, covered with trees, among which peep numerous temples. The village follows the curve at the head of the bay, and looks over it and the islands dotted around.

It was so late before we arrived, and the days were beginning to draw in so fast, that we had but little time to spare before setting off for Yokohama, the ride to which is very beautiful. The road, or rather path, is good. On first leaving the village, it is very steep to the top of a high hill, whence is one of the most beautiful views in the neighbourhood of Yokohama. The trees, one of the chief beauties of Japanese scenery, were each day adding something new of variety and richness of tint at the approach of autumn, while the crops, at least the paddy, which is the most conspicuous among them, still clothed the valleys in brilliant green. Hitherto we had had perfect weather, but this evening, almost before sunset, a dark, chill, regular 'autumn evening' set in, with the raw feeling and whistling, dismal wind that always makes one look forward to finding a wee bit of bright fire in the house. But this is a luxury denied to dwellers in Japan, who, only when the weather becomes unbearably cold, think of heating the rooms, which is done by means of stoves.

We were, as before, most kindly welcomed by Sir H. and Lady Parkes, and learnt that our vessel, the 'Swallow,' had arrived, and was to be ready for her return voyage to San Francisco in four days' time. The 'Swallow' was an American barque of only 250 tons. She was said, however, to be a smart craft, and that a voyage made in

her was in every respect like a voyage in a private yacht. The large steamers between San Francisco and Japan would only begin to run at the new year, and as there were no other vessels going across the Pacific, we had taken passages in her. The first visit my father paid to her did not reassure him as to the comfort or space we should find on board. But the owner and the captain were Americans; *ergo*, profuse in promises. We soon discovered that 'four days' meant a week, though we were constantly warned to be ready 'this evening' or 'early to-morrow morning,' which kept us continually on the *qui vive*, and afraid to be out of call. The seven days became nine, and we anticipated yet another night on shore, when, as we were sitting at dinner, the coxswain of the boat in which we were to go off came running in to say that the 'Swallow' was sailing down the bay, and we must lose no time. On seeing the lights in our boat she hove to, and we soon caught her up, and boarded her, bidding adieu to Japan, with all its beauties and the many pleasures for which we were indebted to our kind friends.

The misery we underwent during our voyage across the so mis-called Pacific Ocean, would probably be attributed by sailors to our having started on a Friday. I had studiously avoided going on board till absolutely necessary, as the accounts grew daily more dismal respecting the accommodation, cleanliness, and tidiness of the vessel. It was no disappointment, therefore, to find a cabin six feet by five feet; the bed and washing-stand just leaving room to turn round; and as far as trouble and thoughtfulness on the part of kind friends, who had fitted it up

with shelves, curtains, pegs, drawers, lamps, &c., could render it comfortable, it had been made so. Otherwise it would indeed have been miserable. My father had one of four deck cabins, which were a good deal larger and more airy than those below, but possessed the doubtful advantage of occasionally providing their occupants with a salt-water bath at a moment's notice. The seas, which during great part of the voyage constantly washed over us, often found their way in with a dash and a rush, filling the cabin, and soaking everything. The day after leaving was very rough, as we had been told it would be till clear of the coast, but after that the weather was to be perfect the whole way. Instead of which we had twelve of the most disagreeable days it would be possible to imagine. The first five a heavy gale, with seas washing over from stem to stern incessantly, and everything in the vessel in the extreme of dirt and confusion. How long those five days seemed, lying in one's berth unable to do anything, and equally unable to prevent hearing the war of winds and waves, and the mournful tolling of the hour-bell, which, swinging backwards and forwards by the motion of the ship, sounded like a knell, and finally, becoming unbearable, was tied up altogether. The sailors declared that hardly any other vessel would have held on in such weather, and with truth, I believe. Neither captain nor men had scarcely any rest for the first seven days and nights. Then followed several days of bitter cold and almost calm, save the ocean swell, which kept rolling us from side to side, lazily, yet with a disagreeable jerking motion, almost worse than the gale. During this week of calm, there were the usual small excitements of cap-

turing some of the numerous sea-birds which followed in our wake, restoring them to liberty with leathern collars marked 'Swallow' round their necks, or marking their bills, and watching whales and porpoises. Then, again, the wind rose, but only to drive us out of our course. The touching solicitude with which the captain half-hourly inquired, 'How 's her head ?' only evoked the unsatisfactory response time after time, 'Nor' east by north,' when our course should have been very little, if at all, to the north of east. We began to make up our minds, that in the course of a few months, we might 'turn up' somewhere about Kamschatka; or, by necessity or chance, discover that north-west passage which has been the object of so much enterprise. At last, however, soon after crossing the Meridian, on Sunday, 4th of November, a fresh, favourable breeze sprang up, inducing the captain to promise, that in ten or eleven days we should arrive at our destination. On the next Sunday, which, in consequence of an additional day in crossing the Meridian, was *nine* days after, it was still 'Wal, if we get a change in the wind we might get in in nine or ten days.' I do not wish in the least to disparage the powers or performance of the little 'Swallow.' She was a splendid sea-boat; but in spite of the perpetual asseverations of the captain, that when we did get a fair wind we should 'see some tall sailing, I guess,' the 'tall sailing' only resulted in 'tall talking.' Except on two days, in one of which we made close upon 300 knots; but while doing so one of the yards split, and carried away two or three sails; and during the last week, when we averaged 230 miles a-day.

Our fellow-passengers were not of a class to relieve

the tedium of such a voyage. They consisted of an ex-butcher and pilot of Yokohama and his wife, who was one of the owners of the vessel, and had charged exorbitantly for our passage, afterwards being heard to boast of 'the good thing' he had made out of the English gentleman; a dyspeptic doctor, belonging to an American man-of-war in China, who was on his way home on account of his health; a young man from one of the merchants' houses in Shanghai, also returning on sick-leave; a German gentleman troubled with weak nerves, who had not the slightest confidence in the vessel, the captain, or anything else; and a young man, of most obnoxious manners, who having been hospital-steward on board one of the men-of-war in China, used to excite the doctor's wrath by treating him as if they were brethren in the profession, and on an equality.

The most agreeable of our co-sufferers was an old whaler-captain, a thorough 'old salt,' and much trusted by our captain, particularly with reference to the coast, any question about which was always referred to him. In spite of 'adverse circumstances' he was, like Mark Tapley, 'always jolly;' and though ready for a joke on the slightest provocation, he was essentially respectable and respectful; never in the least presuming upon being thrown with those who either were, or pretended to be gentlemen, or assuming an equality with them on that account. Our own captain was not altogether a bad specimen of his class. He was a young man, rough and uneducated, but careful, civil, and obliging, and doing his best to make things as bearable as circumstances would allow. The crew consisted of two mates and of

seven seamen; four of whom were Dutch, and the other three Negroes. There was a cook, though one would scarcely have thought so, to judge by the result of his labours; and a Negro steward, who was the very *beau idéal* of a 'Nigger' of the most degraded and brutalised class. For live-stock we had, for the first week, a community of attenuated cocks and hens, who at first strove to keep up a pretence of rural bliss, by crowing lustily at all sorts of odd hours during the night. Most of them were washed overboard during the gale. There was also a pig, whose existence I should have deemed fabulous, had not a great noise and scuffle in the cuddy, and hasty shutting of my door, one night during the first gale, been explained by the fact that poor piggy had been washed out of his own abode and down the companion-ladder, suddenly making his appearance, squeaking and squealing, among those seated round the cuddy table. There were two cats on board: one very sleek, bold, and handsome; the other thin, timid, and ugly. To them, I conclude, we owed the absence of rats. Nor were there any cockroaches, though the vessel and everything in it was filthy; but in the cabins below there were innumerable tiny ants.

The last six days we were blown along tolerably on our course, as far as the captain could ascertain by dead reckoning. Of neither sun nor star did he obtain a glimpse all that time. On the 15th, great excitement was caused by the appearance of some kelp and floating weed, and one or two logs and spars, which proclaimed our approach to the coast, and caused the captain to increase his vigilance, though he still imagined us to be

between one or two hundred miles off. The fog was so thick, that nothing but a band of light, about where the horizon should have been, was visible. This they considered to be the 'loom of the land,' and just before dinner-time the captain, who had been watching at the mast-head for some time, shouted down the joyful news that they were not mistaken, as land itself was visible. About eight o'clock that evening we made the light on the Farallone Islands, which are only about twenty-seven miles from San Francisco Harbour. Unfortunately we were off our course for the harbour, so had to beat about all night, as the coast round the entrance is dangerous, and the fog was too thick to allow any risk by running close to it. Still the captain was laying bets all round, that by noon next day we should be at anchor; but we found to our cost, that, even when backed by dollars, we could not depend upon his words. The next day came, noon and afternoon, and still we were beating about in the fog outside, trying to find the entrance. We often ran so close on shore (against the wall-like cliffs of which the sea was breaking and dashing furiously), that we had to ''bout ship' suddenly, and with a speed that drove the poor German gentleman into a state bordering on distraction. The fog remained so dense, that it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead until about 2 P.M., when a gleam showed a rock that we had been close to at breakfast-time, and once since, to be *the* rock they were seeking, which marks the mouth of the harbour. In we went, delighted. But our troubles were not yet over. A large steamer coming out declared the surf on the bar to be so high that it would

be unsafe for us to attempt crossing it for at least two hours. So we had to roll about until the tide turned, and a breeze strong enough to carry us sprang up, when we crossed the bar between the high cliffs, called 'The Golden Gates,' and sailed slowly on the seven miles up to the harbour of San Francisco. The thick fog made the short day seem still shorter as to light, and the continued expectation and delay made it appear very long indeed as to time; so, though only 8 P.M. when we cast anchor, it seemed much later, and the captain was of opinion that we had better remain on board for the night. But we thought otherwise. We landed, and by 10.30 P.M., on the 16th November, were seated at tea in the Occidental Hotel, in far greater comfort and cleanliness than anything we had known for twenty-nine days.

So ended this most disagreeable voyage,—a month of the greatest trial to temper and patience I have ever known. We were thankful that we had seen the light when we did on the Farallones; else our fate might have been the same as that of a vessel from Australia, which came up the coast a few days after us, bringing many passengers besides merchandise. She had, like ourselves, been for a week without observations of any kind; and thinking they were about two or three hundred miles from the coast, the captain ran her on her course as nearly as he could judge, bringing her on shore where there was no escape, and all but two men and a boy perished. Strange to say, about fifty yards on either side of the rock on which she struck was a sandy bay, upon which, had she run, all on board could most probably have been been saved.

We had a good deal of annoyance in getting our things through the Custom House here. It was not till the evening of the second day after our arrival that we received our boxes, and we then found that every single thing had been turned out, opened, and tumbled back again, notwithstanding the assurances of the captain, that through his representation our baggage would be passed through the Custom House without examination.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Any one who has been in America knows that one description of a town, or of a monster hotel, answers, with few exceptions, for all others in the country. The Occidental Hotel at San Francisco may serve as a very fair specimen of its class. We were told that 1200 beds could be made up. The 'dining saloons' are proportionally large. No one thinks of having meals in their own room. We tried it while awaiting the arrival of our goods from the Custom House, but found it to be a matter of so much delay, difficulty, and discomfort, as well as so great an additional expense, that we never repeated the trial. In our sitting-rooms we usually found a small marble slab, occupying the place of a table, upon which one person alone could hardly have found room for more than a book, or a cup and saucer. In the dining saloons are either numerous small tables, or rows of long ones running down the rooms. Meals meet each other at all hours of the day and night, from five o'clock one morning till two o'clock the next. There is much talent for discipline and organization displayed by the marshal or marshals, whose sole office is to assign places to guests, to see that the waiters are equally divided among the tables, and to hear any complaints. Though in America the

theory is that all are equal, in practice there is quite as much distinction of rank and class as in the most conservative country. The waiters are generally Irish or Negroes. They receive very high wages, and, as a rule, remain but a short time in the hotel service. The work is very hard and continuous.

The breakfasts hardly varied at any hotels. They consisted of many kinds of bread, hot rolls, and cakes; fish dressed in different ways; ditto pork, of which Americans eat much—'pork and beans' is a very favourite dish; mutton-chops, and cutlets, and beefsteaks; cold meats; eggs in any form you please; and—what an American always ends breakfast with—corn, or buckwheat cakes, or waffles, which are very good. They eat them with a quantity of butter and molasses. The latter is the only kind of sweetmeat we ever saw at breakfast. Fond as they are of sweet things, they never have jams or preserves on the breakfast-table. Besides these cakes, there are several kinds of grain, differently cooked, much eaten at breakfast. Boiled hominy; fried mush, which is like slices of semolina pudding fried in bread-crumbs; fried rice, and others. The two dishes that seem most eaten by Americans are oysters and ice-cream, of which the consumption is extraordinary. When people have been shown their seats, a waiter is assigned to them, who carries in his head everything they order from the bill of fare. He often has three or four sets of people to wait on, but it was very rarely we found a mistake made in what each person had ordered. Very thick, heavy, white china is used in all these hotels, and each person's share is sent to him on various small dishes. It makes no difference whether

two or three order the same things, they have each their own complement of little dishes, which contain the few mouthfuls deemed sufficient for each person. The way in which waiters balance a pyramid of these small oval dishes, covered by a similar dish inverted, is astonishing. At the Occidental all the knives were plated, the reason for which was soon evident, as nearly every one we saw here ate with them. Indeed, everywhere the manners at table of 'hotel society' were more like those of animals than human beings. They took up bones with their fingers, used their forks as tooth-picks, helped themselves from the salt-cellar and the butter-bowl (the only dishes common to all at table) with the knife that had lately been used as their fork, and committed many similar atrocities. Butter-knives are very rare, salt-spoons still rarer. The manner of eating boiled eggs is objectionable to alien eyes. The waiter breaks two or three into a dumpy glass, like a custard-glass, and mashes them up with butter or pepper, in which form they are gobbled up, without toast or bread. One thing particularly observable at dinner is the quantity of pickle which is eaten; and at the dessert the quantity of 'candy,' by which name all sweets in the bon-bon line are known.

Except as being a very good specimen of the 'go-ahead' spirit of its inhabitants, there is not much of interest in the city of San Francisco. The houses in the principal streets, which are paved, are built of stone. The shops, with their plate-glass windows, and the display of goods inside, rival Regent Street. Everything was very dear. Paper-money was not current in California at that time. The city is laid out in squares, and through

all the principal streets rails are laid, upon which horse-cars run. These make a great noise, and go on continuously day and night. The streets are not very wide, and equi-rotal waggons are the private vehicles most generally employed. They require much room to turn in, and we witnessed more than one awkward encounter between them and horse-cars. The houses, in all except the chief streets, are built of wood. The streets are of great length, the numbers on the houses in many instances exceeding a thousand. The city itself, and the country round, though not mountainous, is extremely hilly. The roads, where made, are admirable, better than anywhere else in America. Where unmade, the soil being sandy and deep, causes them to be very heavy. Those streets that are stone-paved, are bad; but others, paved with wood, are excellent. There is a striking similarity between California and Australia. The same transparent atmosphere; the same trying changes of temperature, from the keenness of the wind and the power of the sun; the same sandy soil, in which geraniums and pelargoniums grow to such a size, that they are often used as hedges; and the same unfinished state of houses and roads, in the outskirts of the cities, characterize both countries. Instead, however, of the Australian hotels, there are in San Francisco what are called 'Lager-bier Saloons.' In the daytime one would imagine that the flights of steps, leading from the trottoir of the street to some underground regions, belonged to wine-cellars or spirit-vaults. But at night these are brilliantly lighted, and are in fact *cafés chantants*, where 'oyster-suppers,' 'lager-bier,' or, as is often notified in

large characters at the entrance, 'Good *square* meals' are always ready, and may be eaten to the sound of sweet music, or the sight of dancing.

A little way out of the city are the church and college of the Mission Dolores. The former was built by the Spaniards in 1757. It was the first building erected in California. Little did the worthy old fathers dream that a hundred years after there should rise upon the salt marsh, then unreclaimed from the sea, such a thriving, populous city as now stands there. Twenty years ago San Francisco was not in existence. In the library belonging to the college are said to be some old and curious books. When we were there a meeting was going on, which required the attendance of all the fathers, so we could not obtain admittance. There are no public buildings or institutions as yet at San Francisco. Only some very poor gardens, where a few miserable-looking beasts were caged, and a gaudy wooden edifice, which was pointed out with great pride as the new synagogue.

The inhabitants were full of excitement at the prospect of the railroad across the Continent, which, in a year or two, was to bring them into close communication with the East. At this time there was but one line open, and that only for a short distance. Horses should be well accustomed to trains before being ridden or driven here. There is no fence or partition of any sort between the carriage-road and the railroad, and the engines come whizzing along in anything but pleasant proximity.

We saw a good deal of the country round in the course of rides and drives; but, excepting Lobos Point, there is not much of interest near. The scenery is very

destitute of trees, and the want of colour is much felt. The only vegetation seems to be a low, heathery scrub covering the sand-hills. In summer, however, the latter are said to be green. The new appearance of all the habitations for a few miles out of the town is curious; all wooden houses, and looking as if some one had bought a number of them, and set them down without the least reference to aspect or symmetry, and then fenced in a bit of land round them in an equally promiscuous manner. Nearly every house or cottage has its windmill for pumping water, producing at a little distance a strange effect.

Lobos Point, or Seal Rock, is about six miles and a half from the city, near the entrance to the harbour. There is a large hotel here, where people often go to eat fish-breakfasts and watch the seals. The road to it is magnificent, very wide and well made. It is the fashionable afternoon drive, and here American driving may be seen to even greater perfection than at New York. Carriage-whips with long lashes are never used, and the foreign 'rule of the road' is observed. With regard to the appointment of close carriages, and those driven by servants, the same thing is observable here as in Australia, viz., how little in keeping the servants are with the equipage. You see a very handsome pair of horses, with grand plated harness, drawing a carriage which looks as if it ought to bear a ducal coronet, surmounting at least sixteen quarterings. But instead of the apoplectic, bewigged old coachman, and six-foot, powdered, gold-caned footmen, there is generally one man, out of livery, of very rough appearance, and often with one foot on the splash-

board. They always speak of a pair of horses as a 'team.' We were rather mystified the first time our carriage was announced. A waiter thrust his head in at the door, enunciated the following words, 'Team 's up,' and disappeared.

The hotel at Lobos Point stands a little way down a very steep hill, overlooking the Pacific Ocean and Golden Gates, and with three rocks a few hundred yards out in the water, on which the seals are innumerable. In the water all round also their black heads constantly appear. The noise they make is extraordinary. One might shut one's eyes, and imagine oneself close to a menagerie of wild beasts, an Indian village full of pariah-dogs, or an English common upon which all the donkeys of the neighbourhood had been turned loose. Their appearance is that of dogs rolling over each other, half quarrelling, half playing, or huge caterpillars crawling up the rock. They are horrid-looking creatures, neither animal, fish, nor reptile, and being strictly preserved, increase enormously. Here they call them 'sea-lions.' They are not the true seal, but a kind of walrus. The greater number have black fur, but some of them are brown, and much larger than the others. The latter are kings among them, and always bask on the top of the rock, where none of the black-coats dare venture. We were amused at the binoculars which were brought for us to inspect the animals with, being furnished with a chain, at the end of which was a brass ring, about a foot and a half in diameter. We could not imagine the use of this, unless for some eccentric reason people should wish to wear it round their waists. It was explained on inquiring, that

'no one could put the glasses into their pocket with this appendage.'

We were very anxious while in California to visit the Yo Semite Valley, which had been described to us in Japan by some Americans as possessing most glorious scenery. We had also seen some photographs of portions of it, which increased our desire. Our disappointment, therefore, was great at finding on arrival many obstacles opposed to our expedition. 'The snow had begun to fall; the trail was lost; no guides would go at that time of year; a young Englishman who had set off last week, had been met by a message declaring it would be blocked before he could get there, and in consequence returned to the city.' These, and similar cheering prospects, were held out for some time. But at last a gentleman, more hopeful than the rest, took us to see an artist, who knew more of the valley at all seasons than any one else, and who, much to our delight, encouraged us to start as soon as possible, and not be discouraged by any reports of snow we might hear on the road, as they generally preceded the fact by several days. This artist (Mr. Watkins) had of late years taken to photography. The result showing the advantage of being, not only a photographer, but an artist, in order to arrive at real excellence, his photographs being by far the most beautiful I have ever seen, not only as photographs, but as pictures. He was never satisfied with a plate until he had not only a perfect photograph, but one in which the lights and shadows were disposed in the most favourable manner, which often required patient watching for weeks. It is strange that few Americans even have visited this valley, for the sight

of such photographs alone must make any lover of grand scenery anxious to see the original. Mr. W. kindly gave us a great deal of useful information as to the best and most comfortable way of reaching the valley; and next day, at 3.30 P.M., we drove down to the wharf, and took our places in the steamer for Stockton.

We left San Francisco at 4 P.M., and at dark were still in the harbour, though it had become so narrow that we fancied we must have already entered the Sacramento River. This, however, we did not do till an hour or so later. In the middle of the night we left the Sacramento and entered the San Joaquin, on which river Stockton stands. We arrived here at 5.30 A.M., the tide having delayed us three hours, and found that the coach for Hornitas, our next point, would start in half-an-hour. Two or three opposition coaches started from the landing-place, the drivers and touts of which kept up a deafening din while proclaiming the merits of their own, and decrying that of the rival coaches. This was done at the top of their voices, and with all the license of the broadest 'American chaff.' We had been advised, in spite of the cold, to take the seats beside the driver, both for the sake of the view, and also as insuring a sober companion, which would not always be the case inside. The outside seat cannot, however, be called comfortable. Nothing but a bar to sit on; only room really for two persons; and the iron framework of the canvas covering (the coaches here being simply covered waggons) knocking against one's head at every jolt over the rough road. Nor, in respect of the view, were we at first much better off than those inside. There was a dense fog, through

which until about ten o'clock, nothing was visible except the ghost-like forms of the trees nearest the road, and rows of disconsolate-looking magpies, sitting huddled together on the topmost rail of the fences; varied occasionally by a large yellow bird, here called a lark, and said to be a beautiful songster.

About eight o'clock we stopped for breakfast at a rough log-hut. As seems to be the case all over the country, the bread, butter, and milk, were excellent. After breakfast the fog gradually cleared off, and the sun came out, bright and warm. Our way had been over an unmade road, of rather soft, rich soil, with cultivated land on either side, but now changed to sand, and open grass country, in some parts thickly studded with oak and other trees. In the distance rose the blue hills, the furthest (the Nevada range) partially covered with snow. About 2 P.M. we stopped for dinner, at a less rough house, and here we changed drivers. One gains much amusement, as well as information, from these men: an American is never chary of his conversation. The one who now took charge of us had come from Stockton as a passenger. He began, of course, by depreciating his predecessor's driving. We, on the other hand, had rather approved of it, especially once when the horses made a shy across the road, and nearly upset the coach over the fence; and again, when a pair of fresh young horses were put in, and on first starting bucked almost out of their harness: on both which occasions he managed them very well. Our new Jehu had broken all but two of the horses on this line himself. He gave us many anecdotes of his driving in this and other parts of the

country, and a good deal of family history—'had heard one of the inside passengers say he'd been away from his family for six years—wouldn't do so if he'd a family—didn't see the use of a family, if you were to be away from it all the time—had left his home (run away) when he was eleven years old, and it was the worst thing he'd ever done: but he was always fond of horses, and got good pay then as light-weight; so he ran away, when he might have had a good education and got settled down in the country—was more fond of music than anything else in the world (the subject was suggested by his hearing an inside passenger singing)—could play—not to say well, but still enough to make out what it was, every instrument he'd ever come across, except the flute—couldn't make nothing out o' the flute. With such-like conversation,—if half soliloquy, half narrative, can be called conversation,—did he beguile the long and weary way, which began to be very wearisome indeed, after sunset.

Our road lay for miles up a hill, which seemed interminable. It is eighty miles from Stockton to Hornitas, where we arrived about 8.30 P.M. Here the coach stopped, but we wanted to go on eleven miles further over the mountains, as the hotel at Hornitas was neither clean nor comfortable, and that at Bear Valley, we had heard, was both. The agent for the 'Express' (the coach company) was very civil, and found us a buggy and horses to take us on; we, meanwhile, getting something to eat at the inn, which, though the people were civil enough, looked anything but inviting to spend a night in. When our vehicle was ready, our late Jehu, and the 'gentleman'

who had just received two dollars for the bread and butter we had had, packed us in, with rugs and a buffalo robe,* and then shook hands most cordially, wishing us good-bye as though we had been old and dear friends.

Our buggy was one of those particularly adapted for continuous conversation between the driver and those inside, as we soon discovered. It appeared that he was not a native, though from his accent, and the invariable use of 'Wa-al' (a word which no one who has not been in America can fully appreciate), one would have supposed him to be so. 'No, sir; I don't b'long to these parts—no, I was a 'bus-driver in London. P'raps you may ha' been at such a place, sir?'

'Yes, I know London very well. What 'bus did you drive?'

'Wa-al, sir, 'twas from Charing Cross all down Piccadilly sometimes, and sometimes down to London Bridge: but all about there, yer know—down Portland Place. I was born in Devonshire Street, Portland Place. Yes, sir, I was born there. But my people have moved now, though we lived there for some time, to a place called Hampton. Did you ever hear o' that place, sir? Hampton Court you might ha' heard of, p'raps?'

'Yes, I know Hampton, and Hampton Court.'

'Wa-al, then, p'raps you may ha' known some of the families about there, sir?'

'I know a good many of those living at Hampton Court.'

'Ah, indeed, sir! Wa-al, there were a many nice

* All over America fur rugs are called 'robes.' A 'buffalo robe' is a large carriage rug made of a buffalo skin.

families there, sir. There was the Seymours—did you know them?'

'No.'

'Wa-al, then, there was Lord *Oringmoor*—you might ha' known him, sir; or—no, I don't s'pose you did know anything of Dr. Baker's family?'

'No, I didn't know any of them.'

This was, apparently, the last on the list of his acquaintance, for he enumerated no more; or it might be that, finding we did not know any of these, he thought it waste of time trying to find common acquaintances. He lived in hopes of returning home, and settling there some day.

'Why? Don't you like America?'

'Wa-al, 'm, I don't like the Americans. I don't like the ladies: they ain't like English ladies. Why, if you offer them a drop o' spirits, or even malt liquors, they think it something dreadful; and I says, "Why our ladies, where I come from, takes their liquor, and even a glass of spirits maybe, as cheerful and pleasant as possible!" and then I never see'd 'em as drunk as I see'd American ladies! Wa-al, and then American ladies is so proud like, if they gets a little money: why, they think themselves too good for anybody; and I don't see the rights of that. Why, there was that same Lord Oringmoor as we was referring to awhile back, wa-al, his wife was the quietest little body as you'd wish to see! why, to look at her you wouldn't ha' taken her to be nobody! and she'd just talk to any one as come along, as pleasant like as could be: every one said how nice she was—not a bit proud like, you see.'

He coincided when I suggested that real ladies could do

many things, which those who were only 'ladies' in virtue of possessing money could not, and added, 'Then, too, you see, these Americans they are so bigoted.'

'Indeed! In what way?'

'Wa-al, you see they get no education. There's hardly a one of them as can do more than say where he were raised, and drive a bull-team!'

This may be the case in California, but elsewhere it is very rare to find any one who cannot read and write at least. He designated the coachman who brought us to Hornitas as 'what we call a Copperhead, that is, a regular Democrat.' This term seems used promiscuously by persons of all political feelings. In the States it means just the reverse of what it does in California, and no one seems able to account for, or at all explain, its origin or meaning.

There was much more that was very amusing, with which he beguiled the time spent in crawling eleven miles up-hill to Bear Valley, where we arrived about 11 P.M. The whole place was wrapped in peaceful slumber: not a light was visible, nor a soul stirring. However, in the course of time, and by the assistance of much knocking and shouting, the landlord of the 'Oso House' was aroused; and being informed that a lady and gentleman had come for the night, quickly admitted us. We had not much opportunity of examining our quarters, but our host was very civil, readily giving us clean sheets, though looking slightly astonished at such a request.

Next morning, after an excellent night's rest, we were summoned to breakfast by an ideal landlady. She was the picture of an old-fashioned hostess. Stout, rosy, and

jolly-looking—a Scotchwoman, who seemed to have brought her ideas of a Scotch breakfast with her to California. She sat down in an arm-chair, chattering away and pressing her good cheer upon us all through breakfast. After which we made arrangements with a guide, hired horses for our expedition, and by 11.30 we were ready to start. A boy, with my father's and the guide's horses, and a pack-mule, went ahead; we following in a buggy, with my horse tied on behind. It was not long before we overtook the boy in sad tribulation. The mule, of a more than ordinarily mulish disposition, steadily refused to go anywhere, or do anything it was desired. So my father's horse was tied behind with mine, leaving only the mule to be led, who even alone gave much trouble. The first twelve miles of our road lay through the gold country, past a hill called Mount Ophir, which is pierced with mines in every direction. Much alluvial mining was going on by the roadside. These washings are called 'pocket-claims.' A man can only work 200 feet of ground at a time, but when he has exhausted or grown tired of that, he may claim 200 feet in another place. None but the Chinese pay any tax. 'How is that?' 'Wa-al, just because they can make 'em,—yer see, they come here, and don't know very much, and so they just make 'em pay four dollars a month: it's unconstitutional, no doubt, because the mines belong to the States altogether, and it's only the State of California as profits by this tax; but they can do it, and so they do. All mining laws are made by the miners themselves, and if they quarrel and take their cause into a court of justice, they're judged by their own laws.' Such was the account given by our

guide, an intelligent old man, by name Stegeman, a naturalised German. The country about the gold-fields here is very different from that in Australia. Instead of a desolate, miserable appearance, there is here plenty of vegetation, beautiful trees, at this season in all the glory of autumn tints. And very glorious those tints were. The oaks, of which there is a great variety, were of the most brilliant gold colour, and thus made a fine contrast with the dark evergreens, pines, and cedars. The trunks and stems of the latter were of a rich red, or reddish brown, and those of the oaks black. There are also many mançanita trees, or rather shrubs ; it is an arbutus, and resembles a good deal in shape and size, but not in colour, the arbutus commonly known in England. They are very bright, and greatly relieve the more sombre hues. Their leaves are a light blue bloomy green ; the stems bright orange or red. The name is Spanish, and means 'little apple.' The Indians preserve the fruit, and also make a kind of cider from it. There are many birds about here, particularly a bright blue bird, like a jay, and woodpeckers. The latter have a most wonderful manner of storing up acorns, their chief food. They pierce holes in the soft, thick bark of the sugar-pine, and wedge an acorn into each hole, the small end first, so that it is almost impossible to extract them, except by cutting round the hole with a knife. The rough crevices in the back are also crammed with acorns, wedged tightly in, packed as regularly and closely as possible. Those trees which had only the empty holes looked like a bit of rock upon which pholus have been at work. The full ones, with the end of an acorn peeping out of each, looked as if filled with

light-coloured eyes. The ground near was carpeted with husks. The acorns were just ripe, and we watched many woodpeckers, as busy as possible, laying in their winter provision. The Indians also store acorns for winter food; but they keep them in an erection resembling a gigantic beehive, raised off the ground on stakes. The baskets in which they collect them are of the same shape, and carried in the same manner as the *korb* used by Swiss peasants.

Mariposa was at the end of this stage, a town formerly of some extent, but almost entirely burnt down a few months since, and presenting a most dismal appearance. Rebuilding had commenced, but the principal part still consisted of blackened heaps where the wooden houses stood, and among them ruined brick chimneys, the only indestructible part of a log-hut. We were delayed here some time while getting a new bit for my father's horse, who would not follow the buggy as mine did, and had broken away, damaging that part of his gear, so that repair was impossible. There were also various stoppages on the part of our guide, to inquire for letters or parcels for the valley, as ours would probably be the last opportunity before the trail was closed. Twelve or fourteen miles brought us to Chowchilla, so called from a river of that name, but more commonly known as 'White and Hatch's.' These are the names of worthies owning a saw-mill and house, which, for want of any other, is the public-house or hotel of these parts. It was dark when we arrived, but at length Mr. Hatch was found, as also our way from the mill to the house. After waiting a long time Mrs. H. admitted us, with the not-too-cordial greet-

ing, 'Well, I can't say I'm glad to see you, for I was going away to-morrow, and we've put everything away, and got nothing in the house. But you must do the best you can: there's nowhere else for you to go, and so you must put up with what you can get.' But bustling about and clearing a room that was full of her own things in a very good-tempered manner, and, with many apologies for such a modest repast, soon set us down to a meat tea, with the table covered with all sorts of cakes and preserves. She was a pretty, bright, cheerful woman, and both she and her husband were civil and intelligent. The latter, arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous hues, sat at the head of his table, supplying the wants of his guests. Our guide and the boy, a round-headed, round-faced, round-eyed, round-mouthed, in fact generally round, individual, said to be an Italian by birth, but rejoicing in the un-Italian name of 'Jim,' partaking with us. Mrs. H. waited on us, joining only in the conversation.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, and a considerable charge for the civility we had received, we set off on our horses for our next stage. The refractory mule had made off in the course of the night, carrying with him about ten feet of paling, to which he had been fastened, so we had to borrow one of Mr. H.'s ponies for our packs. Our stage was only twelve miles, but up and down the mountain, sometimes very steep and perpendicular, but still not bad for a mountain road, and with the dust, which in summer must be terrible, laid by the late rain. Occasionally we had peeps of distance between the trees, but only now and then, for our way lay

almost entirely through pine-forests—such beautiful trees! many of them between 200 and 300 feet high—cedars, firs, and pines. On the dead branches the most beautiful lichen I ever saw, very long and mossy, and of a delicate, soft, brilliant colour, something between a chrysolite and chrysoprase, if such can be imagined, and looking even more sunny from the dead dark wood on which it grew, the dark foliage around, and the dull brown of the dead fir needles, with which the ground was strewed. We arrived at 'Mr. Clark's' (his ranch* has no other name) about 1.30 P.M., just escaping heavy rain, which lasted all night, and made us dread to find snow higher up. Mr. C. is a remarkable man; in appearance a sort of Orson, or wild man of the woods, with long, matted, grizzly hair and beard; but though a rough one, a real diamond, with courteous manners and much intelligence, having read and thought a great deal, and being well able to impart his knowledge and ideas. He was much surprised to see us, and had sent away all his stock, not expecting visitors so late in the season. We were soon, however, seated by a blazing fire of pine-logs, with capital venison, hot rolls, currant-jelly, and coffee on the table; and what could hungry travellers wish for more? Considering what we had had to endure elsewhere from the want of roads, accommodation, and food, the 'frightful amount of roughness' with which some of our friends tried to hinder our expedition, resolved itself on this occasion into a certain rude comfort, that was pleasant enough.

* Ranch, instead of farm, is a word which has been adopted from the Mexicans, and is universally used in California. It is derived from the Spanish. *Rancho* is literally a mess, mess-room, or club.

It was still raining the next morning when we got up, but Mr. Clark and Mr. Stegeman advised our pushing on as quickly as possible. So by 8.30 we had breakfasted, and were on our way in fair weather, which turned into a beautiful day, as the sun rose, and dispersed the fog from the tops of the mountains. We had twenty-one miles of mountain and five miles of valley before us, so made as much speed as possible. It was never very great, as, during the twenty-one miles of mountain, we had incessantly to go up and down, sometimes by a very steep road, and after the first seven miles, through about a foot and a half of snow. It was blind riding, one could see nothing but the sheet of dazzling snow except the trees, looking beautiful in their swansdown trimmings. Our guide seemed to know the trail well, and only once missed his way. The woods consist principally of magnificent cedars, pines, and firs. Before reaching the snow the scent of the fallen leaves, and of a kind of wormwood that covered the ground, was delicious. We saw plenty of tracks of bear, deer, and small game, but nothing of the animals themselves. When at the highest point we were about 9000 feet above the sea. Here the sky had that black-blue appearance, which those who have been to the top of Mont Blanc describe, and the clouds, as seen against the snow, looked brown. It was very cold, but not painfully so, perfectly still, and the air so dry that one did not feel it nearly as much as in far less thermometrical cold, if attended with damp or wind. The first view we had of the valley was truly magnificent. Mr. W. (the photographer) had told us to be sure and make our guide take us to a point off the trail, which

they will generally, if left to themselves, pass by. From this spot there is the best general view of the valley. All the rocks, peaks, and domes, in their various positions, are visible at once. The valley is only from a mile to a mile and a half in width, and these splendid perpendicular rocks rise on either side to the height of from 3000 to 6000 feet. In some places the rocks look as if cut straight down from top to bottom. The names which have been given to others, of 'Cathedral Spires,' 'Washington Column,' 'North Dome,' 'South Dome,' 'El Capitan,' 'Round Tower,' &c. &c. very well express their characteristics. But the original names given by the Indians are far more poetical as well as more descriptive. 'Large Acorn Cache,' 'Shade to Indian Baby-basket,' 'Goddess of the Valley,' 'Great Chief of the Valley,' 'The Watching Eye,' are the translations of those I have named, with the exception of 'Washington Column,' which, by them, is comprised in another group. The waterfalls from this point looked beautiful, but it is impossible to attempt any description of this most glorious scenery. People should go and see for themselves, for it is well worth the voyage from England. The clouds which still remained upon the tops of some of the mountains, perhaps, even added to their grandeur, and helped one to appreciate their immense height.

We arrived at the hotel in the valley at dusk, having accomplished twenty-six miles in eight hours, which, considering it was mountain travelling, and through snow, was not bad. The master of the hotel had been away for three months, but his wife was expecting him, and before we had been there long he arrived. It was fortunate for

us he was not at home, for in that case, thinking the last of their visitors must have come and gone for the season, they would have moved into a tiny log-hut on the other side of the valley, where they could not have accommodated us. 'The Yo Semite Hotel,' on the outside of the 'Yo Semite Almanack,' looks a grand building, but in reality is nothing more than a barn of two stories: the upper one partitioned off into stalls by a wooden frame and coarse calico panels, so that every word spoken is heard all over the building. Between the planks were large crevices, which at this season were not desirable. Our windows were only holes, until two others in different parts of this barn had been robbed to fill them in. Doors there were none, only canvas curtains. Below, in the sitting-room, was no fireplace, and for the stove which took its place, we were allowed nothing but damp wood, split in too long pieces to admit of shutting the door of the stove. Consequently, we were almost frozen, till Mr. Stegeman (a regular old campaigner) invited us to come out into the 'smoke-house,' where his bed was, and where he had got a great log, which would burn for about a week. The master of the hotel was formerly a bookseller, English by birth and education, but had lived for many years in California. He was fond of reading, and had picked up a good deal of promiscuous information. He edited a magazine for some time, and published a 'Guide to California,' which, judging from a few numbers of the magazine he had there, seemed to have been written as well as edited by himself. He was very civil; and, considering how much more per day we had to pay for our board and lodging than at the Occidental Hotel,

he tried to make us as little uncomfortable as his conscience would permit. His wife was a cheerful, hard-working little woman, of a very literary turn of mind, and anxious to discuss Tennyson, Longfellow, Burns, and others, on every possible occasion. An old lady, her mother, seemed to do the hard work of the house. In the winter, with a good deal of spare time on their hands, they said they read much. Most of our standard authors were on the shelf in the sitting-room, and many American books. Among the latter was one excessively amusing to English people. It was written by a certain Gilbert Haven, a teacher in a 'Young Ladies' Seminary,' we were told, and is called the 'Pilgrim's Wallet.' It purports to be sketches of travels in England and on the Continent. I only accompanied this gentleman to England, but that was sufficient. The animus with which he abuses the poor old country is truly edifying. Until reading his opinion I fancied that Englishmen rather prided themselves upon possessing 'homes.' But, after describing a futile attempt he made to stare at the Poet Laureate, and appearing much disturbed at Mr. Tennyson's non-appreciation of his laudable desire, he goes on to remark, that 'the grounds were enclosed within walls, as is the custom with Englishmen in the few instances in which they can be said to possess homes.' He goes to the Houses of Parliament—thinks the Upper House extremely dull, while the 'paltry discussions of paltry subjects' in the Commons fill him with astonishment, as do with horror the very transparent covering which clothes—'the noble lord is a fool,' and similar complimentary phrases which pass between the members. The poor old woman at the Seldonian

Theatre, who received sixpence for showing it to him, excites much wrath; and he goes into raptures over a visit he paid to Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, to whom he brought a letter from a 'mutual friend,' contrasting it most favourably with Mr. Tennyson's harmless wish not to be made a show of. Altogether, after reading his book, one might suppose that poor old England was going to the bad as fast as possible, if, indeed, she had ever been anything else. But he still entertains some hope for us, if the 'Democrat' were published in London, and if the 'Silver Trumpet of Democracy,' *i. e.*, the voice of Mr. Bright (the only speaker in the House worth listening to) shall sound loud and clear through the land. If, in short, we are turned completely topsy turvy, and remodelled upon an American republican basis, we need not yet despair. We have already made a move in this much-to-be-desired direction; and when we arrive at our goal, may still hope to hold up our heads, and take a stand among nations, even though one of them is that perfect perfection of a Government, calling itself the 'American Republic:' a truly cheerful view of our case!

The next morning when we got up it was pouring so heavily, that we began to question whether prudence would not advise our immediate return, unless we wished to remain in the valley for six months. But Mr. Stegeman, who had gone to make inquiries from the only other inhabitant of the valley, who had lived here longer and knew more of the uncertain signs of the weather than any one else, did not return till too late for a start that day. When he did, he brought the cheering assurance that his friend thought we were safe from more rain for

several days, and that this was *only a shower.* (It had lasted from the time we went to bed the night before!) He was right. When the sun rose above the mountains it cleared into a lovely though very cold day, which we devoted to exploring as soon as breakfast was over. I should like to see the valley in summer: one cannot imagine whether the bright gold and orange of the oaks and bracken, as we saw them, or the green of summer, would be more lovely.

We first went to the 'Vernal Fall.' In the names of the waterfalls, as well as of the mountains, the meaningless ones given by American cockneys have been adopted, instead of the Indian. 'Pi-wy-ack,'—Cataract of Diamonds, is the Indian name for this fall, and exactly describes it. We went by a very narrow, rocky track, through the wood, till our horses could go no further. We then tied them up, and went on foot to this beautiful fall. There was plenty of water, but not too much. People generally seem to think, that the more water there is in a fall the more beautiful it is; but I think in this, as in most other things, one may have too much even of a good thing, and one loses the effect of the crags and rocks jutting into the water, and adding to the fantastic forms it takes in falling, when there is such a vast body of it. This fall is 350 feet high, and above it is another of 700 feet: to the latter our guide would not let us go, as the snow and sleet had made the ladders, by which alone it can be reached, very slippery. From the foot of the ladder, which is almost underneath the lower fall, it looks very fine. We then returned to 'Lady Franklin's Seat;' a rock which they have so named because she sat there

while the remainder of the party went up to the higher fall. Here we lunched, then mounted and rode five miles up a fork in the valley to 'Mirror Lake,' where the water is clear as crystal, and the reflexions as distinct as the reality. Looking at a photograph of it, one cannot for some time make out which is the right way to hold it. On the spot itself, the lake looks like an inverted duplicate of the mountains, seen through a sheet of the clearest crystal. In summer the trout are so numerous, that we were told it was necessary to beat the water with branches, to frighten them away, before they could take a photograph. But when we saw it there was not a ripple on the surface, and it might have been the identical lake in which Narcissus so beheld himself as to cause all his future grief. The water of the Merced, the river which winds through the valley, becomes so purified by flowing a long distance over beds of granite, that photographers can use it without distilling it; and the lake water looked even more transparent. The short day would not allow of our doing more before dusk, and the bitter cold offered little inducement to us to stay out longer than necessary after the sun had sunk behind the mountains. It is a *façon de parler* at this time of the year to speak of the sun 'rising' at all in the valley. On the side where the hotel is, about a square foot of roof is all that is touched by his beams.

The next morning the frost was so hard, that the 'Yo Semite Fall,' which is visible from the hotel, was a mass of ice. Gradually, as the sun thawed the stream above, it fell over the precipice, with a loud report like the blasting of rock; and by the time we had arrived at the

foot of the fall, whither we made our way as soon as possible after breakfast, the water was flowing freely. This fall is in three steps: the first, 1000 feet; the second, 434 feet; the third, 600 feet. There are only three breaks in a fall of 2634 feet. 'Yo Semite' means, 'Large Grizzly Bear;' but the bear had not put on his thickest coat for our visit, and looked somewhat drawn out and emaciated; though still beautiful with the sun shining on it, and at one time causing part of a rainbow to appear, or again gleaming on a shower of sparkling drops, and shedding beauty and brilliancy on everything. The rocks are fine in form; round and above this fall there were still a few late flowers in bloom, and some fronds of the A. adiantum pedatum yet green. After climbing about and viewing the fall from as many different positions as possible, we went to look at our host's winter-cabin, which certainly seemed less open to the inclemency of the weather than the hotel. The contents consisted only of innumerable 'squashes' (pumpkins); satisfactory as promising safety from starvation, provided the mice, who had already discovered their excellence, should leave any for the use of their rightful owners.

Mr. Stegeman, who was always prepared for any contingency, then carried us off to a log of pitch-pine, from which he wanted some splinters, in case of our being snowed up on the mountains in returning, when they would be invaluable as kindling. The pitch collects in the knots, where the wood is so saturated with it as to be almost transparent. The slightest spark sets it in a blaze, and a little bit of it placed among logs is better than any 'patent fire-reviver.'

We then recrossed the river, and went to see the 'Bridal Veil Fall;' or rather, to see it closer, for it is visible for some distance on the trail, and is among the first objects that strike the eye on entering the valley. The Indian name is 'Po-ho-no'— Spirit of the Evil Wind. There is always a current of air in the corner where it falls, blowing it to one side or the other, and causing a misty, floating transparency, sufficient to originate such a name as 'Bridal Veil,' had it possessed no other. But to the least vivid imagination, when once the idea of a Spirit had been conceived, the Indian name must appear far more appropriate. While watching the light, feathery spray always blown from the surface of the water, the fall appears truly like a phantom half hidden by a misty cloud, now and then revealing a glimpse of his form or white beard, or putting forth a warning, ghostly finger, while the wind blows aside the shroud concealing the rest of a spectral and terrific being. It is a lovely fall, 940 feet without a break. To get under it one had to scramble over rough rocks, and across the lower part of the fall itself, where it rushes brawling among boulders and trees on its way to join the Merced. Had we listened to Mr. Stegeman, we should have probably remained there till now, as nothing would induce him to believe that the sun, which was already below the mountains, and must have been almost setting, would not come round to a certain point for our especial benefit, and form a rainbow in the water, as it does about the same time on a summer's evening. Even ocular demonstration, and the deepening gloom, failed to convince him; and while riding home in the gloaming he constantly turned

his head, to make sure that not one ray had strayed round the corner; and then shook it with a puzzled expression, and a 'Wal, I can't make it *oute.* I know, when I have been here before, I always seen the rainbows just at sunset; 'coz, you see, the sun must come down the opening o' the valley, and it hadn't got there when we was up at the Fall!' It was a bitterly cold evening, and we were glad after dinner to retire to his 'Smoke-house' and pine-logs, where, though the building was only a wooden shed built against a rock, answering for fireplace and chimney, open to the stars, and with old boxes for chairs, it was far more comfortable than the room with a stove which was not allowed to burn.

The next morning, in bitter cold, we set off on our return; regretfully indeed, but it was not considered safe for us to stay longer. A good deal more snow had fallen since we were in the valley, and our progress over the mountain was slow. Darkness overtook us before we reached Mr. Clark's, but we had the prospect of a bright fire and comfortable room to cheer us on our dreary road. It took us ten hours to accomplish the twenty-six miles. We had to stop continually to clear the snow from the horses' hoofs.

The following day soon after breakfast we rode about six or seven miles to see the 'Mariposa Grove.' The tree, known in England as 'Wellingtonia,' was by a jealous American called 'Washingtonia,' and has finally been named 'Sequoia gigantea,' arborists agreeing that the trees belong to a distinct class. This is not such a decided 'grove' as a collection of the same trees at Calaveras seems from description to be, but the individual

trees are finer. Nearly the whole way we rode through pine-forest, up a steep and rugged mountain-road. The first tree we came to is called 'The Fallen Monarch.' It is a splendid trunk, and, though sunk to a considerable distance in the ground, is higher than a man on horseback standing beside it. The height of these trees is not what one would expect from their girth; and when full grown, they are by no means as symmetrical in form as the pines and cedars among which they stand, the latter averaging 250 feet in height. The Sequoia grows to the height of 100 feet or more, straight up, without any branches, and then seems to stop short, with the look that trees have, when their roots touch upon rock or uncongenial soil. But they are very grand, and when young, with their branches feathering down to the ground, or middle-aged, with the height in proportion to the girth, are lovely. Their rich brown bark, gleaming through the dark foliage around, and their clean, smooth-looking trunks, must always be a grateful sight. The largest of all, called the 'Grizzly Giant,' is 33 feet in diameter, and the voice of a person calling to some one on the other side sounds quite far away. This tree, however, is not much higher than many of those around, whose main trunks are little, if at all, larger than its lower branches. Two or three of these trees are lying on the ground. One is broken, and hollowed out by fire, through which, by slightly stooping one's head, it is easy to ride on horseback. The size of the cone is disproportionately small. We saw none larger than a hen's egg, and the average is still smaller. There is a little log-cabin in the middle of the forest, within sight of a few of the most beautiful trees, called after

Mr. Clark (whose name is Galen), 'Galen's Hospice.' Here people generally rest, and have luncheon; but it was far too cold for us to do more than ride through the grove, examine the giants, and return with a good deal of rain and snow falling at intervals. Next day we returned to Bear Valley. We rode straight through to Mariposa, and only stopped by the way to gather acorns from different kinds of oak. At Mariposa we got a buggy, and went on to Bear Valley, where we found the house in a state of semi-grandeur, semi-disorganization, and our old Scotch hostess in a state of entire excitement, much regretting our not having appeared the night before, as they had had a ball there. Our dinner was laid in the laundry, which still bore traces of the violent usage it had received from hob-nailed, and not very clean, boots. The walls were adorned tent-fashion, with brilliant stars and stripes. As a phase of American life it would have been worth seeing. We were told that 'the ladies were all dressed most tasteful; nearly all had white dresses, quite elegant; and some of them black-lace flounces.'

The next day it poured from morning to night, making us glad to have left the mountains in time. There was nothing to be done, nor to disturb the monotony of the pit-pat of the rain-drops, except the arrival and departure of two very damp-looking stages, watching the unharnessing of whose respective teams must have occupied at least three minutes on each occasion. There being no church to attend the next day, we procured a couple of horses, and rode to the top of a high hill near, called Mount Bullion, whence there is a fine view of the country round. The mountains on either side of the Yo Semite Valley

and the Sierra Nevada range rose clear, cold, and dazzling white against the blue sky. We saw this when we succeeded in reaching the summit—a feat, the accomplishment of which was rendered doubtful by the decrepid nature of our steeds. It was a very narrow, steep, stony track by which we had to make our way, one at a time. Both our saddles turned, and we had to dismount and set them right. This, as they were of Mexican build, was not easily accomplished.

The Mexican man's saddle is very comfortable, particularly for riding a long march at the shuffling jog-trot of the mustangs. It is high in the cantle, and has also a large 'horn' on the pummel, on which to hang packs, bags, the bridle, or anything else.

On our return to the hotel we found two 'ladies' and a 'gentleman' regaling themselves in our sitting-room, and a child sleeping on my bed. This is a land of equality, and probably, there being but one private room, our not being in the way was considered a sufficient reason for taking our room to do honour to one 'of the wealthiest ladies in these parts,' who had driven over twelve miles to see her friend. I fancy the remembrance of English and Scotch manners and customs must have come over our hostess on seeing a look of astonishment in our faces, for she was more than usually civil after the departure of her guests.

The next day we left, riding twelve miles to Coulterville, which is another entrance to the Yo Semite Valley. The trail is shorter and better than the Mariposa trail, but with not nearly such fine views, and missing the Mammoth trees. On the road were some quartz mines, which we stopped to visit. Our late guide's son was clerk

there, and took us into the mine, where the superintendent joined us. It was not different from the quartz mines we saw in Australia, except that the pulleys for drawing up the quartz and water from the lower gallery, are worked by an engine, of which the boiler is 600 feet above. The steam is conducted for that distance through a tunnel, in which pipes are laid. But, as the superintendent said, 'It's only because there's no other in these parts that they think so much of it. In the mines in Devonshire and Gloucestershire, where I worked all my life till I came out here seven years ago, they'd think nothing of such an engine as that.' He expatiated upon the penny-wise and pound-foolish system of the shareholders, which prevented their getting nearly as much as they might out of the mines. They would not, he said, lay out a farthing more than was absolutely necessary, and expected immediate return for everything. This mine was part of the grant of land made to General Fremont, a large part of which he was obliged to sell. It now belongs to a company, and is paying well.

The road to Coulterville is only a narrow trail up and down over the mountain. It is pretty, but we saw it on a dull day; and the stunted brushwood covering the mountains seemed tame after the pine-forests of the Mariposa country. We found a clean, comfortable hotel in the town, and a civil landlord, who came after dinner to ask if we should like to see a cabinet of minerals, collected by a man living here. It was pouring with rain, and we had to wade through deep mud in the short distance between the hotel and a billiard saloon to which our host conducted us. One of the occupants he addressed as

'Captain,' and begged him to show us his cabinet; whereupon we were taken into a bedroom behind, in which it stood. The cabinet itself was a beautiful piece of work, made out of different Californian woods. The collection of minerals was admirable: there were about two hundred specimens, neatly and scientifically arranged. The collector received a prize for it at the Industrial Fair of the Mechanics' Institute in America, and wished to exhibit it at Paris, but did not like sending it, and was unable to take it. Judging from this collection, California must indeed be rich in ores of all kinds. A Dutchman, who lives in the backwoods, earns his living by making boxes, desks, &c., out of the various woods of the country, which he sends to Coulterville to be sold. They are very beautiful, and he arranges the colours with great taste, but asks such an enormous price for them that one does not feel inclined to invest largely. In this country, dollars generally are charged where shillings are in England; a dollar being worth about 4*s.* or 5*s.*

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we set off, with our host as guide, to ride six or seven miles to see some hydraulic mining—'hydraulicking,' as they call it. The side of a hill is washed down into a wooden sluice, in the form of a capital Y, by a powerful jet of water turned on through a hose. Across what represents the foot of the Y, which is very long, are 'blocks,' *i.e.* narrow boxes sunk between the joints of the wood. Into these 'blocks' the sand and gold fall, while the water runs off to the river. From the boxes they collect and wash the gold every three or four months. The man whose claim we visited had been working there since

1852, and had, by all accounts, done very well. The method of obtaining water for the work is an instance of the dislike miners here have to making any outlay without immediate return. The river is within a few hundred yards (feet it was when they began), but is a good deal below where they work. An engine to raise the water would have been expensive at first, but the cost would have been paid over and over again to any one working for long. This man had paid four dollars a-day all those years for water conveyed through ditches, from reservoirs on the other side of the country. The miners live very roughly. Wooden huts were scattered about, and all over the ground near were deep holes, where 'prospecting' had been going on. Outside the door of each hut is hung a slate, upon which the miner, on going out in the morning, writes his orders for the butcher, who comes round daily and leaves the meat ordered, either in a cupboard near the door, or in a safe, which in summer is hung up in a tree hard by. Most of the houses had goats and poultry about them, and one or two had gardens.

We returned on our road about a couple of miles, and then met a buggy, which with our bags had come after us, to take us twenty-four miles further, to the place where the coach would pick us up between two and three the next morning. When my father was taking our places at the coach-office, an instance of 'Americanism' occurred which a gentleman in New York, to whom I was telling it, would hardly believe was not one of the *ben trovato* anecdotes made up for books. The clerk in the office, looking out of the window, said to my father, 'Oh,

here comes the *gentleman* who'll drive you: you can speak to him.' When the 'gentleman' came in the clerk turned to him, 'Look here! this is the *chap* I was speaking to you about, who wants to be taken up at So-and-so!'

Our road was very bad; the mud, nearly the whole way, was up to the axles, and below it was rough and rocky—'sidling,' as our driver called it. It was a bitterly cold night, and quite dark before we reached our destination. There was formerly a very good hotel here, but no town, nor even village, near it; and it was supported solely by the custom of coach-travellers. When a new line was opened, and many of the coaches left this road, the hotel was closed. We had been warned of this, but also told that the hotel cook, a Dutchwoman, had a small house near, in which she received any stray passengers whom chance or necessity might cause to spend a night at the place; and that she made them very comfortable. After a glowing description which we received of this good woman's abode, we did not expect the cranky wooden shed, at the door of which we alighted, with the stars shining through gaps in the roof, and the winds of heaven finding free entrance everywhere. There was no light, no sound, no movement. We knocked and shouted, and at length a brigand-looking man came cautiously to the door. He seemed at first unwilling to admit us, but presently returned, with a dim, smoking lamp in his hand, and explained his previous hesitation by saying that his wife was in bed with toothache, and he did not know 'how he could do for us.'

The apartment we entered was, I conclude, the bar;

there was a small counter at one side, from behind which our host dispensed drinkables, and a few groceries, to two or three teamsters, who had come up soon after us, and were, like ourselves, to pass the night in this hovel. There appeared but one light in the establishment, the same dim, smoking lamp which had met us on the threshold, being carried backwards and forwards between the counter and the kitchen. When his duties did not require his presence elsewhere, our host came and sat with the teamsters, our driver, and ourselves round the wood-fire, our only light being that afforded by the flaming logs. The picturesqueness of the group was presently enhanced by the arrival of a child about two years old, who had been roused by the advent of strangers, and now clothed from tip to toe in a suit of scarlet flannel, sat on his father's knee, looking like a hobgoblin or leprihorn! If our quarters had fallen short of the description given of their comfort, so, in the matter of cleanliness, did the supper and supper-table, to which a dirty Negro servant, after some time, summoned us; but the poor people had done their best, and it was not their fault if their friends had exaggerated their powers of entertainment. A small cupboard, with a camp-bed in it, was, after supper, shown me as my bed-room, and a sofa was given to my father by the fire; the teamsters and others slept in their chairs. We did not undress, for the coach was to pass at 2 A.M. It was not a regular stopping-place, and we wished not to keep it waiting, therefore, on the first sound of wheels, every one was on the alert, and as the coach came near, rushed to the door and shouted; but it was the 'Opposition' coach, and

would not stop, so we went back to our couches, not altogether unwillingly, for it was piercingly cold, and the prospect of being for twenty hours of such weather in an American coach, was far from exhilarating. Our coach never came at all. At daylight my father went back to the 'Crimea House,' where, though the hotel is closed, the coaches still change horses. We had called as we passed the previous night, and left special word for the coachman not to forget us; but on the order being given him by the ostler, the 'gentleman' declared that it was another place at which he should have picked us up, and not finding us there he had filled up our places, and should not pass our house at all! This was pleasant news for people who were anxious not to spend time unnecessarily at places of no interest. The coach only ran three times a-week, and we must take our seats from Coulterville; but our buggy-driver of the previous day came to the rescue. He had 'nothing not to say pertikler' to do, and would drive us twelve miles to Knight's Ferry, where we could get another vehicle to take us to Stockton, so, directly after breakfast, we set off. It was a lovely morning, but we had to follow a very bad road, or rather track, for it was nothing more. It lay principally through rolling country, fertile, and in parts much enclosed. The open land was in places very pretty. Innumerable magpies were chattering amongst the fine trees, squirrels darting in and out of their holes, and near any patch of underwood or scrub, the ground was alive with handsome crested-quail, in bevies of nearly a hundred. Larks were singing high in the air, and on the ploughed fields were here and there a pair of wise-

looking owls, blinking in the sun. The Nevada Range in the distance was beautiful, and, except for the delay, we did not regret having missed the coach, in which we should also have missed this pleasant twelve miles' drive. At Knight's Ferry we found a man who promised that we should be at Stockton by 6 P.M.; the distance was forty-five miles, and it was then half-past twelve. At a quarter to one we started; our horses went well, but the roads were extremely bad, and we had one or two delays. One of the portmanteaux broke away in going over a ditch, then one of the reins broke, and shortly after the driver, in trying to avoid a bog, brought us to a hedge and ditch that the horses could not face, and so we had to turn round and go through the bog after all. Then we met a buggy returning from Stockton, with the driver of which ours changed places, and the man proved so much less efficient than the master in picking out the best parts of the road and making the horses go, that darkness overtook us while we were still twelve or fourteen miles from Stockton, and our driver informed us, in a lugubrious voice, that we had the worst bit of the whole road before us. Being dark we could not see it, but feel it we did, and the results were visible on clothes and portmanteaux when we arrived at Stockton. Here we found an hotel, a bad imitation of the 'Occidental' at San Francisco. At the time we were very glad to enter its doors, but it proved, on further acquaintance, very dirty and uncomfortable. The 'parlour' was full of school-girls going home for Christmas; and in descriptions of boarding-school conversations, I never met with anything approaching the vulgarity of these children. In Stockton

there is nothing whatever to see or do, except that the mud, surpassing even San Francisco, or the newest Australian town, was a curiosity in its way. We congratulated ourselves in leaving by daylight next day for San Francisco, thereby seeing the views on the river. But we went on, and on, and saw nothing, except an expanse of rushes and reeds, rustling and bowing as the wave of the steamer reached them, until just at sunset, when Mount Diavolo, as the only high mountain near San Francisco is named, rose grandly before us. As the setting sun descended behind the mountain, it left the summit glowing like red-hot iron, fading to a semi-transparent purple; and the reflexion in the Eastern sky, and the rosy light on the peaks of the Nevadas, was lovely.

We made an expedition soon after our return to see some cinnabar mines in the county of Almeda. It was our first experience of American railroad travelling. We left San Francisco by the 8.30 A.M. 'cars,' and arrived at San Josè about eleven o'clock. The latter, as its name indicates, was originally a Spanish settlement: it now contains foreigners of almost every country in the world, —French, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Mexicans, Chilians, English, Chinese, but very few Americans. The medley of tongues heard while passing through the streets is extraordinary.

To English people it certainly is distressing, not to be able, by a little additional payment, to save themselves from the close contact with the 'Great Unwashed,' which is the traveller's unhappy fate in American cars. The juxtaposition into which he is brought with that very useful, but not very agreeable portion of the

world's population, is sadly afflicting to more senses than one.

Our speed was not great, and the stoppages were numerous. People complain sometimes of the indistinct way in which English guards call out the names of stations, but with them the constant repetition gives some chance of catching the word. Besides which, we have in England a large printed board, which has not, as yet, been adopted on this side the continent. Here, the 'conductor' thrusts his head in at the door, withdraws it immediately, and, while banging the door to, bawls out some name, as unintelligible and as mysterious to the uninitiated as a London street-cry.

Whether the country through which our road lay is pretty or not I cannot say, for the fog was dense; and except that, as we neared San Josè, we passed through a forest of very fine evergreen oaks, we could see little else.

On arriving, we took our seats on the outside of the New Almedan coach, to drive twelve miles to Almeda. The country is said to be extremely pretty hereabouts; the hills are high and wooded, the flat ground much cultivated. But the fog continued so thick that it prevented our seeing much, except the very beautiful plane-trees, which are numerous all over this part of the country.

At New Almeda we found a rough, comfortable hotel, kept by a civil little Frenchman and his German wife. While they were preparing lunch, my father went to find out the manager of the mines. Perfect equality is occasionally useful, as we found on this occasion. A few days before, a gentleman in San Francisco had promised to send us a letter of introduction to this manager. He

kept his word, but the letter was not delivered to us at the hotel till after our return to San Francisco. When my father was making inquiries as to name, time, &c., in the office of the 'Occidental,' so as to do the best we might without the letter, one of the owners of the hotel, who also acted as clerk and manager in the office, volunteered a note, and wrote on a card,—

'Dr N.—Take good care of my friend . . . .
("Let me see: what's your name? Ah, yes, yes!")
. . . . Frere, and oblige ——,' &c.

I dare say Mr. N. was more civil to us as *friends* of the hotel-keeper, than he would have been had we been introduced by any one else; but certainly most civil he was, and after lunch came to the hotel, followed by a buggy, to take us to the mine. He was unable to go with us himself, so consigned us to the care of the superintendent, with instructions to show us over it thoroughly.

To the upper entrance of this mine is about two miles of very steep but good broad road, winding round the mountain-side. Here the greater part of the miners have their cottages. Below are only a dozen or so of houses, which, until arriving at the top of the hill and seeing the large village there, makes one wonder where the thousand men who are employed on the mine, and their families, can be housed. The whole country, as seen from the village, seems to be laid out in 'ranches,' with a great deal of well-cultivated ground and many fine trees.

When once we had arrived at the bottom of a very narrow, perpendicular, iron ladder, between 60 and 70 feet long, this mine was the easiest and pleasantest to explore I have ever been in. There are good wooden

staircases in most of the descents from gallery to gallery; the roof is high, the walking dry, the timbering very substantial and well arranged. Old Almeda, in Spain, is said to be the richest cinnabar mine in the world; and therefore this, which is the richest in America, received the same name. The ore, where visible by the dim light of the miners' candles, was a beautiful carmine colour.

We left the mine by an unopened gallery, where the men accompanying us had to cut steps in the rock as we went on. The next morning we went over the works, but there is very little of the process visible. The cinnabar is put into enormous furnaces, and the mercury discharged from the ore by sublimation. The vapour is passed through as many as fifty-seven condensers, from the last of which the mercury runs into iron vessels outside the building containing the condensers. It is there weighed and packed in iron bottles. Pipes running halfway up the mountain, with a tall chimney at the end, carry away all the deleterious vapours discharged from the ore. The great difficulty in these mines is to find anything which will stand the corrosive properties of the mercury. Iron requires constant renewal, and wood is burnt up in no time. The brick which lasts longest is that made from the refuse ore: they cannot use it, however, for paving the condensers, but are obliged to have iron. The quicksilver finds its way through the brick so easily, that in a large hollow place, formerly a furnace under a condenser, now used as a reservoir for water, they some time ago extracted above 50,000 dollars' worth, which had run through. None of the workmen are al-

lowed to smoke while in the works. If the smallest particle of lead, such as might be contained in a little bit of tin-foil round a packet of tobacco, fell into a vessel of quicksilver, it would ruin it entirely, and necessitate its return to the furnace and re-passage through the fifty-seven condensers.

It was a pouring afternoon when we left for San Josè: so much so, that we were obliged to take places inside the coach, already containing four passengers, and, seating ourselves, thought the vehicle was as full as it could hold. We were somewhat dismayed when, a little time afterwards, we stopped, and a very fat old woman, with what seems to be the invariable accompaniment of very fat old women, viz. a very big bundle, made their appearance. They managed, somehow or other, to bestow themselves; and we thought we were safe at last, as no more could by any possibility squeeze in. But a short time afterwards we were again called upon to stop, and the coachman, putting his head in at the window, informed us that we must make room for another passenger, and opened the door to admit an old man with a very bulky cloth cloak, and most inveterate habit of spitting. He had no sooner seated himself, than looking round, and seeing *only* eight persons in the coach, he called out, 'Son, son, why thar's no need for you ter go outside; come up here. Come on; there 's another place here.' Upon which 'Son' also scrambled in, and when these 'nine precious souls' were all packed like figs in a box, the old man turned to my father and said, '*Now*, sir, I call the coach full!' The window was broken on the side where the rain came in, and while stopping to take

in these last passengers, one of the others had procured a piece of canvas and nailed it over the opening, which changed our dripping state to one of semi-suffocation. And thus we jolted and bumped over ruts and stones, and through mud, till we arrived at San Josè, and in due course at San Francisco.

The treatment of children in America is strange to English ideas. We went to a dinner-party here, where, as soon as the soup was off the table, three little children appeared, and made a hearty meal off Charlotte Russe, bonbons, and champagne; they wound up with a cup of strong coffee in the drawing-room afterwards, and then much distressed their mother by becoming very obstreperous, and when the nurse appeared steadily refusing to go to bed. Children at home, though, are not so bad as those in the hotels. The passages generally serve as play-places for them, in spite of printed rules and regulations, which, in almost every hotel we were in, prohibit their being made so. When dinner-time comes, these independent little mortals march into the dining-saloon, order about the servants, are often unable to read the bill of fare, but have it read to them by the waiter, make their dinner off the most unwholesome dishes, and walk away from table with a paper full of 'candy,' or, as we saw one evening, ice-cream! Can any one wonder that such diet and hours in childhood should result in the sickly constitutions and small, weak forms which characterise both men and women in America?

We spent a day in visiting Mare Island, the Government dockyard of America. The docks are not very large at present, but are being gradually increased. It

is strange that there should be no place on the eastern side of the Continent where a dockyard could be equally well established; but the magnificent harbour of San Francisco is, I suppose, the thing of chief importance. Capt. B., who is in charge, took us over the 'Miautonomoh,' one of the 'Monitor' vessels, two of which were in dock. They must be terrible enemies. The outside is plated with 4½ or 5-inch; the decks with 2-inch; the turret, in which the guns are worked, with 8-inch iron plates. The tower is fitted up with machinery, which enables those inside to make it revolve the instant a gun has been fired, so as to present an unbroken surface of iron, 8 inches thick, to the enemy's guns, until their own are again loaded. The officer who brought the 'Miautonomoh' round Cape Horn told Captain B. that he had never felt so little motion in any vessel. She went through or under the waves, and on that occasion had 13 feet of green sea (*quære*, more or less!) on her deck, while a tumbler of water on the cabin table was unspilt! There is a high, raised platform round the iron-cased steering-house, where the officer on watch can stand, without danger of being washed away.

We left San Francisco on the 9th December, in the 'Constitution,' one of the very large steamers which run regularly between San Francisco and Panama. The voyage down the coast is generally calm, allowing the use of steamers built like those on the rivers, with wide 'guards' (open galleries); which give a pleasant sort of verandah to the outer row of cabins. There is also a large open space outside the saloon at the stern, shaded by the upper deck, which makes a cool and quiet sitting-

room. The cabins are all very small, and those inside would not, I should think, be pleasant, as the only light and air they receive is from the saloon. The sea crossing the bar, as we left the harbour, was very high, and for the first two days it continued rough. After that it was calm, and the weather delightfully warm as we neared the tropics. The steamer, though supposed to be very empty, was quite full enough for comfort. The same rule seems to hold good with American steamers as everywhere else, viz., the quaint specimens of humanity met there. Among our fellow-passengers were several officers from both armies, some of them agreeable, gentlemanly men; but the ladies, particularly the wives of one or two whaling captains, were what a Yankee would describe as a 'caution!'

These steamers appear to be admirably officered and manned. All serving on board, whether officers or servants, were most polite and attentive. The captain went round twice every day, with the chief steward, over the whole vessel, from stem to stern. He took us with him one night, and certainly nothing could be better organised. With steamers carrying hundreds of passengers, it must require perfect order and regularity to have things as they should be, and this has apparently been attained in these vessels. The upper deck is common to all passengers, and even the 336 feet of its length did not lessen the comfort of having the quiet, little, open space outside the saloon below.

We kept close to the coast nearly the whole way to Panama. A magnificent coast it is, particularly that of Guatemala, where the volcanoes are numerous; and, seen

from the sea, are very striking. When we were near enough to see anything in detail, the shores appeared richly wooded down to the water's edge. We wished much it had been possible to see something of Mexico, but the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian was then in the midst of his troubles, and, consequently, to travel in the country was out of the question. The descriptions given us by those who had resided in the country, were of perfect scenery, climate, and vegetation. The only place we stopped at on our way down was Acapulco, and here we hoped to arrive in time to go on shore. We had brought a letter from the agent of the Steamer Company at San Francisco to his brother agent here, in which he requested him to show us the place. But we were disappointed, and did not arrive till too late to land. The harbour is described as lovely, and from what we could see in the bright moonlight it seemed indeed to be so. After sundown, however, no one could stir abroad, as the French patrols shot any one they saw without challenging them; and the agent himself, who had come off as soon as we appeared in sight, had to sleep on board one of the American vessels in the harbour.

It was said that 'the French had possession of the town by day, and the Mexicans by night;' which appeared a curious arrangement until explained, that though the Imperialists actually held the town, they were closely besieged by the Republicans, who at nightfall came down in force and surrounded the town. The Imperialist sentries, therefore, shot at any one who at night approached their beat, without taking the trouble to challenge, for the chance of its being a Republican.

High hills surround the basin which forms the harbour on all sides. The water is very deep up to their base, and beautifully clear. The trees which clothe them bend over and almost touch the water, and were, even by moonlight, distinctly reflected therein. The natives make pretty ornaments in shells, but very few, and those not of an attractive kind, were brought on board. Until the French should evacuate it would be useless to hope for anything else.

A poor man, with his wife and a tribe of small children, came down with us from San Francisco, intending to land and rejoin his family, who lived near Acapulco, under the protection of Juarez and the Republican army. He had heard, that by the time we should arrive, the Imperialists would certainly have evacuated the town. But they were still nominally in possession; and a price having been set upon his head as a Mexican Republican, he found himself on his arrival unable to land. Leaving his wife and children (who would be allowed to do so) on board a vessel in the harbour, he had to accompany us to Panama, there to await events, or expatriate himself entirely.

We passed Christmas Day on board, the day before arriving at Acapulco. It was difficult to realise the feelings of Christmas-tide in the burning sun, and with nothing around to remind one of it. Even the very good dinner which was given us in honour of the day consisted principally of cold dishes, aspics, salads, ice-creams, and so on, which do not bear 'Christmas' on their countenances as do the turkey and beef, plum-pudding and mince-pies, of Old England.

From Acapulco to Panama the weather was very warm. On the last day of the year, one of the firemen while at work fell a victim to the excessive heat, and died in two or three hours. He was buried in the evening, the steamer being stopped for a few minutes while the captain read the prayers over him.

We arrived at Panama about 6.30 P.M., on New-year's Day, 1867. The entrance to the harbour is very pretty. Tobago (where are the docks for our West Indian Mail Steamers) and other islands near, looked lovely in the light of the setting-sun. The sight of cocoa-nut and other palms, and the delicious jungle scent, which was wafted across the water, were like meeting with old friends. The arrival at Panama is always timed, so as to prevent the possibility of passengers landing, unless to go straight across the Isthmus, on account of a serious disturbance which took place some time ago. One of the passengers bought a water-melon, and, after having eaten it, declared it to have been bad, and refused to pay for it. This resulted in a fight. The military were called out, and several of the passengers lost their lives; since when it has been so arranged, that the repetition of such an occurrence should be impossible. A favoured few are, however, allowed to go ashore, and among them my father, who brought the welcome letters which had long been awaiting our arrival, and which helped to wile away part of the night, made hideous by a young gentleman, whose ideas of enjoyment of life in the tropics seemed to consist of unlimited whisky and shouting, keeping quiet people awake for the better part of the night. When he ceased, our discomfort was not lessened by coolies noisily

engaged in disembarking cargo and luggage, which was to precede its owners across the Isthmus. Next morning we got up very early, and were kindly sent on shore by the captain, where we found a civil and obliging gentleman ready to show us the city of Panama, also the ruins of a Jesuit Convent and church, which must have been handsome a hundred years ago, but are now in a very miserable condition. There are some fine old bells among other rubbish, heaped on the ground quite neglected. The town is much like Galle, both as to place and people. The garrison seems to consist of boys, with a strong predilection in favour of penny-trumpets; martial blasts upon which resound in all directions and at all hours, during the day. The walls are very strong, high, and broad, and are used as the promenade of the inhabitants. The hotel-keepers, shop-keepers, and those hawking goods at the railway-station and hotel doors, are quite as demoralised by the constant influx of strangers, anxious as at Galle to get rid of their money, and not staying long enough to discover the trash palmed off upon them.

Certain things, however, such as silks, poplins, and woollen goods, are to be bought here at ridiculously cheap prices compared with New York; Panama being a free port. Many of our fellow-passengers invested largely in these articles, which, as far as it was possible to judge from a slight inspection, appeared very good.

We breakfasted at the hotel, and then drove to the railway station, where, in a deafening din, produced by the crowd of Negroes, some at work on disembarking and packing bales of cotton and skins of cochineal, others selling fruit, cakes, cages of birds, monkeys, or lemonade

(the latter in huge buckets, with great lumps of ice floating therein), the veriest rubbish in the shape of mother-o'-pearl charms, shells, baskets, carved cocoa-nuts, and cabbage-tree hats, we waited for nearly an hour, until the steamer bringing the bulk of the passengers arrived.

The speed between Panama and Aspinwall is about 10½ miles an hour, distance 46 miles. The engineering of the line must have been a difficult matter; it winds very much, and is in some places very steep, passing either through dense tropical jungle or marshy land. The loss of life during the construction was terrible; a life to a sleeper is the computation—6000 Irish alone are said to have perished. It seems to have been, like all unopened tropical jungles, full of malaria, until the road was cut, and the air could circulate freely, after which the noxious vapours were dispersed. Those now employed on the line, and living at the station-houses, do not find it unhealthy. The scenery is very much like Ceylon, with the same shrubs, and flowers of the same gorgeous hues, growing with the same luxuriance. When the line was planned, a very curious hill, formed entirely of basaltic columns, stood in its course. We had seen a sketch of this, and hoped to see the original; but it has been all cut down, and the columns broken up for ballast.

Aspinwall is a dreary-looking place. We did not see much of it, being turned, on our arrival, into a large shed on the wharf, in which were rows of cane seats. Here we were kept, a prey to the vendors of monkeys and parrots, until some form of signing tickets, and assigning places, had been gone through, after which we

were sent at once on board our new steamer, the 'Rising Star.' She was a regular sea boat; not so large and roomy as the 'Constitution,' but very comfortable, and proved remarkably steady in a severe gale we had off Cape Hatteras.

It became sensibly colder as soon as we left Aspinwall, and the day of our arrival in New York was bitter, with thick snow falling, and such a fog, as completely hid any view of the harbour. We could just see the outlines of the two fortresses guarding the narrow entrance to the inner harbour, that on the right being Fort Lafayette—the American Bastille. The officers on board were very good-natured in pointing out, as well as they were able through the fog, the batteries and other points of interest; but the cold was intense, and all the more painful from the almost suffocating heat at which the cabins are kept by hot air. The ice was thick when we entered the Hudson, on the 10th of January, and our progress slow, but we did at last arrive at the wharf, and from thence, through slush and mud, drove, or rather slid, to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.*

* The journey from San Francisco to New York, which took us three weeks, may now, by the opening of the railroad across the Continent, be accomplished in, I believe, less than a third of that time.

CHAPTER XX.

NEW YORK.

We were fortunate in having introductions to some most agreeable people here, who, though differing much from our travelling acquaintances in manners, education, and refinement, did not differ from them in extreme kindness and hospitality, while their manners and tone made us feel that well-bred Americans are very fascinating, combining the ease and vivacity of foreigners with the good sense and *àplomb* of English people. The cold, however, was so intense, that at this time we only stayed a few days, long enough to 'do' New York, as far as the city itself was concerned, but nothing more.

The Fifth Avenue is an enormous hotel, crowded with what, in slang American, are termed 'Shoddy' and 'Petroleum,' *i. e.* people who, through either of those articles, have risen in the social scale sufficiently to set up as great folk, and wear diamonds at breakfast and in church! The dining saloon is enormous; and if one wishes to see every imaginable eccentricity and exaggeration in the way of dress, there could not be a better place for so doing than here and in Broadway. The extraordinary want of knowledge of when, where, and how to use certain colours and materials, is startling, and

the *coiffures* resemble the old seventeenth-century fashions, minus powder. In all the large hotels there seem to be hair-dressers (women) belonging to the place, who begin early in the morning, and go round, helping to make these 'figures of fun,' all day long.

The meals at the Fifth Avenue were very uncomfortable; the tables set so close together, that the scurry and hurry of waiters rushing past made one feel as if one's head must be whisked off before the end of breakfast or dinner. These waiters are mostly Irish; some of them were very insolent in manner, and all possessed a series of curious and ugly phrases, relating to food, which they have either learnt from, or taught to those they are waiting upon. One often heard the same from people at the table, and those not of the most uneducated type. The ugliest expression of all is, when wishing to know if you like your beefsteak or mutton-chop underdone, they say, 'Will you have it *rare?*' a corruption it would seem of *raw*, but peculiarly disagreeable to hear or think of; they say, 'When you 've *used* the butter, or the milk, I 'll thank you for it!' A waiter came one day, seeing I had eaten very little fish, and said, in the free and easy manner they generally assume, 'Wal, have you *settled* with your fish?' The use of the words 'quite,' 'good,' 'some,' 'mean,' 'pretty,' 'elegant,' and various others, is laughable. 'Wal, you may say he 's quite an elegant gentleman,' one hears just before being told, 'It 's just as elegant, or as pretty, a pudding as I 've ever eaten.' Of course you always 'assist' yourself or others to salt, pepper, &c., &c.; and instead of 'Have you done?' it is always, 'Are you through?' 'Are you through with the

mustard?' One fiery-tempered and powerful-in-languaged housemaid at Washington, when I sent for her to complain that I could get no hot water for my bath, exclaimed, 'Wal, ain't that *mean*, now! you like your bath, don't you? it make you feel *good*, don't it?' and then followed expletives and epithets, bestowed upon the unfortunate who had neglected her duty, which one felt sure must have been a very great relief!

In all these hotels there are large public saloons, with generally a piano in one or more of them. Here, after dinner, all those in the hotel, and many of their friends, assemble, or else walk up and down the long passages, talking and shouting. Our sitting-room was at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and the noise of street cars, sleighs with their bells, omnibuses, large four-horse vehicles, with brooms for sweeping the snow off the street-cars' rails, and other carts and carriages, going on all night and day, was distracting, combined with the Babel of voices outside the door.

In the appearance of the city we were much disappointed. I had always fancied New York to be prettily situated, and striking in itself, from the size of its houses, streets, and stores. But Broadway is anything but broad, and looks still narrower from the height of the houses and the space taken up by the car rails. A friend took us all over the city, and into some of the celebrated 'stores;' but they cannot be compared with such shops as Howell and James', or Hervey and Nichol's, though Americans never believe that London can boast of anything half as fine as 'Stewart's.' Wall Street is the 'city,' or business part of New York; and here the crowd, bustle, hurry-

scurry, rushing hither and thither of messengers, telegraph-boys, and clerks, and the fuss of the world in general, is bewildering. The Avenues are certainly very fine, and with the trees in leaf must look beautiful.

A friend obtained permission for us to see one or two of the galleries of pictures, collected by some of the richest people here. Of the pictures I can say little, except that it seems a pity, in such a young country, not to be content with good modern pictures, instead of attempting a collection of 'ancient masters,' very few of which are originals, and the generality are not even good copies.

The houses in which these picture-galleries were, are large, and handsomely furnished, but invariably kept extremely dark. One finds this custom everywhere. Whether on account of the paint which American ladies use freely, or not, I cannot say, but the fact is, that on first going into an American drawing-room one can hardly see. I remarked upon it once to a lady, who expressed astonishment when I said it was not the case in England.

There are some fine Institutions here. The Cooper Institute, which is a sort of School of Art, free for those unable to pay, is excellent. There were no classes going on the day of our visit; only a few students at work upon models or pictures. The Astor Library is very fine, and all such public institutions and benefactions appear admirably regulated and looked after.

I think the Opera House is altogether the brightest-looking I have ever seen. It had lately been burnt down and rebuilt, and was brilliant in all the glory of new painting, gilding, and hangings. The boxes are in three tiers, with a passage between each; and, excepting the

stage-boxes and the row at the back of all, are not closed in. They are lined, and the passages carpeted, with red. The house is brilliantly lighted; most of the ladies are sparkling with diamonds and other jewels: so that the general effect is dazzling. It is not a good house for sound, and must require a powerful voice to fill it well. There are numerous theatres, to many of which we went. Booth (brother of President Lincoln's assassin) was acting in various pieces, and was remarkably good in all. I think it would be impossible to surpass him as 'Richelieu,' and though none of those acting with him were even fifth-rate, his superiority was hardly striking at the time, simply because all other thoughts were engrossed by the wonderful manner in which he played his part.

The Central Park is very pretty, and a great triumph of 'mind over matter.' The ground, which was originally rough and flat, has been so laid out as to give the effect of hill and dale, with water, and winding walks and rides, which in a few years, when the trees have grown up, will be extremely pretty. The ponds covered with skaters, the ladies in the brightest of bright dresses, and some of them skating very well, looked cheerful. The drives were full of sleighs, of all kinds and descriptions; from well-appointed equipages with beautiful horses, dancing along to the music of their manifold bells, the occupants wrapped up in splendid furs, to the most tumbledown of one-horse shays, whose wheels had been taken off and the body put on runners. Sleighs are very pretty when well got up, but sleigh riding, like 'moonlight,' 'tears,' and other pretty things which poets delight in, are, to unsentimental minds, much more attractive in poetry than in reality. Driving

slowly in a sleigh, the monotonous jingle-jingle of the bells, and the cold, frosty air, have a most soporific effect; and if going fast, the biting wind almost cuts one to pieces, and renders either sight, sound, or feeling, a thing of memory or hope.

The prettiest place here, as in nearly all the large towns, is the cemetery—'Greenwood Cemetery.' It is on the other side of Brooklyn, a large town on Long Island, between which and New York steam-ferries are constantly plying, with street-cars running from the ferry to the gates of the Cemetery. It is very large, and laid out in avenues and paths with much taste. Some of the monuments are handsome; most of them in Italian marble, and many worked by Italian artists. The snow, however, was not the best contrast to the snow-white monuments; and the leafless weeping willows and frozen ponds made the scene dreary and dispiriting. There is a good view of Long Island, the Hudson, the Harbour, and the city of New York, from the highest part of the ground; but intense cold is not conducive to studying the beauties of out-door scenery.

We left New York on the 19th for Albany, on our way to Niagara. The day was bitterly cold, but the cars are made roastingly hot with stoves. How those people, who write of the delights of railroad travelling in America, can say what they do on the subject, passes my comprehension. We found it most disagreeable in every respect. The line had been blocked, and the snow was still very deep; therefore as few cars as possible were sent in a train, and as many people as possible in each car. The line runs beside the Hudson all the way, but the

frozen, snow-covered river, might have been a plain; and though the cliffs on the opposite shore were very fine, the white ground made it painful to look out of window. Passengers are not, however, left long without distraction. Men and boys are continually walking through the cars with books, periodicals, papers, photographs, 'pop-corn,' apples, nuts, candy, water, and all manner of things; which—or the advertisements of which—they throw into people's laps on their way through the car, and collect on their return. This is one of the candy advertisements, which I kept as a specimen:—

SOMETHING NEW AND DELICIOUS!

INSCHO AND THOMAS'

American

ICE-CREAM CANDY.

This new and most delicious Confection is manufactured from the purest refined A No. 1 Sugar. It is entirely free from all Drugs. It is acknowledged by every one who has tried it to be

THE BEST AND MOST DELICIOUS CANDY THEY EVER TASTED.

The universal cry is, 'I want more of that Ice-Cream Candy! The more I eat of it, the more I want!'

It is entirely different from the old-style Cream Candy, and resembles Ice-Cream in everything except coldness.

MANUFACTURED AT

No. 812 SPRING-GARDEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

GIVE IT A TRIAL!!

Price per Package, 10 *cents.*

☞ The News Agent will pass through the Cars with this truly delicious Candy.

PLEASE PRESERVE CIRCULAR FOR AGENT.

We had telegraphed for rooms at the hotel at Albany, and found everything there extremely comfortable. The next day (Sunday) we spent here. In the morning we went to the largest Episcopalian Church, and in the evening to the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The latter is a very fine building, with an excellent choir. The Romanists certainly put Protestants to shame in almost every way where hard work and energy are concerned, or wanted. The same thing is apparent all over the world. Whether it is a cluster of half-a-dozen houses in some backwood station, there, if a poor hardworking priest is not resident among the settlers, is, at least, the shed surmounted by a cross, to which the priest finds his way to hold services so many times a-year; or a large and populous city, there at once spring up (as here) magnificent cathredrals and churches, with an adequate establishment of priests, lay-workers, and choir, while our churches remain small and miserable, and with not always clergymen sufficient to hold services regularly all the year round, still less anything extra in the shape of labourers. In missionary work, above all, is the difference striking. I would not utter a word against the missionary profession, which must always be the noblest of any. But, after travelling over great part of the world, where missionary labour is supposed to be at its height, hearing from those who have lived long in the country, and observing for oneself, I can only say, that it makes one sick at heart to think of the enormous sums given year after year, by public societies and individuals, which might perhaps do some good among the millions of heathen at home; but which, in most instances, only

help to support men and their families, who having no means, but little learning and less education, find 100*l.* or 200*l.* a-year in India, Australia, or China, more profitable than 30*l.* or 40*l.* in England, and, therefore, adopt the missionary profession, and go out furnished with a pile of Testaments and other books, which they give to the natives of the country, probably learned and studious men, thoroughly versed in their own scriptures, and (the Chinese and Brahmins, for example) wonderful logicians. The missionaries tell them that their religion is wrong, that ours is right; that 'this Book' contains everything that ought to be, and that no other is to be believed in or followed. Naturally, a clever Bhuddist or Mahomedan says, 'But why? Why am I to believe all this, and put away the religion of my forefathers, which seems to me as good and pure a religion, and to make men as good men as your religion? Give me your reasons. Show me where you are better than I. I see your countrymen and men of your religion doing everything that this book and you say is wrong; how is it, that if your religion is so much better than ours, your people don't live better lives? How can they reconcile themselves to drugging our poor people with hundreds of thousands of chests of contraband opium, which they annually import into our country, and to bringing crime and misery with them wherever they establish themselves?' Unfortunately, very few missionaries can answer such queries. Fewer still know enough of the language, history, or religion, of the country in which they are, to make themselves understood by the natives, even if capable of carrying on an argument, through knowledge of the subject. Conse-

quently, after piling assertion on assertion, and distributing Testaments and tracts with a liberal hand, they have done all they can, and rest quietly on their oars; only sending home reports, in which, I regret to think, 'the wish is (often) father to the thought,' as to the numbers of converts they have made. These converts being as a rule from the lowest dregs of the people, who would be converted to anything for the sake of the advantages to be gained thereby. Any one who has had so-called Christian servants in India or China will bear witness to the truth of this statement. Very rarely are they found to be half as faithful, honest, or industrious, as good heathens. I am fully aware that there are many thoroughly good, self-denying missionaries, who devote their whole lives to their work. But of these there are very few who would speak of having made any converts that they could feel sure would remain Christians longer than they should find it advantageous to be so; or who, if asked point-blank whether they are making real progress, will not shake their heads and answer, 'Perhaps—among the children.' That is where the Roman Catholics begin. A priest, or a couple of priests, go into a country, adopt the dress, manners, and customs of that country, gain a thorough knowledge of the language, and insight into the character of the people among whom they are, teach them various trades, give them medicines, help them in their houses, gardens, clothes, &c., but do not at first attempt to put forward any religious doctrine or principle. When the people have learnt to value them as friends and advisers on temporal matters they will send their children to school to learn to read and write; and, of

course, during such studies a priest can instil his own belief into the mind of the child he is teaching. But even these are not considered as converts: only, that the way is thus paved for the priest's successors to Christianize the children of those whom they are now teaching. And this is much the same principle as our bishops and missionaries follow in New Zealand and the Polynesian Islands. The only country where, I believe, there is any real progress going on, and the only one where our missionaries are, what seems an essential if they are to do any good, *scholars* and *gentlemen*—gentlemen, I mean, in the truest and broadest sense of that word.

This is a long digression, caused by the distressing difference in our churches and those of the Roman Catholics in Albany. We went between services to see the Observatory. The resident astronomer showed us over it. He was very proud of some large telescopes and electrical machines. One of the latter was his own invention. It is for enabling astronomers to note the position and magnitude of every star passing before them without moving their position, or taking their eyes from the telescope; this is effected by simply touching different points on a board placed under their hand, which mark the results of the observation on a regulated slip of paper connected with it. Another of his instruments keeps a perpetual register of the rise and fall of the barometer to the minutest variation, and, at the end of the day, prints the result of every hour's observation. The house is full of electric batteries, the wires of which cross all the rooms like a gigantic spider's web.

We left in the dark and cold at 7 A.M. next morning

for Suspension Bridge, two miles from Niagara, where we arrived about 9 P.M. A long day it would have been under favourable auspices, but fourteen hours spent in American railway cars, and in the company of their occupants, was very trying. It is astonishing that when Americans come to England, they ever do anything but travel about in a first-class carriage; but instead of appreciating them, they say, 'What dreadful things your railway cars are; why, they shut you in.' We had no idea where to go at Niagara, as the large hotels are only open during the summer, and our friends in New York could not tell us which we should find open at this season, so we had to trust to the guide-book and station porter, and a wretched little public-house it was where we spent the night.

Almost every one, nowadays, knows Niagara so well by pictures, or from having been there, that it is like offering a description of Hampton Court or Kew; but as few comparatively have seen it in the depth of winter, I will try and give some account of what it is like at that season. We sent for a sleigh directly after breakfast, and drove to the town, which is on the American side of the river. The Niagara connects the lakes Erie and Ontario, is not very wide, though very deep and rapid, and divides the United States and Canada. In the middle of the river, between the Falls, is an island (Goat Island), about 74 acres in extent. The Fall on one side is called the American Fall, that on the other the Horseshoe, or English Fall. We went first to the American Fall, which, before seeing the Horseshoe, seems wonderful. It is only 168 feet high, a mere nothing in point of

height compared with many falls in other parts of the world; but the volume of water is extraordinary. A small suspension bridge connects Goat Island with the main land, and a wooden staircase and rustic bridge on the former lead to Lunar Island, the point where visitors are taken to see the perpetual rainbow, or rainbows, for besides the large arc, there are various lesser and broken ones. There was no moon when we were there, but the lunar rainbow must be lovely. The wind drove the spray towards us, which fell like a sharp hail shower, and formed a thick, hard, icy crust to the snow, which was here very deep. No one who has not seen it can imagine the beauty of the pillars and rocks of frozen spray which surround the Falls, nor of the weird, fantastic forms of the trees, which become encrusted with snow and cased in ice. Standing on the little rustic bridge between Goat and Lunar Islands, it made one giddy to watch the mass of water rushing through that narrow space, and bearing huge blocks of ice over the Fall, which spin round and round like feathers! We drove round Goat Island, and from some points obtained good views of the rapids above the Falls. These are almost as wonderful and as well worth seeing as the Falls themselves. Below the Falls, for about a mile, the water is strangely calm, only betraying its internal agitation by bubbles and tiny whirlpools, which appear now and then on its surface. About a mile down the river, past the Suspension Bridge, it again bursts out in rapids, and a strong whirlpool.

Of course, there is a romantic story attached to Goat Island. Our cicerone was not very well up in the details, though he declared it to be 'the most *interesting* reality

he 'd ever heard read!' but as far as I could make out, it was as follows: An English gentleman, of the name of Abbott, was some years ago banished from his country and kindred on account of a lady with whom he was in love. He took up his abode on this island, where he lived in a log-hut, supported by the charity of the family to whom the land belonged. He spent his time principally in playing the flute, and was known in the neighbourhood as 'The Hermit of Goat Island.' In the course of time his lady-love came to Buffalo, and thence visited Niagara (whether she had come with knowledge of his whereabouts or not seems doubtful), an Indian squaw, who was her guide, taking her to the hut. He was absent himself, but she saw his flute lying on the table; she took it up, kissed it, and then went out to seek him. He was bathing in the river, and just when she came to the place where his clothes lay on the bank, he rose to the surface, saw her, gazed at her for some time, gave a loud cry, threw up his arms, and let himself be carried over the Fall! I think, to complete the romance, the lady ought to have followed him.

Before being allowed to cross the river we were taken into a large Indian store, where are sold bark, bead, feather, and basket works, made by the Indians living near. We then crossed the Suspension Bridge, which is of two stories; the railway crossing above, foot-passengers and carriages below. We were properly stopped in the middle, that the driver and horses might be in Canada, while we remained in the States.

On reaching the other side, the first thing necessary to do was to pay. Visitors can go nowhere here without

being stopped every quarter of an hour to pay some fee. It much detracts from the pleasure of seeing a place, and might be easily avoided, by having the same fees paid beforehand to the guides at the hotels, which is the arrangement at the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Here, though it was not in the least necessary, as the wind blew the spray in the contrary direction, we were dressed in a costume closely resembling a diving-dress in which to go below, and behind, the Horseshoe Fall; and then pestered by a photographer, who seemed desirous to make the utmost of anything so rare as a victim at this season, till, for the sake of peace and quietness, we allowed ourselves to be taken: our persecutor consoling us with the assurance, 'You see, this will show that you've really been here!' After we were released, with an Indian for our guide, and spikes ('creepers') strapped on to our feet, we descended a narrow, slippery path. The creepers were quite indispensable, for it soon became only a sheet of ice, with a wall of the same on one side and a precipice on the other. We were unable to go behind the fall, as the path was blocked with columns of ice; but we went as far as possible. Never before had I any idea of the variety of hue, as well as form, of which ice is capable. Probably the different soils through which the streams pass, before falling over the side, cause the different colours of these beautiful ice pillars. They were very curious in form; some almost like basaltic columns, others like gigantic icicles (which, in fact, they were), of blue, green, yellow, brown, and pure white, with that lovely semi-transparent appearance which gives such softness to masses of ice. The tops of the ice-rocks

below were coated with snow; adding yet another colour, if dead opaque white can be so called.

From this point the Horseshoe Fall itself can only be called stupendous: one gazes and gazes, and wonders at it, till quite bewildered by its immensity. The water tears over the fall, and the body of it is so great that for some distance it cannot break; and there is no foam or spray, except the white streaks which come with it from the river. But while watching, the foam gradually appears behind the sea-green surface, growing more and more, till it becomes a mass of white, and all outline is lost in the cloud of spray which hovers perpetually over the basin at the foot of the fall, and rises in a column of mist, distinguishable many miles off. This fall is ten feet lower than the other, but incomparably grander. When one thinks of it in figures, it seems almost incredible. Nine millions of tons of water fall in an hour! We were very glad to have seen it in winter, for no imagination could picture the ice-cliffs surrounding it.

The Whirlpool, which is below the Suspension Bridge, is described in the Guide Books as resembling the Maelstrom; but unless the latter is as unlike the descriptions written of it as is the Whirlpool, there is not much similarity between the two. It is formed in a kind of bay, just below the rapids. It was curious to watch the lumps of ice, which were collected into an island in this bay. Some of them stuck for a long time, revolving rapidly, but unable to regain the middle of the river. Some poor gulls, too, were spun round in the eddies, utterly helpless, and looking like a child's toy-ducks with a magnet. The surface of the water in the Whirlpool was much calmer

than the rapids above and below it. The latter would be seen to greater advantage in summer, when the snow would not so outshine the foam and froth as to leave them only a dirty, greenish white. We were unable to get down to the water's edge, the steps not having been cleared; the boy who came forward to receive the fee for the sight said, 'It was too much trouble.' It was satisfactory to find that the money collected here helps to keep up a college, founded by a gentleman of the name of Deveaux, where orphan boys, between the ages of six and eight, are benevolently received and educated, until they are eighteen years old, and able to support themselves.

The next day we drove out about six miles through a bitter wind to Tuscarora, the settlement of the tribe of Indians of that name. This tribe is an offshoot of the Six Nation tribe, and has a territory of three miles by four; where they appear to be happy, cultivating their land, and making the various articles, that strangers are expected to purchase, as mementoes of Niagara. But it seems a small space for those, whose ancestors roamed at will over the whole continent, and owned no limit but the ocean to their domain. 'Indian, where does the chief live?' sounds quite in accordance with one's romantic notions of the opening of a conversation with one of an American-Indian tribe. But the answer, 'Wal, he's just ahead of yer there, with them two loads o' hay; I guess you'll catch him up if yer hold on sharp,' given with a decidedly Yankee accent, rather detracts from the romance. And still more do all romantic ideas take flight when, instead of a hut or wigwam hung with skins, one drives up to a substantial shingle-house, inquires

whether 'Mr. John Mountpleasant is at home?' and on being told, 'Yes, here he is,' is shown into a room with carpets and stoves, framed photographs on the walls, and albums in the newest style on the table. The 'chief' following soon after, in a cutaway serge coat and wide-awake! He took us into the 'sewing-room' at once, where were seated round the stove his wife, daughter, and several other women, wearing crinolines and chignons like all other civilized (?) savages, and with very untidy boots and hair. The chief was a remarkably fine-looking man, above six feet high, well built and powerful-looking, and with a good honest face. In his native costume he must have been the ideal of an American-Indian chief. His wife, on the contrary, had a gloomy, lowering expression, was not at all good-looking, and very stout; though, judging from a daguerreotype of her, taken many years ago, and in her native dress, she must then have been almost pretty. She belonged to the Seneca tribe; and, as neither she nor her husband either understood or spoke each other's language, they had always to converse in English. Her brother (Colonel Parker) was General Grant's Military Secretary, and she hoped we should see him in Washington, 'for he's a very intelligent man. I don't say so because I'm his sister, but because I know him to be so, and he has received a very good education.'

Except to revisit the Falls we made no other excursion here. They seem to increase in grandeur and size with each visit, and the more those visits are prolonged, while oneself and everything around seem to shrink into nothing before their immensity.

On leaving Niagara we went to Detroit, where we

ought to have been at eleven that night, but the track was so covered with snow that it was half-past four next morning before we arrived. Another striking instance of the disadvantage of these large cars occurred during this day's journey. There was a poor mad woman in the car, who was not a pleasant companion, and had it not been for a most kind doctor travelling in the same carriage, who (an entire stranger apparently) took charge of her the whole way, and must have been almost worn out by the exertion required to keep her quiet, it might have have been extremely disagreeable.

It was snowing and freezing hard the two days we remained at Detroit. We drove all round the flat, monotonous, scattered town; in which, however, are some fine large houses and wide streets. It was amusing at night to go to the 'skating-rinks,' large ice-ponds, under a wooden shed, where people can skate in the greatest comfort. They are lighted with gas, have a raised platform, with seats all round; and, behind this, small warmed rooms, where suppers, or a basin of hot soup, may be had. A band plays all the time, and some of the skating, both by ladies and gentlemen, is beautiful. Occasionally, masquerades are held in these rinks, but we did not see one.

On leaving Detroit, fourteen hours by rail took us to Chicago, the most important city of the north-west. An amazing place, considering its thirty-three years' growth. People living there almost sneer at the idea of London being anything like as fine a city. The streets are wide, the houses handsome, the shops very large, and with windows displaying well-arranged goods, through

magnificent plate-glass; there is an excellent French restaurant, where we dined two or three times; not having quite such a *recherché* dinner as in Paris, and considerably more expensive, but a pleasing contrast to the table at the hotel, which was execrable. It is strange that in so large and rich a place the hotels should be so very bad. Chicago is the great depôt for all the stock and grain of the North, North-west, and Western States. We drove out about six miles to see the stock-yards, which are worth visiting. There is a mile of pens, sixty or seventy acres of which are boarded over as sheds. Each pen is supplied with water, and there are two large reservoirs near, in case of fire. The large farmers and cattle-breeders of the West rent pens, into which their stock is driven, and there sold by brokers. Near this a large building was pointed out to us, as an establishment for preserving the whole carcases of animals, by a process of which we had heard people in Australia speaking in high terms, as likely to be a source of great profit to large cattle-owners. The average price of the best meat, thus preserved, would be in England from 4½*d.* to 6*d.* a pound.*

One day we went to see an establishment for unloading and loading grain, by means of elevators, from either vessels which come up the Chicago river, or cars, a line for which runs up to the building. The principle is that of the Chinese wheel for irrigation; viz., buckets fastened on a broad circular band, which can be extended to any length, so as to carry the material to any height,

* It is the same process as was used during the Civil War for embalming the bodies of those whose friends wished them to be sent long distances, to their homes, for burial.

the object being to have the bins sufficiently raised above the vessel or cars to be loaded, as to let the grain into them by a shoot in any quantity desired. It is an immense saving of labour and time to wind it up to the top of the house, where the bins are, in these buckets, instead of either carrying it, or working it up with a crane in sacks. By this method a vessel of 800 tons can be laden in three hours; and the gentleman who took us over the establishment said, that at some larger works, belonging to another firm, they had shipped 55,000 bushels in an hour and five minutes.

The Chamber of Commerce is a fine hall, of which the inhabitants of Chicago are immensely proud. The lower part is let for offices, fetching enormous rents; the upper story is undivided, and only contains the merchants' desks, president's dais, and reporters' desks below it. But the great work here is a tunnel, which is run for two miles into Lake Michigan, to bring pure water for the city. It is divided into three passages, two of which were finished. There was to be a grand display and festivity on the day when the tunnel should be opened. The work is entirely brick, excepting the upper part of the shaft, which is iron. Mules, which are used for drawing the waggons in the tunnel, are taken up and down the shaft like human beings.

We went to see the Museum, but it was evidently at present only in its infancy. In one room was a waxwork copy of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper;' the figures life-size, the heads and hands moving in a horrible and ghastly manner: on the other side of the room were represented 'The Judgment Hall,' Pontius Pilate's wife,

in regal robes, relating her dream on her knees to her husband, and various other atrocities!

In this town where everything else is new, even to crudity, there is one strangely ancient-looking building. It is a Presbyterian Church, and is really quite modern, but is built of bituminous limestone out of which the pitch has oozed, and gives all the appearance of weather and lichen to the walls.

Chicago stands on a plain, which extends on all sides for hundreds of miles. My father was making inquiries as to the different routes we might pursue on our way south. One query, 'Then there's not much high land, I suppose, to be seen on this road?' and the answer, 'Wal—yes, indeed, there's some that lets for as much as 100 or 150 dollars an acre!' exactly typifies the spirit of the inhabitants. Everything is regarded according to its value in dollars!

We had a tedious journey to St. Louis, leaving at 8 A.M. in bitter weather. We were hardly outside the station, before all the cars, except ours, which was the last, had run off the rails from the depth of snow. Two hours were spent in righting the cars, and no sooner did we again set off, than the same thing occurred, so that we were three hours late in starting. We made up a little time between then and 6 P.M., but mending a window in our car caused another hour's detention, and we were further delayed by a fight between a man who refused to pay, and was consequently turned out into the snow, and one of the brakesmen. It was some time before the latter could free himself, and, with his coat torn to shreds, make his way back into the car; this kept us so long

upon the road, that instead of arriving at St. Louis by 10 P.M., it was 4 A.M. next morning before we reached the hotel.

St. Louis is a large and thriving, but entirely commercial city, on the Mississippi. A thaw began the night of our arrival, and the state of the streets and roads was indescribable. We were detained here for a dreary week, waiting for the river to be sufficiently open to allow of steamers running to New Orleans. There was nothing to be done in or near the town, but, fortunately, the 'Southern' Hotel was the most comfortable we were in—anywhere in America. We had a letter to an old General, who was, unfortunately, going to New York the next day; but he did his best to amuse us, by taking us to the Public Library.*

* Of all Institutions in America, the Public Libraries seem to me the very best. In England we talk much, but do little to assist the lower orders in self-education. Enormous sums are annually spent (might one not say, wasted?) in paying 'certificated' masters, mistresses, and pupil-teachers, to insense dull children with the rudiments of sciences which, in very, very rare instances, are of the slightest use to them in after-life, and which at the time only enable them to abuse the Queen's English, to misapply 'long-tailed words in 'osity and 'ation,' and to think themselves wiser and better than their parents. Surely money might be forthcoming to furnish means, whereby *any* one, as in America—provided he or she will but abide by the few simple rules and regulations laid down by committees or librarians, or whatever the authority happens to be—may spend as much time as they please in a quiet, comfortable, well-warmed, well-lighted, well-ventilated room, where every facility is offered for the pursuit of knowledge as derivable from books, under the most favourable auspices? The 'knowledge' thus sought may be of the most profound sciences, or the daily tittle-tattle of the country, related in newspapers and periodicals. If only for the attraction such a place offers in opposition to public-houses (which are by so many, *at first,* frequented solely on account of the comfortable warmth

We drove out one day over a road which was like a ploughed field, to the Cemetery. It is large, but not pretty. The mode of decorating some of the tombs is very peculiar. In the marble above the inscription, on some monuments, was inserted a glass photograph of the deceased; and on some of the graves were placed a number of shells, and china dogs of brilliant brickdust and white colour, the same as one often sees on cottage chimney-pieces.

Another day we jolted out five or six miles to see some gardens belonging to a gentleman, who, being extremely fond of flowers, amiably allows the public to share his enjoyment. We did not expect to see much out of

and light there, and not at home obtainable), it would be worth while to establish Public Libraries in England, on the same footing as those in America.

Are the lower classes in England supposed to have greater proclivities to destruction than the same classes in other countries?

Why are our churches never open except at the time of Divine service? Has any one ever been in a Roman Catholic Church and not found two or three (at least) poor people saying their prayers in some of the chapels or quiet corners, who at home, in a crowded, noisy, dirty room, would find it impossible to raise their thoughts above the dirt, the noise, and the crowd around them, or to find five minutes free from interruption, were they able to do so?

Why should not our poor be trusted with a free entrance into our churches, and with the free use of well-printed, well-bound, well-arranged, and catalogued books, as much as the same class in other countries?

Are not these questions worth the consideration of those who, from their own experience, can appreciate the advantages and pleasures to be derived from free access to good libraries? And also of those who have power and influence to act in such matters in these days, when the education and improvement of the lower orders are so much discussed and talked about, but appears to make no further progress?

doors, but the greenhouse had been described as magnificent. 'Wal, I *presoome*' (a favourite expression), 'as fine as any you'd see in the world.' So we were prepared to be delighted. We found a nice little greenhouse, such as it would be pleasant to have opening out of one's drawing-room, but which the smallest nursery-gardener at home would think but little of. A civil German gardener took us round, and showed us some *daisies* with great pride. He said they were the most troublesome plants he had to deal with. The winter was so much too cold, and the summer too hot for them, that unless he took the greatest care 'they go right *deat!*'

My father made an expedition one day to see the 'Iron Mountain,' the chief object of curiosity of these regions, ninety miles distant by rail. It is a mountain composed almost entirely of iron ore, in which the percentage of pure iron is in some parts as much as ninety: but no one has established machinery for working it, and nearly all the iron used in the country comes from England.

The evening before we left there was a 'sociable' at the hotel—'Just a sociable hop,' we were told, on inquiring the meaning of 'Sociable, Wednesday, Feb. 6th, 8 o'clock,' which was printed for two or three days previously at the head of all the bills of fare. It seems that it is the custom in most of the large hotels, though we had not happened to fall in with one before. The proprietors of the hotel send cards of invitation to all in the house, whether regular boarders or only birds of passage; and to the former extra cards, with a space for the name left blank: which cards, the housekeeper explained to me,

'the ladies in the house send to the young ladies; and if they know the gentlemen they'd wish to have with them, they send to them too; if not, they tell the young ladies to bring their own escort.' There is a band and supper, the whole being at the expense of the proprietors.

The costumes of the dancers were as varied in material and fashion as heart could desire. Many of the ladies were in heavy, stuff, morning dresses, and hardly any of the gentlemen were in evening costume. The dances that seemed most fashionable were quadrilles and slow-round dances, such as mazurkas and the schottische: very few waltzed, and those who did waltzed badly, and at long intervals. The quadrilles were either extremely antiquated or extremely modern: I never saw their like before. The great object appeared to be the attainment of inextricable confusion through the interchange of partners; which confusion was eventually reduced to order and regularity by the exertions of the band-leader, who seemed to combine with that the office of dancing-master; for while beating time with foot and hand, he continually shouted out every movement that every one was to make. Of course we were told that the *élite*, or, as American phraseology expresses it, 'stylish ladies and elegant gentlemen,' were not as numerous as usual on this occasion, on account of weddings and other cheerful entertainments taking place the same evening. The band leaves, and everything is over, by 2 A.M.; which, for American hours, is very reasonable.

On February 7th we left St. Louis in the 'Atlantic,' calling itself the champion boat of the Mississippi, and wearing in consequence gilt horns, with balls on every

point. Fortunately, racing on the rivers is now illegal, for the number of accidents that occurred a few years ago, in consequence, was fearful. These boats, which are very large, are also so slight, that, while sitting in the lower saloon, any one walking on the upper deck shakes the whole vessel, as if it were made of cardboard; and striking a 'snag' is almost certain destruction, the boat going down even before she could be run ashore. We were delayed long in starting, waiting for a cargo of mules to be taken south. It must have been bitterly cold for these poor creatures in the open lower deck, with the steamer so deep in the water, that for the first day or so it washed over the parapet, and left them standing on the damp, icy-cold floor.

But few passengers were expected, this being the first trip down the river after the breaking up of the ice, and, consequently, no trouble was taken to make the vessel comfortable; and, to add to our discomfort, the servants were a set of most obnoxious Negroes.

The manners of these emancipated slaves are abominable, and their insolence, impertinence, and familiarity, unbearable. Here they were extremely talkative, and would stand close to any of the passengers, discussing their own affairs, gossiping about those on board, and laughing loudly, in a way that was most objectionable. The present state of things between the white people and their emancipated slaves cannot last long. Already the 'good servant' has proved a very 'bad master;' and those who most advocated freedom have found to their cost that education and intelligence, honesty and principle, do not come, as a matter of course,

with the hour of emancipation. The demoralisation of the freed Negroes since the war was increasing rapidly, and their number decreasing in proportion. Even when we were in the country they had diminished one-fifth. We had some pleasant, intelligent Southerners among our fellow-passengers, whose accounts of occurrences during and after the war were heart-rending. The right or wrong of slavery is a question which, I suppose, every one must answer according to his own feelings on the subject; but I fancy most English people, who have been in the Southern States, and have seen the remains, and only the remains, of what has been, would agree that it was more the *name* 'slave' that was objectionable than the position. Never again will the Negroes be so cared for, comfortable, and happy, as in the days of slavery. One of the gentlemen on board told me that he could remember how, often and often as a child, he had heard of his father, a large slave-owner, sitting up all night with a sick slave; and that, though perhaps there were not many masters whose care for their slaves would go as far as that, yet it was rare to find unkindness, rarer still to find 'cruelty,' among the masters. It is contrary to human nature, when unkindness and cruelty would disable men from work, and work is the great object in keeping slaves, for a man to act so much against his own interests, however little feeling he might have for them as fellow-creatures. Altogether, the more we heard and saw of the origin of, and occurrences during, the war, the more forcible was the conviction that 'slavery' and its abolition was but an excuse for the open declaration of the bitter feelings, almost amounting to hatred, which had for a

long time been growing up between the 'rowdy,' 'Yankee' set in the North and Northwest, and the more conservative Southerners, and that the idea of that feeling being changed when the emancipation was declared, and the war nominally at an end, is a fallacy.

Some of the anecdotes we heard of the treatment undergone by Confederate families at the hands of the Federal soldiers were too shocking to relate. The wanton destruction of property, and total absence of anything like generosity to the families of the vanquished, were perfectly barbarous, though these were only among the lesser indignities heaped upon them. In St. Louis there were large hospital establishments during the war for both armies; and for the sake of supplying their own party, the Southern ladies used to provide comforts and delicacies for all the hospitals, visit the wounded equally, and treat friends and foes alike. After a time they were ordered to give up their visits, as it was said partiality was shown to the wounded Confederates. I was assured that this had not been the case; but had it been so, who could have been surprised? This, however, was as nothing compared to other sad tales related by some of the sufferers' relations and friends.

We went very slowly the first two days on account of the snags, and anchored both nights—bitter nights they were! My cabin was on the windward side, and had a yawning gap between the door and floor, consequently the second morning there was a deep snow-drift inside, and the water was frozen in jug and basin, in the latter so hard and thick, that even with hot water I could not melt it.

On the 9th we arrived at the *city* of Cairo—a miserable little place, said to be the original of 'the garden of Eden' in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'

The next afternoon we reached Memphis, after leaving which the houses on the banks became more numerous, but all had a wretched, deserted look. The Southerners on board declared they could hardly recognise the river, so different was the appearance from what it had been before the war, when every farm or plantation was flourishing and cared for, and stood in a neat, bright, little garden. The scenery on the Mississippi was, I confess, disappointing. Thus far there was no high land; and, though in summer the contrast between the trees and the colour of the soil would be pretty, there was nothing striking, and the river itself is not nearly so fine as the Yang-tse-kiang.

Our fellow-passengers were not numerous, which was rather fortunate, as the supply of food on board was limited, to judge by the scraps which were all we were allowed. It is really a very uncomfortable way of having one's meals, to be surrounded by a hedge of little dishes, containing a mouthful on each, and no means whatever of making any choice, nor of judging the kind or quality of the tantalizing little morsel. There were one or two pleasant people, and the majority were inoffensive. But there was one family of the most perfect 'Yankee' type imaginable; father, mother, and daughter. The mother was of the 'good-old-soul' genus, but the two others were 'riling' to a degree. The broadest caricature would only be a likeness of the father. He was about six feet and a half high and one foot broad, with his clothes (a very

long suit of black) hooked on to his shoulders as if the latter had been the bar of a tailor's dummy; a neck and head like that of a half-fledged sparrow, lanthorn-jawed, and with enormous hungry eyes, that at meal-times rolled round the table and all the dishes upon it, while his knife and fork were plunged promiscuously into the latter, thence conveying their contents to his mouth. The daughter was one of the most uninteresting, and unquestionably plain, people I have ever seen; and, upon the strength of it, gave herself all the airs of the greatest beauty. There was a piano in the saloon, which, though its faults and failings were numerous, did not deserve quite as much punishment as she bestowed upon it. No one who knows what the manners, customs, and appearance of a thorough Yankee are, can wonder at their being repugnant to English feelings, nor at our finding this party anything but agreeable. They (the Yankees) are essentially different from the Southerners, who, some of them, though not very refined in manner or speech, are yet pleasant as travelling companions. The ladies are often well read, and even educated; but the others really seem to have no idea in their heads except dress, and the amount of admiration they can excite. My father used to spend a good deal of his time in the pilot-house, the highest point whence a view can be obtained. Here our Yankee friend would follow him, and, pointing to a thick, uncultivated wood, would ask whether anything in England could compare with that; and declare that the whole country would be a garden, when these large Southern plantations should be leased, in forty and fifty-acre lots, to the Negroes, who formerly worked as slaves

on the same. He entirely ignored what those who know the character, and have more experience of the negro race, say; viz., that unless their whole character, habits, and propensities, could be changed, they will never really labour, except to live from hand to mouth, or when forced to work.

At daylight, on the 12th, we arrived at Vicksburg. Those who followed the movements of the two armies during the war will remember that this was for a long while a bone of contention between them; in fact, a key, the possession of which closed or opened the way for the Federal army in its final movements on the South; and the surrender of which was the turning-point in the war, as after that the South succumbed.

We spent some hours on shore, and drove all round the place, which was in the most melancholy state imaginable. A good deal of what had been rebuilt was, a few months previously to our visit, destroyed by fire; and the charred ruins, together with the still visible results of the bombardment, gave a wretched appearance to the place. The country round abounds in steep ravines, and the city is called the 'City of Hills.' Our driver had been a soldier in the Confederate army; and, while taking us over the eight miles of outworks, pointed out the positions of the two armies. He said the general opinion among Southerners was, that although there were but 22,000 men for the defence, and the Federals numbered about four to one,—from the nature of the ground and position of the city, it ought to have been impregnable, had not General Pemberton been a traitor. For his own part, though the General was a Federal by birth,

and a mere soldier of fortune, having begun his military career as a Colonel of Volunteers in Mexico, our informant believed him to be true to the South, only incompetent. Among the soldiers it was considered, he said, a great mistake having retreated to Vicksburg at all, after a defeat sustained by the South, about twenty miles off. Had they retreated further up the river, the Federals must have secured such a strong position, and to garrison it would have been obliged to leave so large a force, that, in the then demoralized and diminished state of their army, they could not have pressed the Confederates without previously recruiting, and giving them time to do the same. I do not know whether one would generally consider the opinion of privates, with regard to the tactics of their general, as worth much; but in this case, where the rank and file of the Confederate army were, in a great measure, composed of members of the best Southern families, and where the commanding officers were in some instances men like General Pemberton, the opinion of the former might be worth listening to. Whatever may have been the true state of the case, this fact remains, that after the surrender General Pemberton disappeared, and had never since been seen or heard of. And every one must perceive, that, in spite of numbers, the odds against the attacking party on such ground must have been fearful.

Our driver showed us the fort where his regiment was stationed, and described the Federal charge, up a steep bank, intersected by ravines and blocked with brushwood, under full fire of the enemy's large guns on the bastion and the rifles of the men stationed in an outwork below.

There, perfectly screened themselves, they could take deliberate aim at the poor fellows struggling up over the rough, difficult ground; seeing their officers fall one after another, while doing their best to encourage the men, by rushing on ahead up the steep ravine. He said, 'We just shot 'em down by hundreds.' And still General Grant ordered regiment after regiment to the charge, sacrificing hundreds of lives in every attempt! It must have been an awful time for those living in the city. During the day they had to retire to caves cut in the soft, sandy soil of the country round, where they remained while the bombardment was going on, only emerging at nightfall, and returning to their homes to cook what they could get for the next day's provision. The banks in the outer part of the city, and in the country immediately surrounding it, on either side of the roads, are pierced with these chambers, like catacombs; and on the roads leading to the fortifications, and wherever a small body of men was stationed, are small hollow ledges, just large enough for one man to lie down in quite flat, where the soldiers used to take refuge when a shell was coming, until it had either passed them or burst. Our driver deposed to having been 'as jolly as possible' in some of the larger excavations, where they had 'fiddling and dancing' every night!

Nothing could better picture to one's mind, in all its vividness and horror, the misery War brings in its train, than a visit to such a place. Imagination can hardly realise its having looked more wretched immediately after the war, than when we saw it three years later. It is melancholy to be shown the sites of fine houses, where

there were beautiful trees and gardens, now as desolate and waste as a wilderness. Every stick was cut down for firewood. They were planting the barrack-square, rebuilding the houses, and making a very beautiful place of the Cemetery, to which the remains of those brave Federal soldiers who fell during the siege, and could only at the time be buried in wide ditches, were being removed.

There is a cannon placed perpendicularly on a stone block, and railed in as a monument, on the spot where General Grant met General Pemberton to receive his surrender. It was first made of marble, but the soldiers chipped that to pieces in a very short time, to carry the bits away as mementoes. A large tree stood there at the time, but not a vestige of that was left after a very short period; every Federal soldier trying to get a piece for a walking-stick or pipe, or something of the sort. Our driver showed us a pipe a Federal soldier had given him. The men seemed to have fraternised after the siege was over; and this man, being taken ill on his way home, was nursed for a long time by his umquhile enemy's mother; and on leaving gave his friend this pipe-bowl. We were told that Vicksburg now agreed better with Government than any of the Southern towns.

On re-embarking we passed, soon after leaving the town, the spot where General Grant tried to cut a canal, so as to shut off all the river water from the city. On seeing the position, it appears not such a mad scheme as at the time it was generally supposed to be. The river here makes a deep bend; and had not the canal been cut about a mile and a half too near the city, just where

the full force of the current carried the water past the opening, there is reason to suppose it would have succeeded.

Early the next morning we arrived at Natchez. Great excitement had been caused throughout the whole of the previous afternoon and evening by another steamer passing us. One of the Negro stewards, while the excitement was at its height, came up, and by way of making me quite comfortable and easy in my mind, gave a long account of how, a few months before, he was on one of the Ohio steamers, which, while trying to 'keep ahead' of another (not being allowed to *race*), blew up, and nearly all the passengers were lost; but not one of the officers, or 'boys,' as the stewards call themselves.

Natchez suffered less than any of the Southern towns during the war. It is a pleasant little town, but not visible from the river. It stands on the top of a steep hill, and rather far back, so as to be hidden by the cliffs of bright red earth, which here rise to some height, and have a striking appearance. It was a dull, drizzly morning when we arrived, and we were already so far south as to feel the semi-tropical heat. We found a carriage, and spent the few hours at our disposal in driving out beyond the town, first in one direction, then in the other, to see as much as possible of the surrounding country. The town itself is, in appearance and manner, much like a small English watering-place. There are good, wide, gravel roads, excellent for riding or driving; good shops, with the shopkeepers standing at their own doors, looking as if they would be willing to sell if anything was very much needed, but as if they did not care about it in the

least, and were in no want of money. A good many respectable-looking idlers were lounging about, and the whole place had a quiet, sleepy, well-to-do look, that was a pleasant variety to the excited bustle of the Northern cities, or the waste devastation of Vicksburg. Out in the country there were some fine houses, with small parks and well-laid-out gardens round them. We went into one on the river side of the town, whose owner was away. Here the garden, though arranged in the most formal style, was very pretty, with straight rows of fine magnolia trees, having shrubs of orange and lemon between them, and other tropical and semi-tropical plants around. There were trees of camelias, almost equalling those in Australia, and velvety green grass: altogether it was a nice, old-fashioned-looking place.

A thick fog came on soon after leaving Natchez, which obliged us to proceed slowly, so it was not till the evening of the 14th of February that we arrived at New Orleans, after a long delay at the upper port to discharge stock, and at the lower to get the steamer into her berth at the wharf. On either bank of the river, all the way from Natchez, are some magnificent houses, with a small village of slaves' cottages at a little distance, looking comfortable and well built. One felt almost more sorry for the miserable Negroes, who had lost such homes, than for the poor masters, whose land was in consequence lying uncultivated, and their houses unoccupied.

New Orleans is by no means striking from a distance, except for the multitude of spires visible. For miles and miles, as far as the eye can see, extends the flat, marshy, malarious plain of Louisiana, on which speculators are so

anxious to induce emigrants to 'settle,' as they most assuredly would in one sense, for to live there seems impossible. There is a fine quay of considerable extent. The St. Charles Hotel is considered the best; it is the largest, noisiest, and most expensive, *ergo*, in certain people's opinion, it must be the best.

We had been advised to pay a visit to Lake Pontchartrain,* which was said to be very pretty, but which did not equal the descriptions we had heard of it. We met with a specimen of an emigrant, who had not realised his golden dreams, in a lighthouse at the junction of this lake and one of the numerous canals. His language had struck us as being remarkably good, and his manner altogether as that of a well-educated man; and while he was showing us over the lighthouse, and rowing us to and from it, we gathered a good deal of his history. He did not enter into many details; but we learnt that his father had been a Collector of Customs at Bristol, and he himself had received the education of a gentleman; but being of a roving turn of mind, he had never persevered long in any employment. At last he had been tempted, by the accounts of enormous wealth obtained by emigrants in America, to try his fortune there, and was one of the unfortunates it seemed, who, instead of making money, had sunk down and down, and had finally been glad to take office in this tumble-down, little lighthouse, where the work seemed hard, the pay small, and the situation very unhealthy.

New Orleans is much more like a town in the south

* This is not properly a lake, but an arm of the sea (the Gulf of Mexico).

of Europe than in America. The houses are good, the streets narrow, the shops rather dark, and appeared still far from having recovered the effects of the war. There are no public buildings of any note, excepting a Medical College, and this has no architectural beauty. The head-quarters of General This, and the lodging of General That, are pointed out, as is also the duelling-ground outside the city. The man who drove us to the latter place seemed to consider himself quite a hero, for having the week before been driver to one of the 'parties' who were to fight. Even the Cemetery, which is generally so well cared for and adorned in American cities, is here uninteresting. The ground being below the river, they cannot bury, but have to build a monument over the coffin, or make a brick erection, with compartments for each coffin, if it is to be used as a family vault.

The society of New Orleans is divided into two distinct classes—the American and the Creole. They live in different parts of the town, and hardly mix at all. Some of the oldest Southern families are connected by marriage with Creoles. We had an introduction to one such family, and very pleasant they made our stay in New Orleans. It was difficult to realize being in America, among people who never spoke English, while in the Creole quarter of the city, the venetian blinds, green jalousies, and balconies, in which men and women were always to be seen lounging and smoking, added still more to the South-of-Europe feeling induced by the climate and the language. Our friends took us to the Opera, which is a good house, with a tolerable company. We were also taken to a children's fancy ball at a rela-

tion's house, one of the prettiest and best-arranged things of the kind I have ever witnessed.

We went also to see a cotton-press, which is much the same as those used in India; also a cotton-ginnery. The process is very rapid and simple. Eighty fine saws are formed into a wheel, which tear the cotton from the seed; the latter falling into a box on one side, the former into a box on the other. The machinery moves a brush at the same time, which causes draught sufficient to drive the 'lint,' as the cotton part is called, up an incline of 28 feet, into a room above, retaining all the 'motes,' *i.e.* lumps, and knots, and all heavier particles. Nearly all the oil used here, and sold as 'olive oil,' is made from cotton seed. The morning we visited the press was very wet and muddy, and the sacking round the bales was so torn and ragged that much of the cotton was soiled and worthless. The superintendent who was with us said he had often tried to make the owners see the economy of new, strong sacking; 'but what do these people care, as long as they get their money at once, and are saved trouble?'

The only pretty drive here is along a road running beside the river. We did not discover it till the last morning of our stay here, when, on desiring to be taken to the battle-field where we were defeated under General Pakenham in 1815 (an order our driver could not understand, and was for taking us to some other battle-field, where some one else had been defeated), we were first almost jolted to pieces, so bad were the roads in the town, and then found ourselves on an excellent road, with what must, previous to the war, have been very pretty residences the whole way. Now the houses are dilapidated,

the gardens neglected, the oranges falling off the trees and lying unheeded on the ground, the roses and creepers wild and rampant.

On seeing the battle-ground, it strikes one that Gen. Pakenham must have been mad not to have refused battle there. The Americans had cotton-bales, behind which they took up their position securely; while our poor men had not the protection to be afforded by a stone, nor even an undulation in the ground. No wonder we suffered so terribly. There is the commencement of a monument to General Jackson on the spot where he took up his position; but since the war, funds have not been forthcoming to finish it. The pillar, 100 feet high, is completed; but the statue which was (and still is, some day, they say) to have surmounted it is wanting.

Near this place is the ground where the soldiers who die while on garrison duty in the city are buried. It is sad to see the way in which it is done—no service, no attendance; the coffins brought out by the cartload (two cartloads were brought out while we were there), just put into the graves as if they were mere animals, and a tally, with a number, stuck into the ground at one end of the grave.

On the 19th, at 7 P.M., we left New Orleans for Cave City, in Kentucky, a distance of 680 miles. This was accomplished by rail in about forty-eight hours, only stopping for twenty minutes, twice a-day, to rush into some 'dining-saloon,' where it was hard to bring oneself to touch the food served by the dirty Negro servants, and charged for exorbitantly by their extortionate white masters. For these long journeys a 'sleeping-car' is attached

to the train, which, though not invariably clean, is a great rest. Two seats are turned, so that their occupants would be sitting *vis-à-vis*, across which a board and mattress are placed. A shelf is let down above this, which has another mattress put on it. Curtains hang from the ceiling, and you are much as in the berths on board ship: with the motion of the train strongly resembling that of a steamer in a 'chopping' sea. It is well worth the payment of a few additional dollars, for not only are the beds at night a great comfort, but their possessors have also the use of the far wider, more comfortable seats, during the day, when the mattresses have been removed and the curtains rolled up.

There is what they call a 'wash-room' at either end of the car. Clean towels are not always to be had, and if only one person has made use of the first towel, the attendant stares with astonishment on being asked for a second. This might be accounted for by a story we were told by a gentleman, who, on finding anything but a snowy-looking towel, asked for another; when the Negro attendant exclaimed, 'Wal! that there towel's been hanging there for *the last six months, and you're the first gentleman as has complained of it!*'

It was sad to see traces of the war everywhere. At one place there were the remains of fifteen engines burned by the Federals; in others the *dêbris* of whole trains and broken bridges strewing the ground. The road was still very rough and irregular from the scarcely completed repairs.

When we arrived at Cave City, we found we could not get on to Mammoth Cave, nine miles, that night; so

took up our lodging in a comfortable, clean, little hotel, close to the railway. It was amusing to study Negro manners in a chambermaid, who, apparently having nothing else to do, thought she would improve her knowledge of mankind in general by bestowing as much of her time as possible upon us; sitting down in a corner of the room when we wanted nothing, and asking innumerable questions whenever opportunity offered for her to edge in a word. She came to my room when I was going to bed, and stood in a corner, doing nothing but watch my operations. At last she darted out to satisfy herself that all my hair grew on my head, and was not fastened on in a wig. It was useless to tell her she was not wanted; if she went away one minute she returned the next; so the least troublesome plan was to let her remain. My father came to speak to me; and, when he had said good-night, she emerged from her corner, and burst out with, 'That's your pa, I reckon?'

'Yes; that's my father.'

'Ise thinking so; I see'd you favour him a deal.'

She then proceeded to inquire (not like an Indian squaw, waiting for the train at Niagara, who asked me, 'What *tribe* you belong?') 'What State you come from?'

'No State; we come from *Old* England.'

'Ah! that England State; yes, I heard tell that's very good State.'

Her knowledge, poor girl, was limited; for she seemed never even to have heard of 'Old England' beyond the seas.

As soon as possible next morning we left in the vehicle called by courtesy a coach, for the Mammoth

Caves; and were very glad, from the nature of the road, that we had been unable to attempt it in the dark. We were three hours jolting over rocks and plunging through mud, before we arrived at our destination. The road lies principally through oak-woods, with a good deal of undergrowth of different kinds, principally shumach: the berries of which are much used as a tonic, and in bitters. The woods have only been planted within the last fifty or sixty years, and some of the trees are already well grown; so that in another fifty or sixty years they will be valuable timber. Close to the mouth of the cave is a large summer-house hotel, built of wood, in two stories. Here, during the season, *i.e.* from June to September, between 100 and 200 people take up their abode. It must be very crowded. All the rooms have two double-beds in them; and they assured us, that beds were constantly made upon the floor of the ball-room, to accommodate those for whom there were no rooms. It was about 4 P.M. before our guide and his lamps were ready, but day and night are the same in the cave. The descent, which is not very steep nor long, is like a high and wide vaulted passage, leading into chambers of different dimensions. It is a magnificent cave (or rather series of caves), of limestone, apparently hollowed by water; and somewhat resembles, only is infinitely finer than, the cave at Buxton, in Derbyshire. Many of the chambers are full of curious and beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, and other grotesque formations in gypsum. In some parts the gypsum has been turned black, by the water which flows over it being charged with oxide of iron, from a stratum of sandstone overlying the limestone. Where

this is not the case, it is pure white; and when, at certain points, illuminated with blue lights, it becomes dazzlingly bright and sparkling. In the first part of the cave there were saltpetre works, until 1812. The vats and wooden pipes are still perfect; so are also the prints of the ox-hoofs, and tracks made by the cart-wheels in the mud; which, since water is no longer brought there, has become dry and hard. There are the hoof-prints where the oxen were stabled; and the guide shows corn-husk, which he declares have been lately dug up—preserved by the dryness of the soil and purity of the air—but we were a little sceptical of this.

The cave has never been surveyed, nor will the owner allow any survey to be made of it. It extends over such an immense area, that in all probability some portion of it is in ground not belonging to him, whose owner might make another entrance, and thereby destroy the monopoly of fees. Our guide said, that in what is called the 'Short Route' there were at least seventy-five miles, which he had explored. The greater part is through narrow, low, rough avenues, where there is nothing to be seen. We were only taken the usual round, about seven miles. The 'Long Route' is not practicable in winter; it leads to and across the river, at that season so swollen as to block the passage leading down to it. There are two rivers—'Green River,' which flows outside the cave, and 'Echo River,' which is subterranean. In the latter are found eyeless fish, and cray-fish, similar in some respects to those found near Zanzibar, but differing from some specimens we had seen of the former in being white instead of black. There seems no connexion between the rivers;

at least, it has not yet been found. We asked whether they had ever tried to discover it by floating marked sticks. The guide said they had, but without result, ' For yer see this river will sometimes flow one way, sometimes another ;' which to our innocent minds appeared the most wonderful thing in the cave.

The chambers in the cave have, of course, had different names bestowed upon them. ' The Gothic Chamber ' has very fine, rugged, stalactite pillars, and an almost perfectly smooth arched roof. ' The Star Chamber ' is curious. The walls are jagged, and rugged like cliffs, with a black gypsum roof, from which small pieces have fallen, or been knocked away, leaving white stars. When the guide takes the lamps to a distance, it is almost impossible to believe that this is not a starlit sky, at which one is looking, from a narrow valley, with cliffs rising on either side. ' The Ball Room ' is a large square opening, with a very rough floor, where, however, we were assured that during the season there was generally dancing going on.

In one or two places springs and streams flow out of the rocks, but in most parts of the cave it is perfectly dry, and the walking made easy for the most timid or inexperienced of scramblers by steps and ladders being placed wherever any difficulty occurs. ' The Bottomless Pit ' (which it is satisfactory to hear is only 150 feet deep !) and another chasm are bridged and railed off.

Some years ago a set of wise people took it into their heads that the cave atmosphere would be highly beneficial to consumptive patients. With that idea, they built some cabins for them to live in, in one of the large passages ; the result was, as may be imagined, not

successful. The cabins remain a monument to the folly of these speculators, and a medium for advertisers, who, with their cards, cover every available inch of them. It is, nevertheless, wonderful how people, who are by no means strong, take the amount of exertion they do, without fatigue, while visiting the caves. The 'Long Route' is at least (they say) nine miles in and nine miles out, and yet ladies, who could not walk two miles above ground, return from this eighteen miles' scramble declaring themselves not tired, and afterwards dance all night. A good deal of this may be due to excitement and novelty; but the air is certainly very pure, and the temperature pleasant: such a thing as firedamp is unknown.

The next morning we went in our coach, over a still worse road, if possible, than that from Cave City, to a newly-discovered cave, called, after the owner, who is also proprietor of the hotel, 'Proctor's Cave.' The track to it would be a charming ride in summer, though never good for driving. At this season, jolting over rocks, or pushing a path through bushes and underwood, the branches of which came in at the sides of the coach, which was only a waggon, with canvas curtains, was anything but agreeable. We were told that the variety and abundance of wild flowers here in summer ara wonderful.

This cave is not nearly as fine as the 'Mammoth,' though it is of considerable extent. The formations are almost entirely stalactite, owing, I suppose, to the much greater flow of water here, in every part, than in the other. The water has much discoloured the stalactites here, detracting considerably from their beauty. Some

of them are of very curious forms, and more than semi-transparent. In one chamber this alabaster-like substance has taken the form of stony drapery, which hangs in graceful, though rigid folds all round, and produces a ringing sound, like metal, when struck. This cave having been but lately discovered, walking was in some parts very difficult.

There was another cave on our road back to Cave City, which we hoped to have visited, but 'Negro independence' stood in the way. The roads, having slightly dried, were even heavier than on our arrival; and, just as we came to the only two good miles of our journey, we descried before us five or six mule waggons, whose drivers appeared perfectly deaf to the civil requests, several times preferred by ours, to go a little to one side or the other, so as to let us pass. Not an inch from the very middle of the road would they move; while, a precipice being on one side, and a steep bank on the other, it was impossible to pass unless they did so, which obliged us to walk behind them the whole way. Such are the pleasures of this free country!

Four hours by rail took us to Louisville, another of the new cities laid out in squares, and with nothing to recommend it. The cemetery, as is usual in these new cities, being the only place worth seeing. It is very large and well laid out; but it is sad to see the heathenish customs which prevail:—worse than heathenish; for, while the Indian's favourite horse and dog are buried with his master, these Christians keep their children's toys, plates, cups, and saucers, under glass-cases on the grave, and even clothes are torn up, and hung on a bush

planted near, looking just like the surroundings of a Bhuddist shrine. On one grave there was a small doll, fastened up in a French prune-bottle. Enormous sums are spent on monuments. One was pointed out to us which had cost 37,000 dollars.

We left Louisville in one of the 'Floating Palaces,' as they call the Ohio River steamers. They are large enough truly, but scarcely realize one's idea of the comfort or space to be enjoyed in a palace. The whole width is given up to the large saloon; the 'state-rooms' are mere cupboards, with a couple of shelves by way of berths, and barely room to move in them besides. These state-rooms are in two stories, the upper one opening on to a gallery, running round, and overlooking, the saloon. The pilot-house was a good position, as long as daylight lasted, for seeing the river, which is very pretty. The banks are rather high, and slope down to the water in jutting promontories. The river winds a good deal, with many trees and little villages, or groups of houses, on the bank, which look very snug and comfortable.

Cincinnati (also called by some people Porkopolis, on account of the vast number of pigs supposed to exist there) rivals Wolverhampton in smoke. From a distance the city is completely hidden behind the thick black cloud hanging over it. If any one is rash enough to open a window, the room and everything in it become immediately covered with smuts, and from the streets an eclipse of the sun might be watched without any assistance from smoked or coloured glass. However, we had not to endure this state of things very long, for a gentleman and lady, to whom we had brought an

introduction, kindly invited us to spend two or three days with them in their country-house, a few miles out of the city. We had arrived at three o'clock in the morning, and that afternoon took a drive to the other side of the river across a handsome suspension-bridge, lately erected. The country round is extremely pretty, with a great deal of undulating ground, broken and park-like, and in some places many fine trees, and peeps here and there of the Ohio and the Licking, a small river joining the Ohio. The turnpike-roads are excellent, as they ought to be, considering the number of toll-bars.

There is an extraordinary system of payment here. On our arrival at one gate a comical-looking little, old man, in a slouch-hat, red waistcoat matching his nose, and with a stumpy pipe in his mouth, came out and asked how far we were going? We could not tell, but our driver informed him. 'Oh, not a great ways: just drive along a bit to see the road, and look around.'

'Wal,' said he, 'I dunno what ter charge for that; it 's three cents a mile, and you 'd best go along, and tell me when ye come aback how far ye think ye 've been.'

I don't think he could have been a native, for it was hardly what they would call 'smart.'

The suburbs of Cincinnati extend far beyond its smoke, and here are many pleasant residences occupied by the families of those whose business takes them daily into the city. In some of the grounds are fine trees, which take off from the extremely new appearance that most of the houses present. The painted wood of which they are chiefly built can hardly look old, unless it looks at the same time dilapidated.

This seemed to be a very sociable neighbourhood. Our friends took us with them to a 'reading party' at a neighbour's house, which gave us an idea of how the winter evenings in the country are varied. These meetings take place fortnightly, alternately for dancing and reading; the latter generally combined with music. What struck me most in these meetings were, the extreme youth of the married people and the very peculiar costumes in which nearly every one appeared. When we first went into the drawing-room I thought it must be a juvenile party, but the boys of sixteen or seventeen, as I took them to be, turned out to be husbands of this one and that! Many of them were only one or two-and-twenty, with wives of sixteen or seventeen. This was supposed to be a *demie-toilette* affair, but the ladies' dresses were principally morning dresses, of thick, high merino, or linsey, and the gentlemen were all in shooting coats and thick boots.

We left Cincinnati at seven o'clock in the morning for Columbus, 120 miles, through pretty country, and thence to Pittsburg, 193 miles, and 117 further to Altona, a small town in the Alleghany Mountains. Here we arrived about four o'clock the next morning. Our object in visiting this small place, with its dingy hotel, was to see the railway incline, and the scenery among the mountains; this, however, was not practicable on the day of our arrival, which was Sunday. It was snowing heavily, and very cold.

The superintendent of the line was very civil in helping us to see the incline, and ordered a carriage to be attached to the first train going down the next morn-

ing, whose 'helper,' *i.e.* the engine which goes down with a train to push it up the other side, would bring us back. The scenery is extremely pretty; the track winds round instead of zigzagging up the mountain. There is a tremendous curve, called the 'Horseshoe Curve,' where, with the mountains rising abruptly on one side, and the precipices descending as abruptly into the valley on the other, the narrow track winding down and round this sharp bend, to rise on the other side, the scene is very grand. The gradient is nowhere greater than 1 in 55, and the tunnel at the top is only about 3000 feet long.

On leaving Altoona we went on to Baltimore. As much of the country as we could see before dark was far prettier than any we saw elsewhere in the States. The railroad winds a good deal, and passes through several short tunnels at the foot of the mountains, almost following the course of the Juniata River, which is very picturesque, with well-wooded banks. At Harrisburg the line crosses the river Susquehanna by a bridge a mile long, and from it the shores are said to appear to great advantage; but it was too dark for us to see them.

Baltimore seems a pleasant town, and with more to render a residence in it attractive than in most. The manners of those living in the hotel were quieter and less objectionable than in many. It is unfortunate that English people should often see nothing of Americans excepting those they meet in hotels, and while travelling. The regular boarders are for the most part persons who, without education, refinement, or any power of appreciating either one or the other, suddenly become possessed of large fortunes, which they have not an idea how to

enjoy or take advantage of. Many of them would doubtless, if they had to cook their husband's dinner and mend his clothes, or help to do either of these necessary household accomplishments, be excellent managers, keep their underling, or 'help,' (of course they have no *servants*), in good order, and be very worthy members of society. But when they become rich, and take to living at hotels, with no household matters to look after, and no education so as to employ the time thus gained upon intellectual pursuits, they do nothing but dress, and gossip, and flirt, and discuss their neighbours, in the most lamentable manner. For married women it is bad enough, but to see girls of fifteen or sixteen, and children who ought to be in the nursery, imitating their elders, and exaggerating the example set them, is grievous.

There is nothing particular to see in Baltimore, but Druid Hill Park, a little way off, must be a delightful place in summer.

There is a handsome monument to Washington in the city—a column, or, as the Guide Books call it, 'a Doric shaft,' 170 feet high, on a pedestal 20 feet high, and with a colossal statue of Washington at the top. There is also a monument to those who fell in defence of the city in 1814. At the base are bas-reliefs, representing various engagements, and above stands a marble column in the form of the Roman fasces; but instead of the axe which one is accustomed to see rising from the midst, appears an 'elegant female,' supposed to represent the city of Baltimore: the whole thing presenting an incongruous appearance.

Two hours by rail took us from Baltimore to Wash-

ington, where we arrived in very bad weather. We had been told that 'Washington in nasty weather is just the meanest city in the world.' If this implies the most generally dirty and disagreeable to move about in, whether walking or driving, the description was perfectly correct. It seems strange, that with such really fine buildings as there are here (the only place in America where any exist), people should be content with such a wretched town. Bad roads, bad hotels, very indifferent shops. The prestige of the Capitol, Patent Office, and Treasury, seem to be considered as sufficient, and the *entourage* of these fine buildings remains as miserable and scrubby-looking as possible. As for the roads, one could only feel thankful, when driving over them, that it was not one's own carriage the springs of which were being so tried. Willard's Hotel, the best in the place, is a disgrace to the capital of America, which ought to be able to show something better organized than this ill-conducted and dirty house. But the principal lodgers, though for the most part the rulers of the country, are not therefore the best or highest class of the society.

We had letters to Professor Henry, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, and received much kindness from him and his family during our stay. The Institute was built and is carried on with money left by an English gentleman, in the event of his son's death, to the city of Washington, to found an Institution 'for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.' At first great difference of opinion arose, as to the best means of carrying out his wishes. Finally this Institute was agreed upon, which, though containing the finest collection in the world

of American objects, both ethnological and of natural history, devotes less time and attention to that, which would only benefit the inhabitants of the city itself, than to the outfitting and maintenance of exploring expeditions, and the pursuit of scientific and philosophical investigations, such as astronomy, electricity, magnetism, and the laws governing winds, currents, and storms. The knowledge thus obtained is diffused as widely as possible, by sending accounts of the results of such investigations and explorations to scientific societies all over the world. The explorers always make collections of objects of natural history, as part of their work; and on their return the duplicate specimens are made up into packets, and sent to different museums in foreign countries. The building itself is handsome—red sandstone, of Elizabethan architecture; and stands in grounds of some extent. Professor H. and his family have very comfortable apartments in the building, and there are also a good library and various rooms where business is carried on and collections examined and sorted. We were delighted with the collection of American-Indian curiosities, which is perfect. It consists of dresses, weapons, ornaments, and everything connected with the pursuits and occupations of this rapidly disappearing race. All the 'Carrying Companies,' both by sea and land, give their services gratis to this Institute.

The Capitol is a magnificent building, and one of which Americans have every right to be proud. The outside is white marble, and the architecture elaborate Corinthian. It has been altered and added to at various times, and is not yet completed. At the grand entrance

are several groups of sculpture, which do not deserve much praise. The building is in beautiful proportion, inside as well as out. The principal staircases and their pillars are of coloured marble. The vestibules are paved with coloured tiles, and there is a good deal of fresco in parts. In some of the committee-rooms are good specimens of the latter art. The most beautiful thing in the building is a pair of bronze doors, in one of the corridors. Each door consists of four panels, representing scenes in the history of Columbus, with statuettes in niches bordering the panels of some of the contemporary sovereigns and travellers connected with the history of the discovery of America. This is said to be the finest piece of bronze work in the world; but I do not think it is as beautiful, and certainly not as delicate, as the little bronze temple at the Yuen Ming Yuen. The design for these doors was by an American artist, named Rogers; the casting by Ferdinand von Müller of Munich. Many persons must have seen the plaster cast of them, which is kept by Herr von Müller, among models of other famous works, at his foundry in Munich. The Capitol library is large and well arranged. There was nothing very interesting going on in either house while we were there. In the Senate, I doubt whether we could have heard anything, even if we had much desired it, so great and continual was the chattering kept up by those around. The whole building is open to the public, and always thronged with visitors. A large proportion of the gallery, running round both houses, is appropriated to ladies, who appear to take great interest in politics, to judge by the numbers always present. A smaller gallery is also reserved for

Negroes, and this also seemed always crowded. In the House the talking around us was less; but it required one's whole attention to follow what was going on, as the repeated calls of 'Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker,' from all parts of the house, the clapping of hands, and snapping of fingers, to call the attention of numerous little imps in buttons, who were rushing about with letters and messages, the constant moving about, and going in and out, were very distracting. Strangely enough, we happened to be present when the debate on the subject of sending a vote of sympathy to the Fenians in Ireland was going on. An irascible little man, the member for Massachusetts, a thorough Yankee in accent, was the proposer, and talked grandly and volubly on the extreme desirability of sending this vote of sympathy to the Fenians, and those 'struggling for constitutional liberty.' He became furious when another member, taking a calmer view of things, suggested that, as there were still so many seceded States in an unsettled and unsatisfactory position, they had far better look at home, and not meddle with their neighbours until they had settled their own affairs.

We were agreeably surprised at finding the members of both Senate and House of Representatives more gentlemanly in appearance and manner than we had expected, from the descriptions generally given of them. I only saw two members with their legs on the desks before them! Spittoons (one of the greatest horrors of the country) are, of course, indispensable.

After going over those parts of the building to which the public are admitted, and one or two rooms to which Professor H. gained us admittance, we climbed to the top

of the Dome, whence there is a fine view of the city, the Potomac, and the now famous Arlington Heights on the other side. Unfortunately the bridge across the river had been broken by ice-drifts, and was impassable. From here the original plan of the city can be traced. It is that of a wheel of twelve spokes, radiating from the Capitol. Broad avenues represent the spokes, the intermediate space being filled in and intersected by streets. Only one or two of the avenues, however, are at all complete, and the city has far more the appearance of a number of detached villages, which have straggled on till they have touched each other, than of a regularly planned and laid-out city, which is besides one of the oldest in the States. Its appearance is not nearly as finished as that of many cities which have sprung up within the last fifteen or sixteen years; and there can hardly be a comparison between the progress made in America and that made in Australia, where the roads alone throughout the country are far better than any we saw in America, except the one piece from San Francisco to Lobos Point, a distance of only six miles.

The Capitol grounds are not remarkable. There is a conservatory, but it is very small, and crowded with poor trees and plants, which have no room to grow, and look as miserable as caged animals. The Americans, as a rule,* seem far too much occupied with money-making and 'business' to care for horticulture.

The Patent Office is a very fine building, of white marble in the Doric style. The south portico is a copy of

* Except in New England, where flowers are much cultivated, and appear to thrive wonderfully.

the Pantheon at Rome. It is a pity that the steps leading to the entrance are steep and narrow, as the effect is considerably marred thereby. Inside, on the ground-floor, are the Examiner's Offices, Record Rooms, and Library. The upper part of the building is divided into large halls, where are arranged, in glass-cases, the originals or models (amounting to many thousands) of everything that has ever received its patent from this office. Here also are kept the presents, made by foreign courts to the United States Ministers, such as Turkey carpets, Persian silks, Japanese screens, &c.; also relics of Washington's camp equipage, and others of less interesting heroes, such as the hat and gloves worn by President Lincoln on the night of his assassination. The internal decoration of this building cannot call forth much approbation. It is polychrome, and meant to be Pompeian; but the result tortures one's eyes by its want of taste and harmony.

Another day we spent at the Treasury. This is a magnificent granite building. It occupies a square, of which one side is not completed. It is in the Ionic style. The stone was brought from Dix Island, on the coast of Maine. The pillars of the portico are monoliths. There is an immense amount of business carried on here besides the actual Treasury work. We first went into some of the rooms belonging to the Lighthouse Board, to see models of lighthouses on the coast. Mr. M'Culloch (Secretary to the Treasury) then gave us an order for the Treasury Department. Unfortunately, some time ago, a lady in going over it caught her crinoline in some part of the machinery, thereby causing serious damage; since which time no ladies are admitted to the hydraulic

printing-works, where the most interesting process is carried on. The only exceptions to this rule of non-admission had been the Queen of the Sandwich Islands and Madame Ristori.

However, there was much that was interesting, which I was allowed to see, and which the chief engineer, who has had the entire arrangement and organizing of it, was very polite in showing and explaining to us. Everything is done within the building, and chiefly by women; by which means employment is given to many who are not clever enough, nor sufficiently well educated, for clerks, and not strong enough for harder work. For such work as counting sheets of printed notes, stamping numbers and figures upon them, cutting and arranging in bundles, strapping and packing in boxes, a very moderate amount of intellect is requisite. Indeed, so much even of this work is done by machinery, that in a short time counting and sorting become perfectly mechanical, and it must be through the grossest carelessness if anything goes wrong. For example, in cutting the notes, two girls are seated on either side of a machine, which has a cutter arranged according to the size of the note, and worked by a treadle. One girl puts a sheet of stamped paper from a packet beside her under the cutter, which, after dividing it into the right number of notes, passes them on to the girl on the other side, who receives and arranges them on a little tray. After the cutter has worked a certain number of times it strikes a bell, which shows girl Number two, that a certain number of notes are arranged on the tray, and ready for removal. The finger on a dial attached to the machine, which is locked, to prevent its being

tampered with, records the number at the same time as the bell strikes, so that the smallest modicum of brains is sufficient for this work. This tray of notes is then passed on to a girl who counts them, and gives a receipt, passing them on to another, who straps, numbers, and packs them in boxes, putting her initials on each strap, therefore when counted once more by the clerk before being issued, if one is wanting, she is responsible for it. A most complete system of espionage is kept up throughout; and if any loss occurs, it is not sufficient for it to be made known or made good; the missing paper, howsoever defaced or damaged it may be, has to be produced before one of the *employées* can leave the building, even though they have to remain there all night, as happened once or twice when the establishment was in its infancy. This system cost a good deal of trouble to organize, but now works perfectly, and such a thing as the loss of even a five-cent note is unknown; not, as the chief engineer said, because the girls are in reality more honest or conscientious than most of their class, but simply because it is impossible.

Until visiting the Treasury I was under the impression, that one great advantage to the American Government of paper currency was, that when a note became so worn and dirty as to be almost illegible, it was swallowed up and lost; but this is not so. As long as a note can be deciphered it is redeemable to its full value; and every day a large number of these torn, dirty notes are sent in, from county banks and large firms, to be exchanged for the same amount in new notes. The worn-out notes were formerly burnt solemnly, with certain forms and ceremonies; but they are now turned to account by being

worked up again into paper, and made into envelopes. Most of the envelopes used in the establishment are made out of old notes.

There seems to be very pleasant society in Washington, and the foreign legations make it more cosmopolitan than any of the other American cities except New York, where the foreigners are not of so good a tone. Sir F. Bruce's house was almost out of the city, standing half way up a steep hill. It was small but comfortable, and made very pretty with curiosities brought from China. The steps, leading to the entrance from the foot of the hill, had been covered in, on a complete Chinese model.

Our friends took us to one or two receptions among 'great people.' One at the White House, held by the daughters of the President. After making our bows, or rather shaking hands with them, Professor H. took us upstairs to present us to the President himself. We waited for a long time in an ante-room, full of persons of all classes and ages,—ministers, generals of the army, rough-looking men who might be mechanics or labourers, poor women with no bonnets on, and children bringing petitions. At last we were sent for, and graciously received by President Johnson. Poor man! Of all hard-worked people in the world I think the President of the American Republic is quite the hardest worked and least thanked, which, in the case of statesmen, is saying a good deal. His tenure of office is so short, that if he is anxious to carry through any schemes of his own for the benefit of the country during his Presidentship he must be prompt and persevering; and being public property, not only do ministers and those engaged in state affairs expect to see

and be heard of him, but every one who takes the fancy into his head thinks that he has a right to an audience from the President. While we were in his room several people came in simply to shake hands with him, and hope he was quite well; and two 'gushing creatures,' one old, the other young, to say, 'how much they admired him, and how they always looked out for his speeches, and read them right through.' It must be almost enough to drive any man crazy to be so continually interrupted when there is so much real work to engage attention.

The White House is decidedly small for its functions. The reception-rooms are handsomely furnished, but there is nothing to give the impression of a palace. The absence of servants was striking, also the clumsy air of the two or three there were. At receptions no full-dress is requisite, nor is there apparently any question of who may or may not be admitted. We also went to receptions at General Grant's, who appeared shy and ill at ease, and as though the battle-field would have been more congenial to him than acting hero to his admirers in his wife's drawing-rooms.

We spent one or two very pleasant evenings at Professor H.'s, meeting many clever, agreeable people. He took my father also one evening to a club formed by some of the *savans* of the place, who meet fortnightly at each other's houses; but there was no 'gaiety' going on, as it was Lent, which is here kept very strictly.

We were taken one morning to see an unfinished Medical Museum, which we were told was to be made very perfect. A number of 'interesting horrors' were pointed out to us, one of them illustrating an operation

which I had never heard of as being performed elsewhere, but which the American surgeons find to be perfectly successful. It is in the case of a bone having been so shattered, that formerly amputation would have been inevitable. Now they find, that by extracting the whole bone from joint to joint, the limb is preserved so as to be serviceable to the owner. One of the army surgeons, who was taking us round the museum, showed us the bone of a man's arm in one of the glass-cases, which had been most terribly splintered between the shoulder and the elbow. He then sent for the man to whom it belonged, who was employed on the premises, and made him use his arm, lift weights, raise it to his head, &c., which he was perfectly well able to do, though this arm (the right) was the length of a joint shorter than the other. The quarters for those surgeons employed in this establishment were the only part finished, and most comfortable and well furnished they were. The American Government wisely act with extreme liberality in this respect towards its servants. Wherever we went, the first thing in the establishment of any Government institution seemed to be the comfortable arrangement of quarters for the officers to be employed in the institution, which has the double advantage of enabling them to establish themselves in their home, so as to be quite prepared to carry on the working of their respective departments, as soon as the building should be completed and the institution opened, and also makes it worth while for the best and cleverest men to apply for and hold such appointments.

On leaving Washington we went to Annapolis to see

the Naval Academy. We had a letter to Admiral Porter, the Superintendent, who the following day took us over it. The grounds of the establishment are very pretty, and nicely laid out, with the academy and all its accessories on one side, and the houses of the tutors and professors on the other. Though Annapolis is called 'on the Severn,' it really stands on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, which here runs far inland in many creeks and branches, and has the small river Severn falling into it. The Academy has accommodation for 600 students, though only about 500 were there when we saw it. Each Senator and Member of Congress has two nominations, and the boys (midshipmen as they are all called) have to pass a somewhat difficult examination before entering, after which they receive pay at once—600 dollars per annum, and the most thorough education. The discipline is very strict, the work quite hard enough to keep them out of mischief, and they have everything they can desire in the way of amusements. A large gymnasium, wherein are also held periodical balls and dances; a good library; cricket and baseball grounds, &c. They are taught everything practically, as well as theoretically. Thirteen vessels, of different classes, are attached to the Academy, on one of which the midshipmen have to live entirely for the first year of their residence, learning all the minutiæ, not only of seamanship, but also of engineering and gunnery practice. One class of boys (the Cadet Engineers) only remain here two years, studying nothing but engineering. The number of subjects they must have studied, and in which they must have passed examinations before they can enter this class,

is quite overwhelming to a mind of ordinary capacity! The system of professors seems very good. They are principally young officers who have been educated here, and after spending a couple of years at sea, return as professors for two years only. This enables them to keep up their own knowledge, and prevents their becoming a mere teaching-machine, which must almost always be the case when a teacher has a permanent situation, with the same perpetual grinding of new and raw material, to be gone through over and over again, as soon as a certain point has been attained.

The State House at Annapolis is historically interesting, as having been the scene of Washington's resignation of his commission as Commander-in-Chief. There are various pictures in the building, and among them one representing that scene.

The Houses were sitting, and crowded with very rough-looking people, listening to their no less rough-looking representatives. In the Chamber of Delegates, the good man who was holding forth was, to judge by his voice and maundering manner, anything but as sober as he might have been. Indeed the manners and language of the representatives here could only be adequately described by Charles Dickens.

We left Annapolis for Philadelphia, taking the daily steamer which runs up the Bay, to Baltimore. At first the coast was very pretty, but became flatter and less interesting as we went on.

The 'City of Brotherly Love' is, like most of the other American cities, built in squares, with wide streets and avenues, and large houses. Americans will gravely state,

that Philadelphia is second to no city in the world, unless, perhaps, London or Paris; and in confirmation of this statement add, that it has one street which is 'forty miles long!' They will not, however, add, that not a quarter, nor an eighth of this, is built upon, or even cultivated, but remains broken, common-like land, with an apology for a road running through it, on which a sign-board here and there informs the stranger that he is in a street, of which fact he would otherwise certainly have been ignorant.

An old acquaintance of my father, who, having been United States' Minister in China, had, before his return to America, visited India and Europe, was living a few miles out of the city. He was now a practising attorney, with a single writer. Such are the vicissitudes a public man experiences in the course of a political career in America! We drove out about ten miles, more than once, to spend some hours with him and his family. He was a most agreeable old gentleman, with manners remarkable for courtliness, and which would, even in an Englishman, be described as being 'of the old school,' but which in an American are as rare as they are agreeable. The weather was so snowy and stormy, that, excepting these visits, we saw nothing of the country round; and in the course of these drives to Chesnut Hill there was nothing striking in the scenery. There are a good many rather pretty, not too new-looking places, on the road, with some fine old trees and well-kept lawns. But the owners seem possessed of a strange infatuation in favour of the effigies of rampant wild beasts among the trees and shrubs, and unfortunate gods and goddesses (who, in the

bitter cold weather, looked as if blankets or furs would have been most acceptable), standing in attitudes or playing on musical instruments, all over their lawns.

In the city there seems little to see, either in the way of public buildings or institutions. We were taken to the Girard College, an institution founded many years ago by an old man of that name, for the bringing up of orphan children. It was meant to be for those who had lost both parents, but, by a quibble of the law, has of late years been brought to receive those who have lost only their father. The children are admitted at five years old, and kept till they are fourteen, when they are placed at some trade, or in service. If not able to stay in their situation, they are re-admitted while seeking other employment, till they are twenty years old. Mr. Girard was an Atheist, and left strict orders that no clergyman of any denomination was to be admitted within the walls. There is, however, a chapel-room, where the President of the College insists upon reading daily prayers, in the hope of saving the poor children from growing up such utter heathens as the benevolent but mistaken old founder would have wished.

We went over the Penitentiary here, which is supposed to be the best regulated in the States. It is on the solitary and silent system, which perhaps, to the chatterboxes one meets with in these regions may be what is intended, viz. the severest punishment possible for all except criminal cases. Otherwise one feels indignant to think of the encouragement which crime receives, when remembering the many honest poor to whom the comfortable, clean, warm rooms (all the cells are heated

with hot-water pipes), good food, and plenty of it, which these malefactors enjoy, would be such a boon. Every cell has a yard for exercise. There is a good library. If they have a taste for art, they may cover their cell walls with pictures and prints, or, as in one we saw, with fresco. The prisoner who had been confined there for some time had extracted the dye from the yarn which he had to weave, and made paint-brushes out of his own hair. They may spend their time in making anything they like for sale, which, if they are in prison for any length of time, enables them to amass a small fortune by the time they leave. No wonder re-committals are of constant occurrence. The building is constructed upon the 'circular plan.'

There is one very pretty little church here (St. Mark's), with a well-conducted service; and another, to which we were taken to see a fine piece of monumental sculpture, where the reverse was the case. The font in the latter is a curious proof of the carelessness of some people with regard to what they use for the service of the Church. The basin was, we were told, sent out for a fountain, but the gentleman who had ordered it failed, and sold it to the parish as a font. Inside are carved, in bas-relief, fish, whose snouts stick out of the white marble all round. The basin is supported upon the heads of three naked little boys, holding in their hands the emblems of the Crucifixion.

In Philadelphia we saw many very pretty faces; more so, I think, than in most places: but the eye soon tires of the small doll-like type which prevails all over the country. One such face seen elsewhere, with the pretty

childish features, the large eyes, and the bright complexion, seems lovely; but seeing the same, only slightly varied, over and over again, is decidedly tiring. There is rarely any intellect in these pretty American faces, and it is only in extreme youth that their beauty lasts. A remarkable fact is the absence of any handsome middle-aged, or beautiful old ladies. The former are sometimes to be seen, but are generally 'made up' with paint and rouge; and the latter seem to disappear from the scene altogether, when once the fact that they are 'old ladies' has been established. The young ladies think a chaperone at balls or parties quite unnecessary; and if an old lady does appear at the *table d'hôte,* it generally calls forth a mental question as to whether she could ever have resembled one of the bright little figures seated near, and whether they will ever resemble her. The well-educated ladies seem generally looked upon as 'blue,' and they affect short hair, spectacles, and a peculiarity of costume which makes one feel afraid of anything so imposing.

The extraordinary attention shown to ladies in this country seems to me rather exaggerated. Not that an American gentleman will not do anything in the world for a lady; but a good deal of this struck us as being because the ladies look after themselves so well, that the gentlemen would soon be called to order did they not. The following anecdote will explain what I mean. In America, any reluctance on the part of a lady to go in an omnibus is not comprehended, and she gets in and out of street-cars and omnibuses, and goes about in them alone, quite independently. Sometimes the vehicles are so full

that people have to stand up, holding on by leather straps hung from a rod in the middle of the car. Of course it is customary for gentlemen, should they be seated when a lady appears and the car is full, to give her their seat, and to stand in the very uncomfortable position it must be, clinging with might and main by this leathern strap. One day a friend of ours was in a very full car, where there was no more room even to stand. A woman, with a large market-basket, insisted upon forcing her way into the car, though repeatedly assured that there was no room. The street-cars run every five minutes, sometimes oftener; so our friend, though acknowledging that he did wrong, finding that she would make good her entrance, determined she should be punished for her obstinacy, and kept his seat. The woman looked round, saw that the seat nearest the door was occupied by a gentleman who did not offer it to her, and without a moment's hesitation sat herself and her market-basket down on his knees, thereby obliging him to give up his place. Sometimes a freedom of manner, which, though perfectly unintentional, hardly betokens that 'chivalrous respect' of which one hears so much, is striking among Americans; for instance, a gentleman sitting next a lady in a railway car, and entering into conversation with her, will throw his arm across the back of her seat, or brush the dust off her cloak, muff, or even bonnet-strings (I speak from personal experience), in a way that, from a casual acquaintance, would in England be startling, to say the least of it. American ladies often seem to take politeness to themselves for granted, and from themselves as unnecessary. I hope there are not many English

ladies who, if a gentleman, coming out at a door when they were going in, stood on one side and held it open for them, would pass through, almost knocking him down, without a bow, or 'Thank you,' or the slightest acknowledgment of the courtesy. But here, I do not remember more than once, out of the innumerable times my father did so, that he received a 'Thank you, sir;'* and we often observed, that in things of that sort, though an American would, if an acquaintance, be vastly particular, he would push past a stranger through the door, or let her step into the gutter, without the slightest compunction. The whole system of 'manners and customs' is the most paradoxical imaginable. By 'stranger,' I meant a person met in the street, or in an hotel passage; for, once seated in a railway car together, the same man would jump out at one of the stations where meals are provided, and, careless of the curtailment of his always limited time, take the utmost pains to procure something eatable for a lady who did not care to get out to be hustled and jostled among all the passengers, though he might have seen her for the first time in his life half an hour previously. And in the same way, though the ladies would take no notice whatever of the door being held open for them, yet once when in a street-car my father got up and offered his seat to a young lady, she refused it, saying, 'Keep your seat, sir: I think I'm better able to stand than you are:' which, though rather uncomplimentary, showed a proper and unusual veneration for age.

* Americans always use the word 'Sir.' Gentlemen to gentlemen, ladies to gentlemen, and daughters to their fathers.

On our return to New York, after leaving Philadelphia, we found that one of our friends had taken rooms for us at the Clarendon Hotel, a much quieter and more comfortable house than the Fifth Avenue. But we only stayed here a couple of days, and then went on to Boston, where we passed a delightful fortnight. The eight hours' journey there was rather fatiguing, the cars being more than ordinarily crowded, owing to a windstorm, which prevented a steamer, running between New York and Boston, from putting to sea. But good fortune attended us, and threw us in with the President of the Boston and Providence line, who took us under his protection. He was one of the instances, which we found to be almost invariable, of an American who had lived for some time in England, and seen a good deal of English people, being made very angry when hearing his fellow-countrymen abusing them. He said the generality of those who did so were people who, arriving at Liverpool one morning, were disgusted with its smoke and dirt, took their seats for London in the first train, crossed over to Paris from London by the first boat, and then considered themselves competent judges. I am afraid it is much the same with regard to what most English people say of Americans, and in both cases the more either sees of the other in his own country, the more they appreciate each other. Certainly, 'travelling' English, as a rule, are nearly as obnoxious as 'travelling' Americans.

Our kind friends in New York had given us letters, and written privately to relations and friends in Boston. A gentleman, when asking to whom we had introductions, said, 'If you go to Boston with an introduction

to one of the nice people there, that is quite sufficient; you will soon know all the nice people;' and so we certainly found it. There never were such unbounded hospitality and kindness as we met with during our stay, and engagements were as numerous as during the season in London. There is not much in Boston to see in the way of public buildings or institutions. It is much more like an English town (and the New Englanders pride themselves on this fact) than any other in America. The streets are delightfully crooked, and not named First, Second, Third, &c. In the hotel there was a musty, fusty, snuffy smell, which was quite refreshing, and reminded one of an old-fashioned, English, country inn. Moreover, for the first time since our arrival in America we found no spittoons in our sitting-room! The old smell in our rooms soon gave way to that of the delicious flowers, which here, more than anywhere else, seemed to be prized and highly cultivated, and beautiful bouquets of which used to be sent to me constantly.

The chiming of church-bells on Sunday morning had a pleasant home sound; and the whole appearance, manner, voice, and dress of the people in New England, resemble their kindred in the old country far more than in any other part of the States.

We had the great pleasure here of making Mr. Longfellow's acquaintance. He was familiar with our name, being an admirer of the works of my great-uncle, Hookham Frere; and certainly nothing could be less stranger-like than our brief intercourse. Mr. Longfellow lives at Cambridge, about four miles out of Boston, in the house which was General Washington's head-quarters before the battle

of Bunker's Hill—a house well fitted, from appearance and association, to be the residence of a poet. It is like an old English manor-house, with low, not very large, but comfortable rooms, opening one out of the other, and in them some very nice pictures, and multitudes of books. The poet's own 'den' is perfect, and fragrant with the blossom of an orange-tree growing there.

We had also the pleasure of meeting Professor Agassiz, Mr. Lowell the present Professor of Poetry at Cambridge, and many other celebrated and learned men. People in other parts of America laugh much at Bostonians for their conceit about learning. We certainly there met more people of education, as Englishmen understand that word, than anywhere else in the country; and though we were told that Bostonians were very reserved and cold—'Like English people, you know!'—to strangers: we, as strangers, can testify to the reverse. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention we received from one and all of those whose acquaintance we made while there.

From the cupola of the State House we gained a good view, and learned the 'lay of the land,' which before was somewhat incomprehensible. Boston was formerly, it seems, a peninsula, connected with the continent by a very narrow strip of land. Of late years, however, a great deal of ground has been reclaimed on either side of this connecting strip, raised and built upon, so that a new circle of buildings is springing up round the original New England village, connecting it with Brookline, Milton, and Cambridge, till it is difficult to discern that they are not all one. The bay is very irregular and indented, has many little islands dotted about, and in

summer must be very pretty. There is nothing particular to be seen in the State House; the most curious thing being, I think, the Record-keeper—the drollest little morsel of antiquity I ever beheld, looking as if he might himself have come over with Charles the First's Charter, which he showed us with great pride, adding, while so doing, 'P'raps you may remember that Charles the First was afterwards beheaded!'

There is a great deal that is interesting in many ways to be seen at Cambridge, though the colleges themselves very much resemble old red-brick factories. Mr. Gray, the Professor of Botany, was our cicerone. In his own department there was then little except a valuable *hortus siccus.*

Professor Agassiz was, unfortunately, engaged the day we spent at Cambridge, and could not accompany us over his Museum himself. He had lately returned from a several months' sojourn in South America, whence he had brought innumerable specimens of natural history in almost every form. Not one-half of the collection had been unpacked, but what had been opened and arranged would occupy weeks of study. The little, old German curator seemed a perfect enthusiast; and I am afraid was rather hurt at our pleading the lateness of the hour as an excuse for not visiting the cellars, in which are stored gallons of specimens in alcohol: the odour of which is so potent, that the Professor himself confessed to being unfit company for any one possessed of at all a delicate sense of smell after a day's work among them. The interest of the work, I suppose, deadened every other sensibility, for the little curator deposed to

liking the smell rather than otherwise, and seemed slightly astonished, not to say offended, that any one else should not share his taste.

There is a fine collection of beautiful engravings in the library, to which they were bequeathed by a gentleman who never heard of a good engraving of any picture without sending for it. Some of those taken from the Italian and German galleries of 'ancient masters' were exquisite.

In the Music-hall in Boston is one of the largest organs in the world, which is played for an hour by a very good organist once or twice a-week. Unfortunately, the building is not a tenth of the size required to do justice to the power and tones of such an instrument.

We were invited to many pleasant dinner, evening, and musical parties, and were taken, the evening before leaving Boston, to a meeting of the 'Ladies' Social Club.' The meeting is held once every ten days at different houses, the kind of entertainment being decided upon by the lady of the house,—music, recitations, charades, tableaux, according to the taste of the family. Gentlemen are by no means excluded, but they come as guests. This evening's amusement was, unfortunately, an experiment, that of having a professional reader, who was not at all up to the mark, except in broad farce, where she was quite at home.

I was much interested while here in seeing a class of deaf and dumb children being taught to speak, and to understand what was said to them by a person speaking. The success that has attended the lady, who is now the superintendent of a large class of children, and some boys

and girls of fifteen or sixteen, seems almost incredible. She was a governess, and having heard of a lady who had taught her little deaf and dumb daughter to articulate, and to understand from watching the motions of a person's lips, what was being said to her (in fact, hear with her eyes instead of her ears), she learnt, before taking charge of a little deaf and dumb pupil, the system this lady had pursued, and was so successful that she now devotes herself entirely to the education of deaf and dumb children on this system. The principle is, that those born deaf, or becoming so in early childhood, are not necessarily dumb, and can therefore be taught to articulate when once able to read from another person's lips. The results of this lady's (Miss Rogers) teaching are astonishing and most satisfactory. One could hardly believe that the row of eager little faces, watching for the sums she was giving them to work on their slates, or the questions she was asking in a low, gentle voice, belonged to those who could not hear a word. Some, who had been long under her care, also spoke quite distinctly, only now and then making use of a curious idiom, or mispronouncing some word, of which the pronunciation could only be attained by hearing. Otherwise, excepting for the very earnest way in which they watched the lips of those speaking to them, and followed every movement with their own, one would hardly have noticed anything peculiar about them; certainly nothing that would lead one to suppose that, were these children to shut their eyes, the loudest voice could convey no words to their mind. Before leaving, the friend who had taken me to the examination asked the mother of one of the children, the first upon

whom the plan had been tried, to bring her another little girl who had been some time under tuition, and a young man of about eighteen years of age, who had only lately begun learning, into another room, that we might hear them quietly, and speak to them ourselves. She did so, and we proved fully, that it was not only those to whose speaking they were accustomed whom they could understand, but that they could follow any one who would take the trouble to speak to them rather slowly, and with a little more motion of the lips than people generally use.

The last ten days of our stay in America we spent at New York, where the weather had now become perfect. The sky, as seen from the streets, was as clear and free from smoke as in Paris.

Among other pleasant excursions which our friends devised for us was one to West Point, the American Woolwich. We had a letter to Colonel Black, the Commandant of the Military Academy, who took us over it. The work seems extremely hard, and the discipline almost too strict, one fancies, for cadets who are not boys but young men, some of them five or six-and-twenty years of age. The Academy is on the other side of the Hudson, which is crossed by a ferry from Garrison, two hours by rail from New York. It stands on a steep hill, and the views, looking either up or down the river, are lovely. We found a wonderful difference in the appearance of the country when not covered with snow, and with the river flowing.

We also spent one very pleasant day in making real our acquaintance with 'Sleepy Hollow,' 'Woolfert's Roost,'

and other places so well known by name through Washington Irving's charming tales. About one hour by rail took us to Tarrytown, on the left bank of the Hudson. We drove first to 'Sunnyside,' the 'Woolfert's Roost' of 'Knickerbocker's New York;' where Mr. Washington Irving's daughters still reside. It is a pretty little old-fashioned house, standing considerably above the river, the banks of which here rise abruptly, and to some height, on either side, and with beautiful views from the garden.

We then paid a visit to Mr. Bierstadt, one of the best American artists, whose 'Storm in the Rocky Mountains' was exhibited for some time in London, and so deservedly admired. We found him engaged on another much larger picture, and promising, as far as it was possible to judge of it in its unfinished state, to be a beautiful work. It is a scene in the Yo Semite Valley, and a most truthful representation. I believe the 'Storm in the Rocky Mountains,' though taken from nature, was a made-up picture, but this is not the case with the Yo Semite Valley picture; we could recognise every rock, and almost every tree and mark upon the rocks. From Mr. B.'s house, which stands high above the river, there is a very extensive and beautiful view. The Hudson was covered with sails of all descriptions, and there were no ugly, roaring steamers, to disturb its calm, placid surface on that lovely spring day.

On our way to the country-house of Mr. Aspinwall, one of the merchant-princes of New York, whither our friends were taking us to see what a country residence in America can be like, we passed the little old Dutch church and churchyard, in a dingle below which one

could quite picture the scene in 'Sleepy Hollow' where Brom Bones throws away his pumpkin-head and frightens poor tipsy Ichabod Crane out of his wits.

On the 11th of April we said good-bye to our kind friends in New York, crossed in the ferry to Hoboken, and there embarked on board the 'Hansa,' one of the North German Lloyd line of packets, running between New York and Bremen, but stopping off Cowes to drop any English passengers who may happen to be on board.

Our passage was rough and stormy, the passengers uninteresting, and the weather cold and raw. The steamer, however, was very comfortable, the captain and officers most civil and attentive, the servants good, and the table excellent. I have never been in a boat where it was so little like being on board-ship.

And here ends my journal. On Easter Day, the 21st, we sighted dear old England, passed the Lizard about 4 P.M., and expected to be at Cowes at 2 A.M. next morning. We did not think it worth while to go to bed, and, consequently, sat up all night, as we only arrived there at six o'clock on Easter Monday. What a morning it was! so bright, cool, and fresh, with the Isle of Wight and Hampshire coast looking strangely and brilliantly green. One does not wonder that foreigners are at first more struck with the greenness of England than anything else; for, after some years' absence, one beholds it again to wonder at anything so beautiful. The disembarking at Cowes is the only thing which might be a disadvantage in coming by this line: a small open boat, with a steam-

engine to move it, being the only conveyance for taking passengers and their baggage up the long reach of Southampton Water.

How clean, quiet, and homelike it seemed, sitting at breakfast in Radley's Hotel, being waited upon by the respectful, quietly-dressed chambermaid, and prosy old waiter; how comfortable and roomy the English first-class carriage; how beautiful the gleaming lights and fleeting showers of that thoroughly April day; how refreshing the sight of green meadows, with primrose-covered banks, and groups of trees, looking as if placed there solely with the view of pleasing the eye; how soothing the old houses, with gable-ends and moss-covered walls, as we sped rapidly along towards the dear old home! There it is at last, the beautiful old church-tower, with its bells, of which we are so proud, ringing out that pealing welcome! Ah! though it is an old and trite saying, and though people may think it does not need a voyage round the world to discover the truth of it, it is only on returning from such a voyage that one truly and thoroughly feels how there is no place like 'the dear old home,' and the still dearer 'old familiar faces!'

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